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REAL WEST

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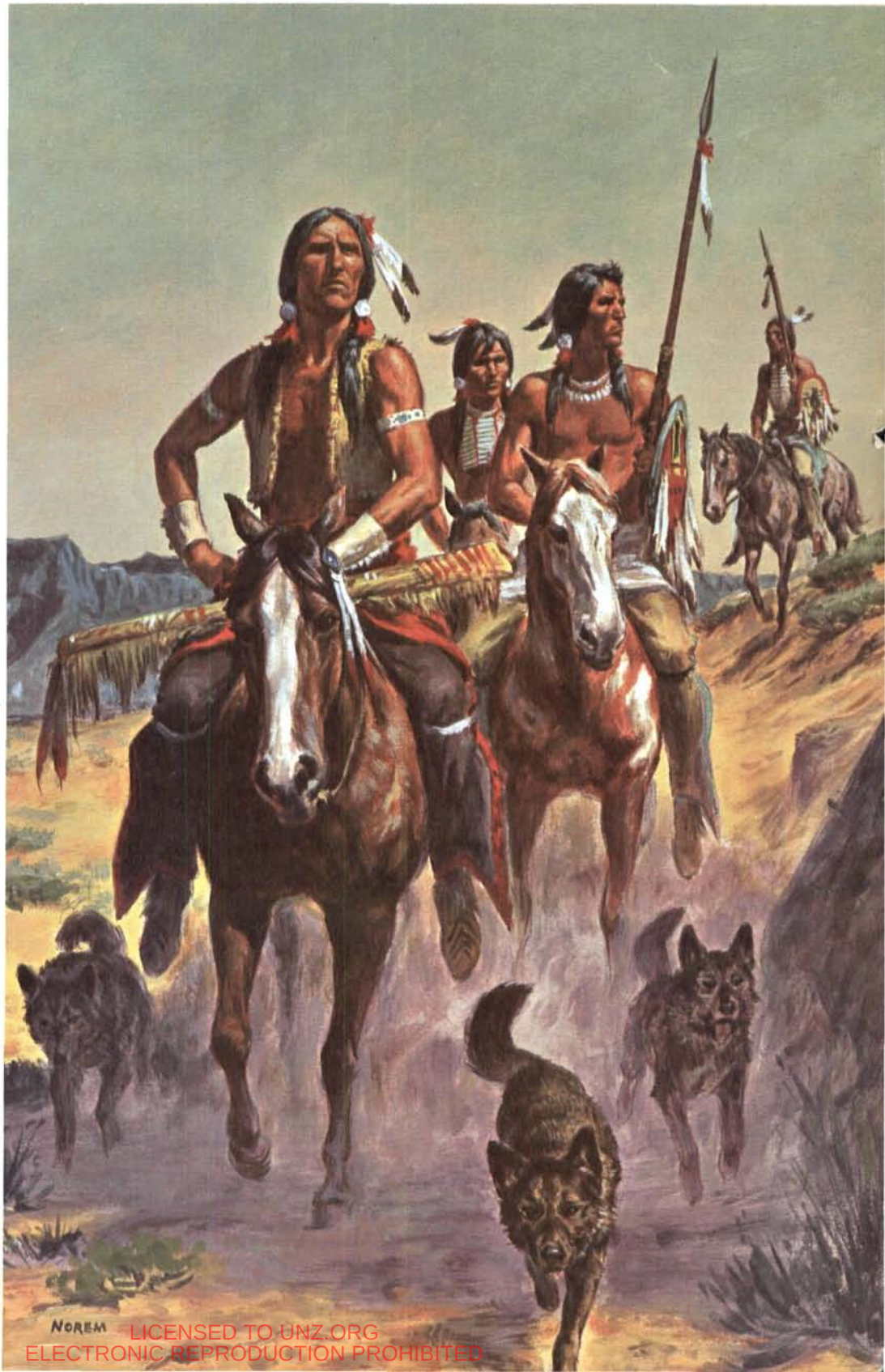
HIS DEATH SAVED SCAGWAY ALASKA

THE MEN OF LEWIS and CLARK

FATHER RICKLIN and the KIOWAS

tragic life of PAT GARRETT

LOST MINES AWAIT DISCOVERY



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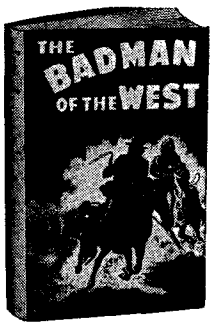

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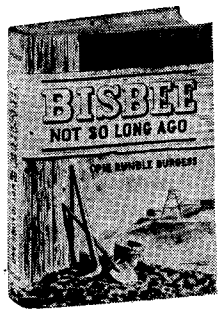

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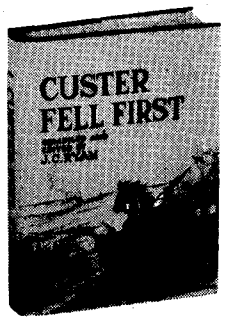

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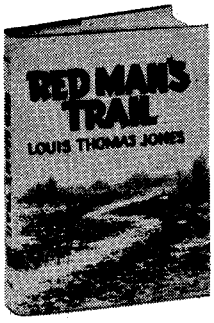

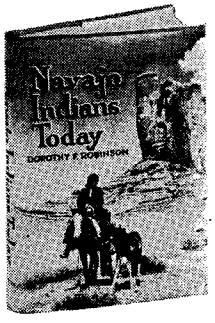

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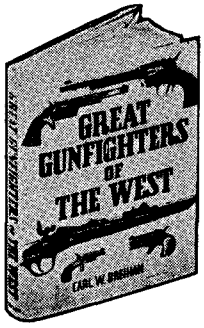

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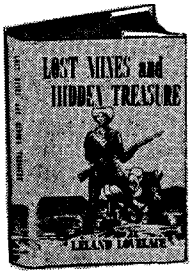

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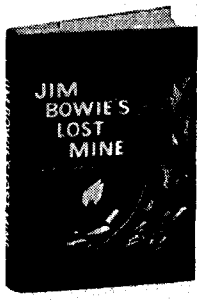

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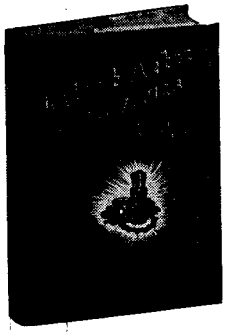

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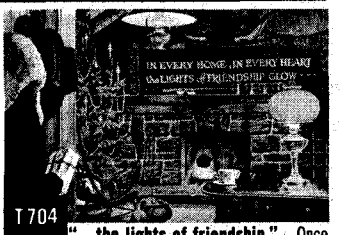

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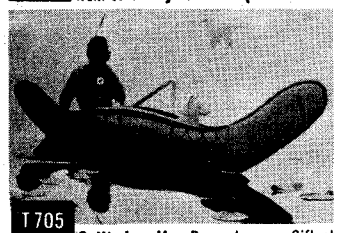

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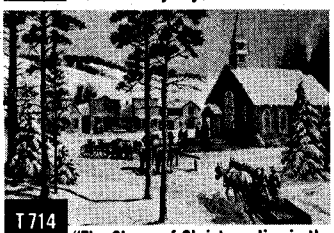
T 713 **Just Thinkin' of You at Christmas** — and wishing you a Happy Holiday Season — **by Art FitzSimmons**



T 714 **"The Charm of Christmas lies in the Thought . . ."** — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **by Bernard Thomas**

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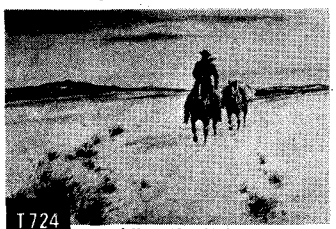
T 721 **"The light has come into the world..."** — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you all the Year — **Paris**



T 724 **Packin' Home for Christmas** — Greeting is an appropriate, merry and cheerful western verse — **by Stanley Long**

T 627 **Coming a'calling...** — May the warmth and friendliness of the Christmas Season be with you all the Year — **Thomas**

T 629 **Herdboy and his flute** — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you all the Year — **by Brummett EchoHawk**

T 730 **May a Star Lead You** — May you have the Spirit of Christmas which is Peace, etc. — **by Harold Hopkinson**

T 631 **Memories of a Frontier Christmas** — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **by Jean Wilson**

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REAL WEST

Volume XI
Number 57
January, 1968

The Brand of Quality

Executive Editor: Patrick Masulli
Managing Editor: Edward T. LeBlanc Art Director: Salvatore Gentile

In Our Next Issue

In the March issue of REAL WEST our journey through western history takes us to Johnson County, WYOMING where the long standing feud between cattlemen and settlers erupts in the infamous Johnson County War with great losses on both sides. From this bloody scene we swing south and witness another sanguine event, the killing of Ben Thompson at San Antonio, TEXAS. While in Texas we tour the southwest searching for old Spanish mines without much success, we must admit, but we do take in much breathtaking scenery. On our way north we stop off at Ft. Garland, COLORADO and visit with Kit Carson and Ute Chief Ouray during peace treaty negotiations.

Our journey continues north and we rest for a while with the Claunch family during their pioneering days on the Snake River Plains of south central IDAHO. Our guide apparently knows no other way but north for our next stop is at Skagway, ALASKA where we are again present at a killing, this time the notorious Soapy Smith. From Skagway the only direction to go is south and in one leap we are in ARIZONA investigating the grandiose confidence schemes of "Doctor" Richard C. Flowers who made a career of selling "salted" mines to unwary easterners.

The last stop on the journey is Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in DAKOTA Territory where Chief Red Fox reviews his life on the reservation, his attendance at Carlisle Indian School and his work as an interpreter and clerk. He recounts his joining Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and his later life. in the movies.

The journey will prove to be a long one and we hope, an enjoyable one. Reserve your copy at your favorite newsstand or to be assured of not missing this and future issues, send in your subscription. $3.00 for 12 issues, $1.75 for 6. The address is REAL WEST, Charlton Publications, Derby, Connecticut 06418.

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By Gordon Carroll

If you want to write, my colleagues and I would like to test your writing aptitude. We'll help you find out whether you can be trained to become a successful writer.

We know that many men and women who could become writers – and *should* become writers – never do. Some are uncertain of their talent and have no reliable way of finding out if it's worth developing. Others, who are surer of their ability, simply can't get top-notch professional training without leaving their homes or giving up their jobs.

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Several years ago, we decided to do something about this problem. We started the Famous Writers School to help promising beginners everywhere acquire the skill and craftsmanship it takes to break into print . . . to pass on to them our own techniques for achieving success and recognition.

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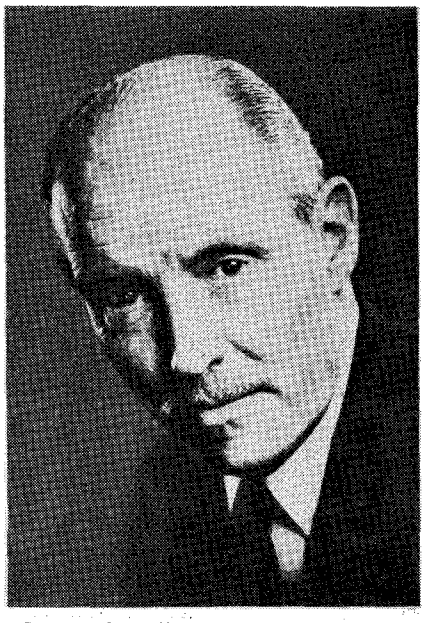
Every writing assignment you return to the School is carefully examined by instructors who are themselves professional writers or editors, working under the guidance of the 12 Famous Writers.

You are a class of one

Your instructor spends as much as two hours analyzing your work. He blue-pencils corrections right on your manuscript, much as an editor does with established authors. Then he returns it with a long letter of advice and specific recommendations on how to improve your writing. While this writer-instructor is appraising your work, nobody else competes for his attention. You are, literally, a class of one.



Gordon Carroll has spent a lifetime helping writers break into print. He is a former editor of the *Reader's Digest, Time, Inc.* and *Coronet* – and has been Director of the Famous Writers School since its founding in 1960.

Students breaking into print

This training works well. Our students have sold their writing to more than 100 publications, including *True, Ladies' Home Journal, Popular Science, Redbook* and *Good Housekeeping.*

Doris Agee of San Mateo, Cal., says, "The view from this part of the world – the top – is indescribable. I've just received a big, beautiful check from the *Reader's Digest* for a 'Most Unforgettable Character' piece. There's no question about it, without the Famous Writers School, the article would never have been written."

Steven Novak of Wayne, N. J., announces, "I've just received the good news and a check from *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine.* That's the eleventh story I've sold in the last six months."

William W. Blanks of Los Angeles, Cal., who enrolled with virtually no writing experience reports, "Recently, I've sold three more articles, which means that I've sold everything I've written since enrolling in your School."

"When I enrolled in your Course, I was an unpublished writer," says Sharon Wagner of Mesa, Arizona. "Since then, I have made 18 sales, including a novelette, and I now live on my writing income."

Doris Stebbins of South Coventry, Conn., writes, "Your Course made it possible for me to sell six articles to *Woman's Day* for $2,050."

Eileen Thompson Panowski, a Los Alamos, N. M., mother of four, has had four young people's books published by Abelard-Schuman. One was recently nominated "best juvenile mystery of the year" by the Mystery Writers of America.

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, our students find great intangible rewards in writing for publication. As Faith Baldwin puts it: "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

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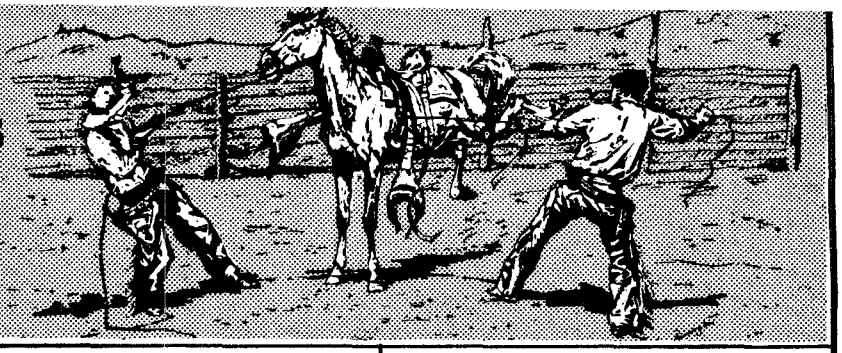
The Editor's Corral



SOAPY SMITH

On October 18, 1867, the Russian flag was lowered from its staff at Sitka, Alaska and up rose the Stars and Stripes. On that date, after much debate in the Senate of the United States and amid bitter attacks by the press, the United States officially took possession of Russian America. No shots had been fired, no coup had been engineered. America was simply taking what it had purchased. Except for the weeping of the Russian governor's wife, the transfer ceremony was amicably carried out. The United States had bought Alaska for the now insignificant sum of $7,200,000. Even at this figure, it took William Henry Seward, the father of Alaska, almost a year to maneuver the appropriation bill through the House of Representatives where it was finally passed on July 14, 1868 by a vote of 113 to 43. The President, Andrew Johnson, signed the bill into law on July 27.

Alaska became popularly known as "Seward's Folly" and "Seward's Icebox." Neither the public nor the government paid much attention to it. Its fish resources were criminally exploited and almost depleted. The discovery of rich gold deposits in the Klondike abruptly changed the public's opinion. The imagination of all the civilized world was fired by the news. Hundreds of gold seekers started north in the summer of 1897 in the hope of acquiring quick wealth. The great rush of '98 occurred the following winter and spring. Most of the Klondikers went north by ship and landed at Skagway, from where they made their way up Chilkoot or White pass to the Klondike region. Among the vast horde of gold seekers were many western prospectors looking for new lands to survey and in which to find golden riches. Most returned empty-handed.

Soapy Smith had built a mildly notorious reputation in the Colorado gold fields when he decided to take his chances in the far North. However, his interest was not in prospecting and digging for gold. As a saloon keeper he rightly figured gold could be made without discomfort or hard work. In his article, HE DIED TO SAVE SKAGWAY, in this issue of Real West, Cy Martin recounts Soapy's misadventures in the far north country.

KENO HARRY

There were many characters in the old West who came from nowhere, became heroes or villains—sometimes a bit of both—and then faded from the scene never to be heard of again. Oftentimes their lives came to a violent end. Such a man was Keno Harry, known to history by no other name. He rose to a position of power in the railhead town of Canyon Diablo, Arizona by a ruthless killing, and maintained the "respect" of the townspeople in the same way. Yet, when women and children were menaced, he risked and lost his life in their defense. Did the memory of a former life cause him to act as he did? Were his thoughts about a family he may have deserted in the East? Maurice Kildare, whose articles have been a regular feature of REAL WEST, tells Keno Harry's story in this issue.

LEWIS AND CLARK.

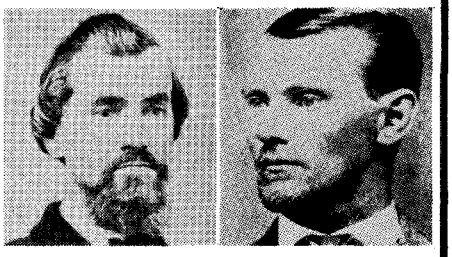
Much has been written about Merriwether Lewis and William Clark and their famous expedition of 1804-06. They were men not merely of exceptional gifts but of complementary talents—Clark the administrator, engineer, and practiced woodsman; Lewis the scientist, artist and writer. As scientific explorers they set a mark which future explorers might well have envied. They made careful observations of temperature and weather, records of the miles traveled, and notes on flora and fauna. Lewis, in particular, wrote descriptions of the natural scenery, possessing vividness and charm. They drew outline maps plans and miscellaneous sketches of high value. They were keenly observant of Indian customs, dress, and economy. Lewis' description of how an Indian tepee was made, erected, and used is almost a model piece of exposition. They took skins of some animals not before known--a badger, for example--and described others so closely that identification became easy. They collected botanical and geological specimens. They stand at the head of our explorers.

But what of the men who accompanied Lewis & Clark? Very little has been written about them. Most of them have been lost to history, their names appearing in the official lists of the expedition and then, oblivion. Mr. Fritz Timmen has gathered much information about these "lost" men, resulting in the article THE MEN OF LEWIS AND CLARK. It is highly recommended.

GOOF DEPARTMENT

The pictures purported to be of Jesse and Frank James used on page 8 of our September 1967 issue proved to be false. These were originally published in a magazine now defunct and were complete frauds. We are sorry we did not discover the error before publication. Below are authentic pictures of Jesse and Frank James. Our thanks to Carl Breihan and countless others who brought the mistake to our attention.

From Collection of Carl Breihan



Frank James Jesse James

MAJOR RENO

Major Marcus A. Reno's conviction of "conduct unbecoming an officer" made in 1880 has recently been reversed by the Pentagon. This clears the way for his reburial in a national military cemetery.

RELIEF FOR RESERVATION INDIANS

Two members of Congress. E. Y. Berry of South Dakota and Morris K. Udall of Arizona, have introduced legislation for a self-help pilot program designed to foster industrial development and attack unemployment on American Indian reservations. The bill would allow any industry locating on an Indian reservation a 10-year exemption from federal income taxes. We say it's about time something was done for the Indian.

ATTENTION CAVALRY FANS

A new society has just been formed. If anyone is interested in the good old days of the Horse-Soldier, contact:

Mr. George Rummel
U.S. Cavalry Collectors Association
66 Cummings Street
Irvington, New Jersey 07111

Mr. Rummel, who is also a member of the Company of Military Historians, is responsible for the picture story in this issue, "Headgear of the Horse-Soldier."

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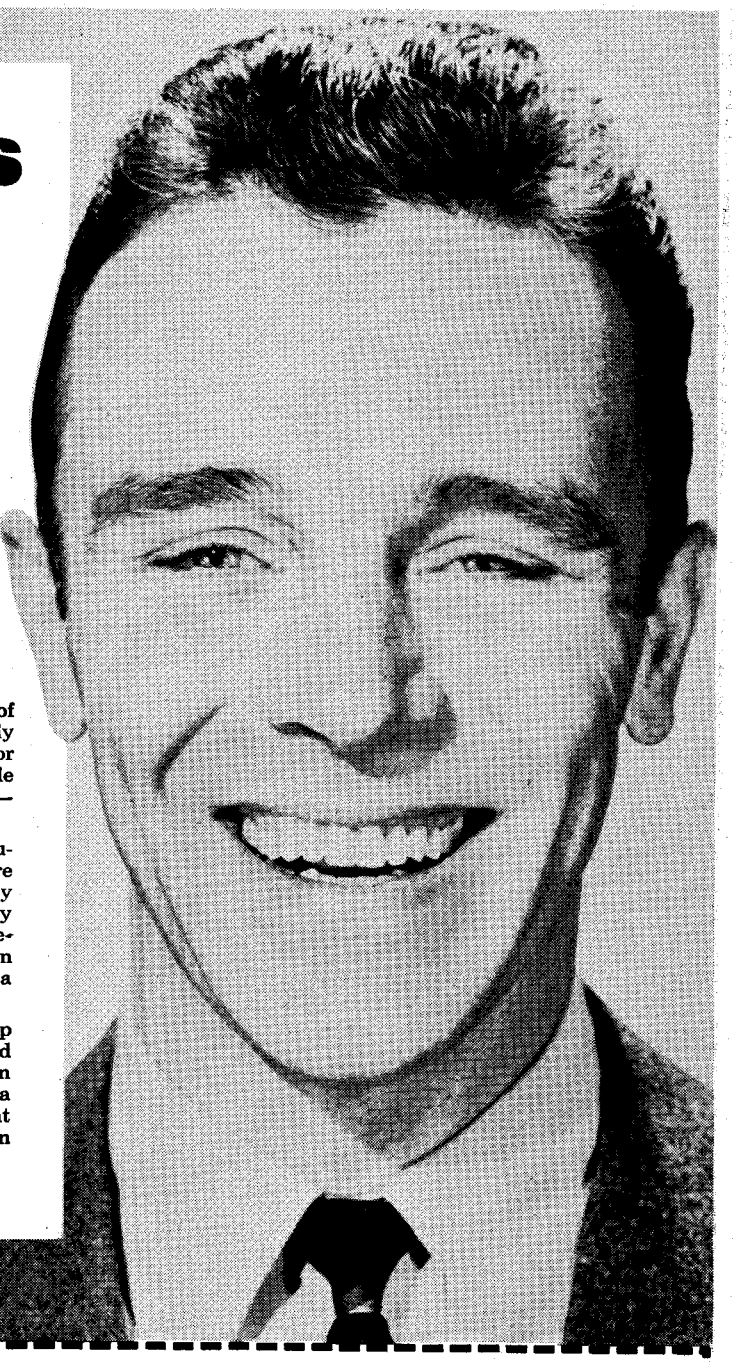
"Look who's smiling now!"



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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Carelton Mays And Staff Of RW Answer Questions

Q. Whatever became of "Broncho" Charlie Miller of pony express fame? Harry J. Polley, Saltillo, Coahuila, Mexico.

A. *Charlie Miller died at a New York city rest home in 1955 at the age of 105. Charlie was one of the youngest pony express riders, being only eleven years old when he rode delivering the mail. He was a member of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show for a number of years.*

Q. When did the Indian wars end? Bob Biersdorf, Hopkins, Minn.

A. *The last Indian battle was fought on December 29, 1890 at Wounded Knee Creek in South Dakota. There was, no doubt, some minor Indian fighting after that, but the Massacre of Wounded Knee ended all formal fighting.*

Q. Could you give me some information about Johnny Ringo? Is it known where he was born? Was he really in all those places at the same time Wyatt Earp claimed to be there? And what about his "mysterious" death? Chris Frazer, Wilmington, Delaware.

A. *Little is known of Johnny Ringo's birth except that he was born in Texas. He wandered into the Tombstone area of Arizona where he became a cattle rustler and a collector of taxes for Cochise County. He was an associate of Curley Bill and aligned himself against the Earps. He challenged any one of them to a duel but the challenge went unheeded. He committed suicide after wandering in the desert after his horse wandered away. His body was found sun-baked and blistered miles from water, his pistol in his hand and a bullet hole in his head.*

Q. Would you please tell me where the old town of Bodie is located and how to get there. R. E. Claflin, Clallam Bay, Wash.

A. *Bodie is located in California, east of Yosemite National Park. Follow route 395 to just south of Bridgeport, California. A well-marked side road leads to Bodie about thirteen miles away. The State Division of Beaches and Parks now maintains the townsite as a State Historical Monument and rangers are available to answer questions about this ghost town prototype. With their help, Bodie is being preserved from further decay and ruin.*

Q. *Did Earp ever really have a gun called the Buntline Special and why and how did he receive it? Craig Burk, Cedar Falls, Iowa*

A. *Yes. Dime novelist Ned Buntline (Edward Z. C. Judson) had the Colt factory make him some guns to be named Buntline Specials which he presented to Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson and Bill Tighlman. The unique weapons were .45 Colt six-shooters with twelve-inch barrels and an overall length of eighteen inches. A demountable walnut stock enabled the owner to convert each into a small repeating rifle. The name NED was carved on the butt and each gun fitted into a handsome hand-tooled holster. The gift was made by Buntline in appreciation for their companionship while he was in the West collecting material for his many dime novels.. Wyatt Earp was still wearing his Buntline Special twenty years later.*

Q. We see little about Charles Bassett, one of the law officers in Dodge City. My grandfather said that he was one of the greatest. Philip Banger, Topeka, Kansas.

A. *Charles Bassett was marshall at Dodge City in 1878 and the records show that Wyatt Earp was one of his assistants. Bassett later was elected sheriff. He was big physically, called "The Quiet Man." He had a way of subduing drunken cowboys without using a six-gun. He was a great peace officer, but unfortunately he did not have the glamor necessary to be made into a hero by the writers of the day.*

Q. Can you give me any information about Panamint City? Where was it located? Albert Plante, Georgiaville, R. I.

A. *The town of Panamint City, now a ghost town, is located in Surprise Canyon in the Panamint Range of southern California. The Panamint Range lies between Panamint Valley and Death Valley, within the Death Valley National Monument. The only practical approach to Panamint City is by way of Panamint Valley, a desert waster more deadly than Death Valley. Surprise Canyon rises abruptly from the desert floor. It is five miles long and that five miles rises five thousand feet. At places the canyon is less than ten feet wide, with cliffs on either side towering vertically for 500 feet or more. Flash floods are always a menace. Today only powerful trucks or vehicles with four-wheel drives can successfully make the grades up the canyon. The town was short-lived. It came into existence with discovery of silver in 1873. In 1876 the whole town was washed down the canyon by a flash flood. It was not rebuilt.*

Q. How prevalent was cremation as a form of burial among the North American Indians? Paul Leveless, Wichita, Kansas.

A. *It was practiced by the Colorado River tribes. The Wallapai went further than burning the body. They would set torches to the dead man's hut, barn and all personal property in the belief that the fires would carry the house and personal property to the Indian Valhalla, to be waiting for the dead man when he arrived. After this, the tribe was put on a reservation; the practice proved costly to the government who had rebuilt the huts and barns. So the government stopped this practice of burning property.*

Q. How did Cripple Creek get its name? Frederick Jones, Providence, R. I.

A. *In 1872 Levi Welty and his family were building a log cabin on the present site of Cripple Creek, Colorado. They had one cow, and the cow stepped in a prairie dog hole and broke its leg. Then, the son Alonzo cut his foot badly while chopping wood. He said, "We*

(continued on page 76)

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

THE McLEANS

Dear Sir:

Reading your issue of March 1967, I was surprised to find the story of the Murdering McLeans. The McLean brothers' father was my great-great-grandfather by his first marriage. His oldest son, Alec McLean, was my grandfather, my mother's father.

The McLean brothers made history for British Columbia. They said they would never be forgotten. I imagine there was some good in them, along with the bad. Their father's picture hangs in the museum at Kamloops with a nice write-up of him, along with Indian bead work and furs. He was a Hudson Bay Factor as was my grandfather. There must have been good also in my great-great-grandfather or he wouldn't have held the job he did. I was born and raised in Kamloops.

Yours truly,
Beryl Spiers
Box 24, Prince George
B.C., Canada

JESSE JAMES

Sir:

In reading about Jesse James, I remembered that, in 1937 or 1938, there was a group touring the county. One of the men claimed to be Jesse James. At the picture show in Columbia, Kentucky, where they were performing, Jesse James was approached by the sheriff and served with a warrant for his arrest for a bank robbery in the 1880's and the murder of a bank cashier. Jesse James denied naving ever robbed a bank in Columbia. But, the show left the county in record time.

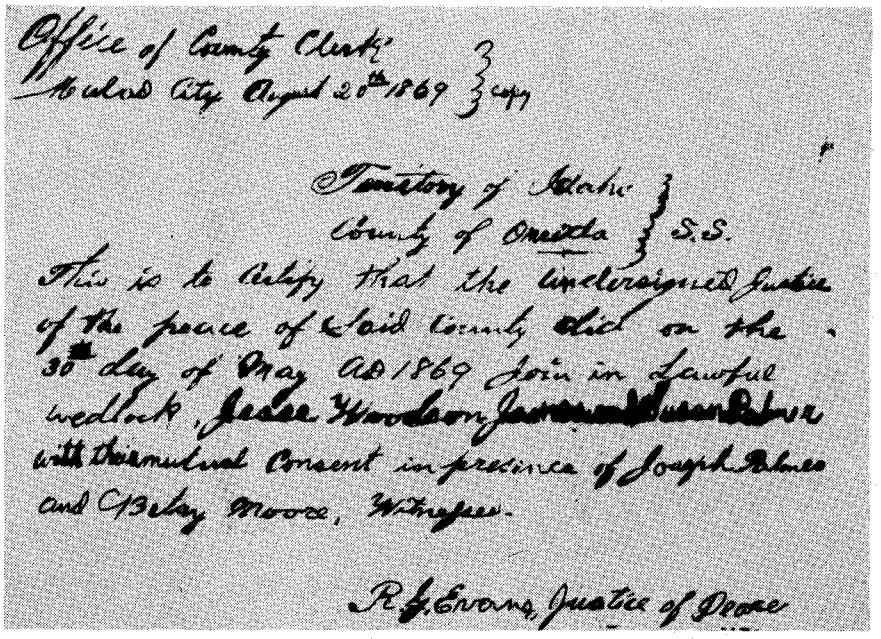
Jeff H. Campbell, Sr.
Route 3
Campbellville, Ky.

JESSE JAMES' MARRIAGE

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is a copy of Certificate of Marriage between Jesse Woodson James and my great-grandmother, Susan Palmer, on May 30, 1869 at Malad City, Idaho Territory. This is documentary evidence that Jesse Woodson James did marry Susan Palmer (from Lincolnshire, England) and therefore is evidence that Jesse Woodson James *did not* marry at Kearney, Mo. in 1874, as falsely alleged and claimed by said "Zee" Mimms in 1882 and later. Mrs. Zerelda James, wife of Rev. Robert James of Clay County, Missouri and "Zee" Mimms wrote a book together which was published in 1882 stating that "Jesse James had a daughter who was 16 years old in 1882" which is correct insofar as Jesse having a daughter, but she was only 12 years old. She was born in Idaho during May of 1870. My grandmother, the later Mrs. Alice Susan James Mason, had the marriage certificate of her mother, Susan Palmer James and Jesse W. James in her possession from 1924 until her death in May, 1959. Her daughter inherited the old marriage certificate and I was allowed to have a copy made from the 1869 original. The marriage was recorded and filed in the County Clerk's Office, Malad City, Oneida County, Idaho.

Sincerely yours,
Charles E. Mason
1910 Bartlett St.,
St. Joseph, Mo. 64501



Office of County Clerk
Malad City August 20th 1869 3 copy

Territory of Idaho }
County of Oneida } S.S.

This is to certify that the undersigned Justice of the peace of said County did on the 30th day of May AD 1869 join in lawful wedlock, Jesse Woodson James and Susan Palmer with their mutual Consent in presence of Joseph Rhees and Betsy Moore, Witnesses.

R. H. Evans, Justice of Peace

Certificate of Marriage between Jesse Woodson James and Susan Palmer, May 30, 1869.

BRICK BATS

Son;

Please don't print none of them "Factual" articles about the West. We jist don't want to be reminded that "Cattle Kate," "Poker Nell" and those dance hall gals were fat and as ugly as sin; nor do we want to be reminded thet them "Gun Slicks" actual preferred to let-um have it with a double-twelve from behind the barn or the corral rather than have to face up on Main Street in front of the "Last Chance."

Had some elderly relatives that were around Dodge and Abilene when things were suppose to be lively. All they ever talked about was grasshoppers, droughts, and school teaching, and none could hit the side of a barn door with a 22.

Look, Autry and Roy Rogers nearly spoiled the West with their guitars and sasporilla. Don't hit us with any of that "Factual" stuff.

Gotta mosey,

H.H. Todhunter (Hartford Slim)
35 W. Rogers St.
Hartford, Wisconsin

CUSTER

Sirs:

Any objective examination of the military career of George A. Custer (which you keep resurrecting and dissecting) would show the man was an accident

(continued on page 70)

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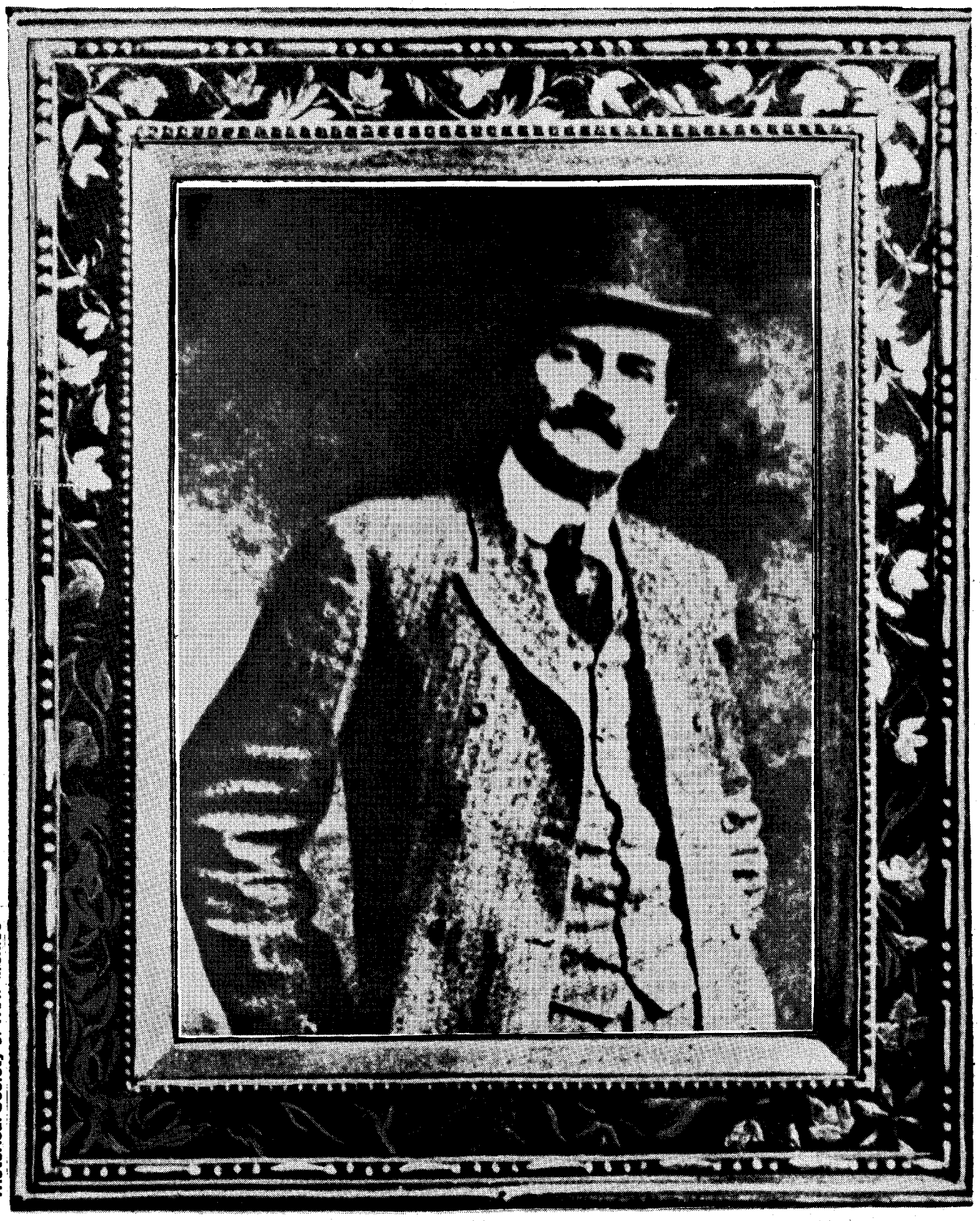
The Tragic Life Of PAT



Historical Society of New Mexico

Pat Garrett, sheriff of Lincoln County, New Mexico during the famous Lincoln County range war.

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GARRETT

Few men in western history have had the mark of Jonah so clearly branded upon them as did Pat Garrett. Even his fame as a lawman was no help in his fatal battle against bad luck.

Only known posed photo of Billy the Kid. Left to right, top row: William H. Bonney, alias Billy the Kid, Pat Garrett, Bob Ollinger; bottom row: unidentified, Jim Driggers, unidentified

Uaknown

by Joe Heflin Smith

Pat F. Garrett shot and killed Billy the Kid on a July night in 1881 and, as soon as telegrams could flash the message, he became an international figure, known all over the world.

The echoes of Pat's old Colt pistol had hardly died away in the balmy New Mexico air when both praise and criticism came pouring down upon him; and it was mostly criticism.

That episode in Pete Maxwell's darkened bedroom sent Pat Garrett down a lonely, frustrating trail, a trail filled with political and business failures, a break with his friend Teddy Roosevelt, the loss of the best job he'd ever had, humiliation at Wildey Wells, the agony of a blind daughter and, finally at the last, a bullet in his back.

Bad luck and tragedy seemed to stalk the old man-hunter from the time, at nineteen, he left his father's Louisiana plantation and headed west.

Garrett's first brush with tragedy came on the Texas buffalo range. There, in his hunting camp, surrounded with buffalo carcasses and bloody clothes, he killed a young skinner. Facts about the murder are hazy. Those sympathetic with Garrett contend that the young man, who had smelled too many rotting buffalo hides and not enough perfume, went crazy, took after Pat with an ax, and that Garrett turned and blew him into a cooking pit.

Others, who didn't like Garrett, say he got drunk, became overbearing, and shot the boy over nothing at all. At any rate, whether or not it was self-defense, the tragedy sat heavily on Pat Garrett's conscience, and he carried the image of the boy with him the rest of his life.

In the late 1870's, Pat left the buffalo country, and, once more, headed west. Again his critics say that the buffalo hunters around Double Mountain in Texas ran him out of the country. However, the depletion of the southern herd of buffalo seems a more accurate reason.

After a brief stopover in Tascosa, a wild cowtown on the Canadian River in western Texas, Pat Garrett arrived in Fort Sumner, New Mexico Territory late in 1878.

There he went to work on the Maxwell ranch but soon bought an interest in a pool hall and saloon. In and around Fort Sumner, Pat became acquainted with, if not a close friend of, Billy the Kid, who had fought savagely in the recent Lincoln County War and was a cunning young killer and thief.

Garrett's first marriage, early in his Fort Sumner days, was tragic. Historians hint that he was not married by a

(continued on page 45)

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The Men Of LEWIS & CLARK

Here, for perhaps the first time is a truly remarkable study of the trail breakers who accompanied the famous expedition which did so much to enlarge our country.

by Fritz Timmen

On a rainy Monday afternoon in mid-May, 1804, some forty-six men and a Newfoundland dog walked across a meadow on the bank of Wood River near where it joined the Missouri. They settled themselves into three boats and pushed off from the bank. As the current brought the bows around, the oarsmen swung into a steady pull. Unspectacularly, almost casually, had begun a journey that was as epoch-making as the first manned-lift-off into space.

What lay out toward the horizon and beyond it for the Lewis and Clark expedition, what waited on the banks of rivers yet to be discovered and on the far side of mountains yet to be crossed was as unknown, as mysterious as the endless atmosphere penetrated by the first astronauts.

When the thirty-one men and one woman who made up the "Permanent Detachment" returned to St. Louis sixteen months later they had changed the course of this nation's history. They had seen things people at home would not believe. They had experienced hardships from weather and terrain that many times, brought these toughened soldiers and frontiersmen close to death from starvation and peril.

But, to such men, danger meant little and independence of action meant all. So they went forward to their duty, did it, and most of them returned to resume their normal lives.

At the first, the Lewis and Clark party formed into three divisions. The main body, aboard a 55-foot keelboat, numbered twenty-nine. Accompanying them from Wood River jump-off were seven privates under command of a corporal. These were detached from the St. Louis garrison to provide protection for the first part of the journey from marauding Indians. They traveled in a six-oared pirogue. They were to return downriver from the Mandan Villages the next spring.

In a second pirogue were eight or nine rivermen, hired to help in maneuvering the unwieldy keelboat up the Missouri, to hunt, and to handle the expedition's baggage at portages. Most of these men wintered at the Mandan camp, returning to St. Louis in the spring.

But the making of history and of the record belongs to Captains Lewis and Clark and the "Corps of Discovery" they led across the continent and back. Of the sergeants, John Ordway and Patrick Gass kept diaries. So did Charles Floyd until he died three months after the expedition set out from Wood River. Robert Frazier and Joseph Whitehouse, both enlisted men, also kept journals but Frazier's has been lost. These notes, together, with the excellent and complete scientific journals of the two captains, provide the historical record. They are the day-by-day report of a remarkable adventure.

But what of the men themselves? Where did they go when that adventure was done with? Did they pick up the rountine of their former lives as soldiers, farmers, hunters?

A little is known about some. The record is longer on others. Of a few, there is no knowing for they made no lasting mark. They came out of obscurity and returned to it.

The Corps was disbanded at St. Louis in early October 1806. Congress, on behalf of a grateful nation, accepted the recommendation Lewis and Clark made to the War Department and authorized double pay for all the men. In addition, each soldier was granted 320 acres of land. Captain Lewis forwarded special commendations for Sergeant Charles Floyd, the only member of the expedition to die en route; the brothers Joseph and Reuben Fields; Francis Labiche, the French riverman; John Shields, gunsmith and handyman to the company; and George Drewyer, interpreter and hunter whose resourcefulness and wilderness skills had often pulled the expedition out of a box. Corporal Richard Warfington, in charge of the Army detachment as far as the Mandan Villages, was singled out for consideration. So was John Newman, a private who was sentenced by court-martial to seventy-five lashes for speaking mutinously to Captain Lewis, and was shipped back with Warfington's detachment in the spring of 1805. Newman had sought to atone for his mistake during the winter and succeeded to the extent that Lewis relented and recommended him for one-third pay on the grounds that he had given one-third of the service.

Congress approved rewards to the men on March 3, 1807. They were paid on the basis of $8 monthly for sergeants, $5 for privates, and $25 for interpreters. This last was a special classification enjoyed by both Drewyer and Touissant Charbonneau who joined the expedition during the first winter. Although Labiche and Peter Cruzatte also acted as interpreters, they did so at private's pay.

NAME	AMOUNT
Sgt. John Ordway	$266.66 2/3
Sgt. Nathaniel Proyor	278.50
Sgt. Charles Floyd	86.33 1/3
Sgt. Patrick Gass	243.66 2/3
Pvt. William Bratton	178.33 1/3
Pvt. John Collins	166.66 2/3
Pvt. John Colter	179.33 1/3
Pvt. Peter Cruzatte	144.66 2/3
Pvt. Joseph Fields	191.66 2/3
Pvt. Reuben Fields	191.66 2/3
Pvt. Robert Frazier	166.66 2/3
Pvt. George Gibson	178.50

(continued on page 47)

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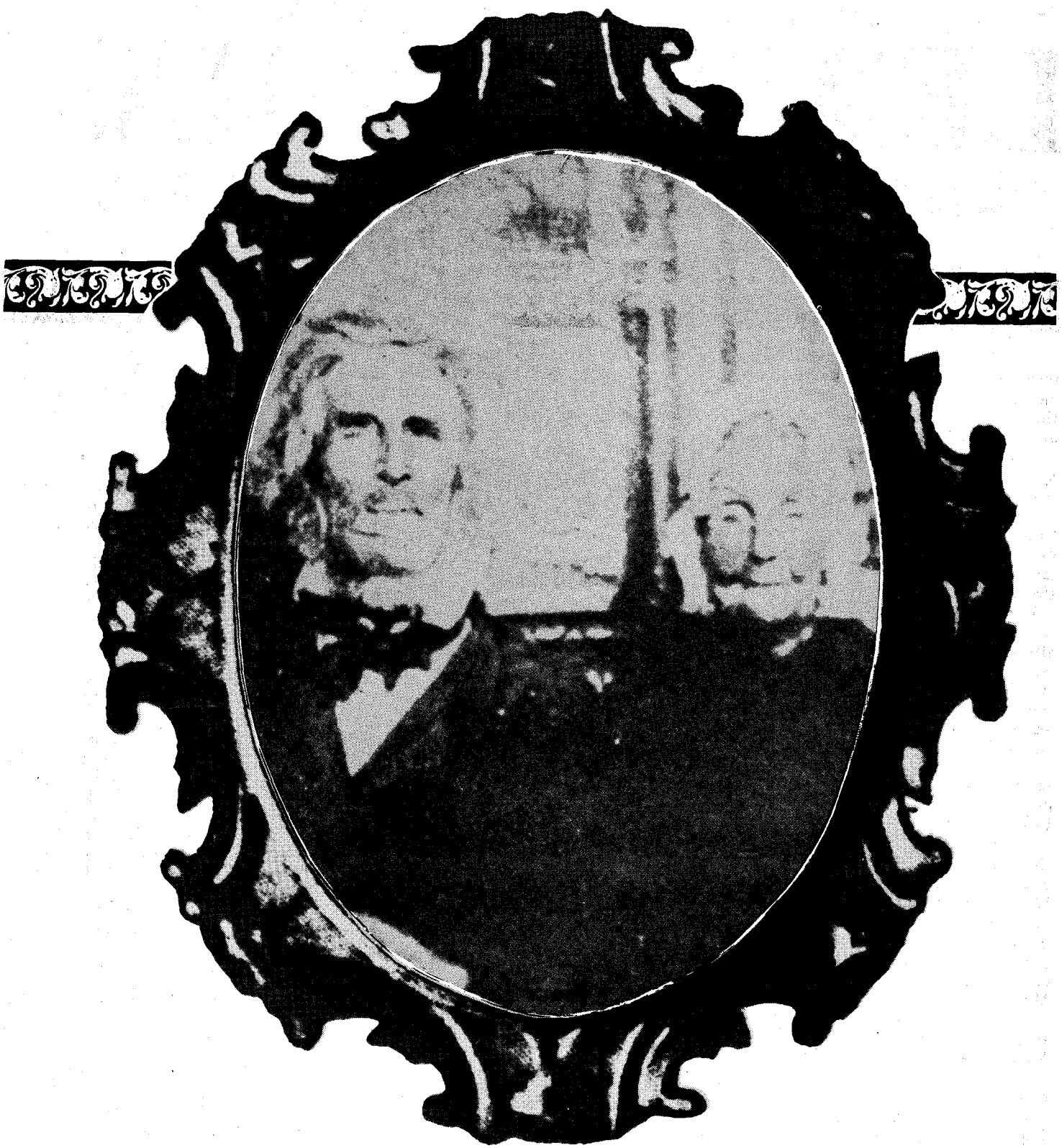
All Photos from
Oregon Historical Society



Alexander Willard and wife in old age. Willard was a member of the Lewis & Clark expedition.

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Unknown

Winnemucca, supreme chief of the entire Paiute nation.

PAIUTE BATTLE at PYRAMID LAKE

by Doris Cerveri

The air was filled with arrows and bullets and soon the whites felt they were going to lose. Of the one hundred five volunteers, twenty-nine escaped. It took a second expedition of over five hundred men equipped with artillery to subdue these outraged Indians.

The first encounter of whites and Indians in Nevada territory occurred about 1832 when Joe Meek, an explorer, shot and killed a Shoshone because Meek said the Indian acted as if he were going to steal traps near the headwaters of the Humboldt River. Later, members of the Captain B.L.E. Bonneville expedition of forty men under the leadership of J.P. Walker, killed twenty-five Shoshones near the Humbodt while crossing through on their way to Sacramento. After this, no more Indians were slaughtered for almost seventeen years although numerous expeditions passed across the territory. However, the Bannocks and Shoshones commenced a series of small raids against the whites about 1850 which continued until 1863.

The other tribe living in this area was the Paiute, but as a whole they were of a peaceful nature, not wishing to molest the whites. Their largest encampments were grouped around Pyramid Lake, that strange inland sea first seen by Fremont in January 1844. Restless feet of countless warriors of the Paviotso tribes trod on Pyramid's warm, fine-grained sand as they participated in many bloody skirmishes against Bannocks, Modocs, Shoshones, and Nez Perce. Weird mystic rites were conducted many times, too, along the shoreline while laughing, red-skinned children dug imaginary caves up and down its vast stretches.

It soon became apparent to the Indians in this area that the security and future happiness of all their people were threatened with the advent of increasing numbers of whites who were on their way across the Sierras to California. Those who stayed in the vicinity wantonly killed all kinds of game, indiscriminately cut down many stand of pinon trees (a principal food staple of the Indians), and in general presented a serious danger to the well-being and livelihood of all Indians.

For this reason a great assemblage of chiefs, sub-chiefs, medicine men, and a large host of other influential Indians wielding much power over the various bands of Paiutes came long distances to take part in an important powwow held at Pyramid Lake the latter part of April 1860. The majority of those present desired war, including a Shoshone chief married to a Paiute squaw: the chief from Powder River, who was half Bannock and half Paiute; Wa-he (half brother to old Winnemucca); the war chief of Smoke Creek (a brother-in-law of Winnemucca); two leaders of the Honey Lake bands; the chief of the Black Rock desert encampment, and the all-powerful medicine man from Antelope Valley, who proposed to supply all the warriors with bullets by changing tobacco into lead. He also said he would cause the ground to open and swallow the whites; those who were left would be killed by fierce hail storms.

In the midst of this impressive conclave was Numaga, the chosen leader of that branch of the tribe living at Pyramid. Numaga was intelligent enough to realize what a tragedy war could be, and the only one who possessed the courage to oppose Winnemucca and all the other chiefs and urge peace. He spoke English and appreciated the superiority of the whites. Because he had tried to better the conditions of his race on numerous occasions, fellow tribesmen respected him, even though they did not always share his views.

This, then, was the man who rode from camp to camp, from family to family, and sought out his friends before the final powwow took place, sincerely trying to make everyone understand that a war would only bring useless destruction upon them and create more bitter feeling among the two races. Everyone listened in stoic, respectful silence, which indicated quite plainly that all present were opposed to peace. "White men are like the stars over your head. It is true we have suffered great wrongs which rise like towering mountains, but can the mountains reach up and blot out the stars—" he argued.

When no one heeded his counsel he went away by himself and, lying down with his face to the ground, neither spoke nor partook of food or drink for three days and three nights. This silent, sorrowful brooding had a profound effect on those gathered together. Some walked over to him and said, "Get up, or we will kill you."

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Unknown

Group of Paiute Indians photographed near Pyramid Lake, Nevada.

Others ignored him, but Old Winnemucca looked down upon him and mocked him, saying, "Your skin is red, but your heart is white; go away and live among the pale-faces."

Knowing that nothing would change the course of events which were soon to take place, he arose and listened sadly while chief after chief stood in the center of the council circle expounding the wrongs done by the whites, a palaver which was only interrupted by the arrival of an Indian scout who reported that Moquannoga with nine warriors had burned Williams Station on the Carson River and killed four whites. There was no further need for counsel – the fuse had been lit – a conflict was inevitable.

Meanwhile, on May 8, a Pony Express rider, who regularly carried the mail across the plains and over the Sierras to California, rode into Virginia City and reported that Williams Station had been burned and the men living there murdered by Paiutes. Later, the owner of the station, J. Williams, who had been camping a couple of miles farther up the river, thereby escaping the fate of his brothers, also rode into Virginia City to tell about the tragedy.

News that the Indians were on the warpath and had begun killing and burning property spread like wildfire throughout the several small communities. Hurriedly a meeting was called in Virginia City, and the unanimous decision was that the redskins must be punished. A call for volunteers went out, and the next day a party of four detachments totalling 105 volunteers from Genoa, Virginia City, Silver City, and Carson City assembled. They were badly armed, badly mounted, and almost wholly unorganized. Although the Genoa squad was under the command of Thomas F. Condon, Jr.; Carson City men under Major Ormsby; Richard Watkins, commanding Silver City, and Archie McDonald in charge of those from Virginia City, no one was selected for the overall command. The men left for Williams Station without a definite leader.

Most of the men were recent arrivals from California, and few would have joined up if they had realized it was to be anything but a short skirmish and a pleasant excursion down the river. The men started out joking about having an Indian for breakfast and a pony to ride. Arriving at Williams Station, they found it in smouldering ruins, the Indians gone, and the dead bodies of Oscar Williams, his brother David, Samuel Sullivan, John Flemming, and a man known only as Dutch Phil lying in bloodstained heaps. After burying the dead, it was decided to go on down the river—al the way to Pyramid Lake if necessary, a march of about two days.

Within three and one-half miles of the lake, the bottom lands widen out, leaving a broad level stretch of meadow on both sides of the river. A sturdy grove of cottonwood trees having dense underbrush grow along the Truckee. This meadowland is entirely enclosed on the west by mountains and on the east by more level tableland.

When the detachment had passed through this lowland for little over a mile, a band of Indians appeared in the distance. Major Ormsby gave an order to dismount and tighten the horses' saddle girths. The company remounted, and by the time they were ready to charge, no Indians were in sight.

Urging the horses on farther, another band of Indians could be seen again just out of rifle range. Before the whites had time to ponder this strange maneuvering, it seemed suddenly as if a savage appeared from behind every clump of sagebrush and every rock. A shower of arrows and bullets were exchanged in mid-air. The battle was lost to the whites in the next five minutes because of their failure to promptly continue the offensive. Frightened men and animals became unmanageable. No doubt, gruesome thoughts of Indian torture passed through the mind of each man.

As the whites attacked, the Indians retreated, falling back along sides of the ravine, but continuing a scattering fire as they went. The whites charged after them in quick pursuit, which proved to be a serious mistake. Immediately they were confronted on all sides by about 300 Indians. Many whites and their horses fell at this spot. Staggered and stunned by this sudden onslaught they started retreating in wild panic. To their dismay the terrain was mostly all open country with no place to hide. They were trapped in the canyon, and only those riding the fastest horses were able to escape. Indians cornered the retreating men on all sides; those who tried to escape were pursued for fifteen or twenty miles.

Later an old Indian who had taken part in the slaughter

(continued on page 48)

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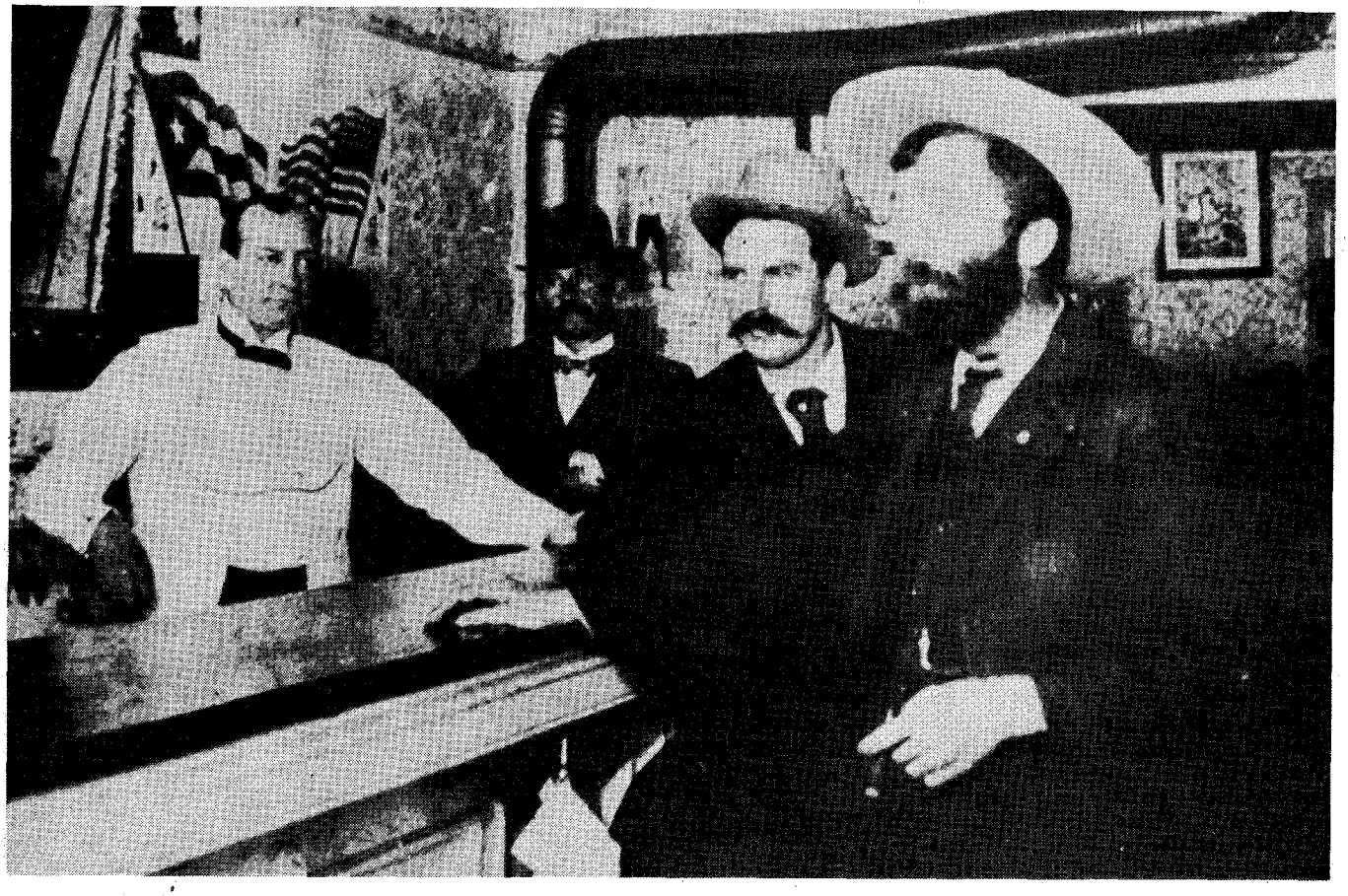
Soapy Smith at the bar of his saloon in Skagway, Alaska in April 1898.

Yukon Historical Society



HE DIED TO SAVE

Fate has a way of using people for its long range aims. And people have short memories and little foresight. That is why Alaska had no doubt that Soapy Smith, disreputable and dishonest, was really Skagway's guiding light and true benefactor.

by Cy Martin

Skagway, July 8, 1898 – It was a little after 9:00 P.M. when the edgy, irritable, and half-drunk Soapy Smith left his saloon and headed west along Holly Street. He staggered over to State Street and turned south toward the water front. All the time he was muttering to himself, "I'll teach those damned sons of bitches a lesson."

The "Citizens Committee" or "Merchants Committee" was a vigilante outfit, pure and simple. They had called a meeting on the Juneau dock at the foot of State Street to consider what steps were needed and whether it would require a fight to clean up Skagway.

Matters reached a climax on July 6 when Soapy Smith's men robbed young J. D. Stewart of about $3,000 in hard-won gold dust. He was on his way home from the Klondike by the White Pass Trail and Skagway. The citizens felt that whatever might be tolerated with people going into the Klondike, the line must be drawn at robberies of gold dust coming out. The **Argonauts** (searchers after gold) would not tolerate such actions. Skagway would lose its boasted preeminence as the Gateway to the Golden North.

Soapy slipped a dagger into his sleeve and thrust a .45 Colt revolver into his pocket before leaving. But, this wasn't quite enough armament, so he slung a Winchester .30-.30 onto his shoulder. As Smith approached the Juneau dock, he noticed a knot of curious people following him. He swung his rifle off his shoulder and brandished it at the crowd.

"Go home to bed. Chase yourselves," Smith shouted hoarsely.

The crowd hung back, but didn't disperse. A dozen or so of Soapy's boys followed twenty-five to thirty feet behind him. The rest of his gang fled to the hills.

John Clancy, Soapy's partner in the saloon and oyster parlor business, ran up to him and tried to talk him out of going onto the Juneau Wharf. Soapy was in no mood for chatter. He pulled his revolver from his pocket and pressed it into Clancy's belly.

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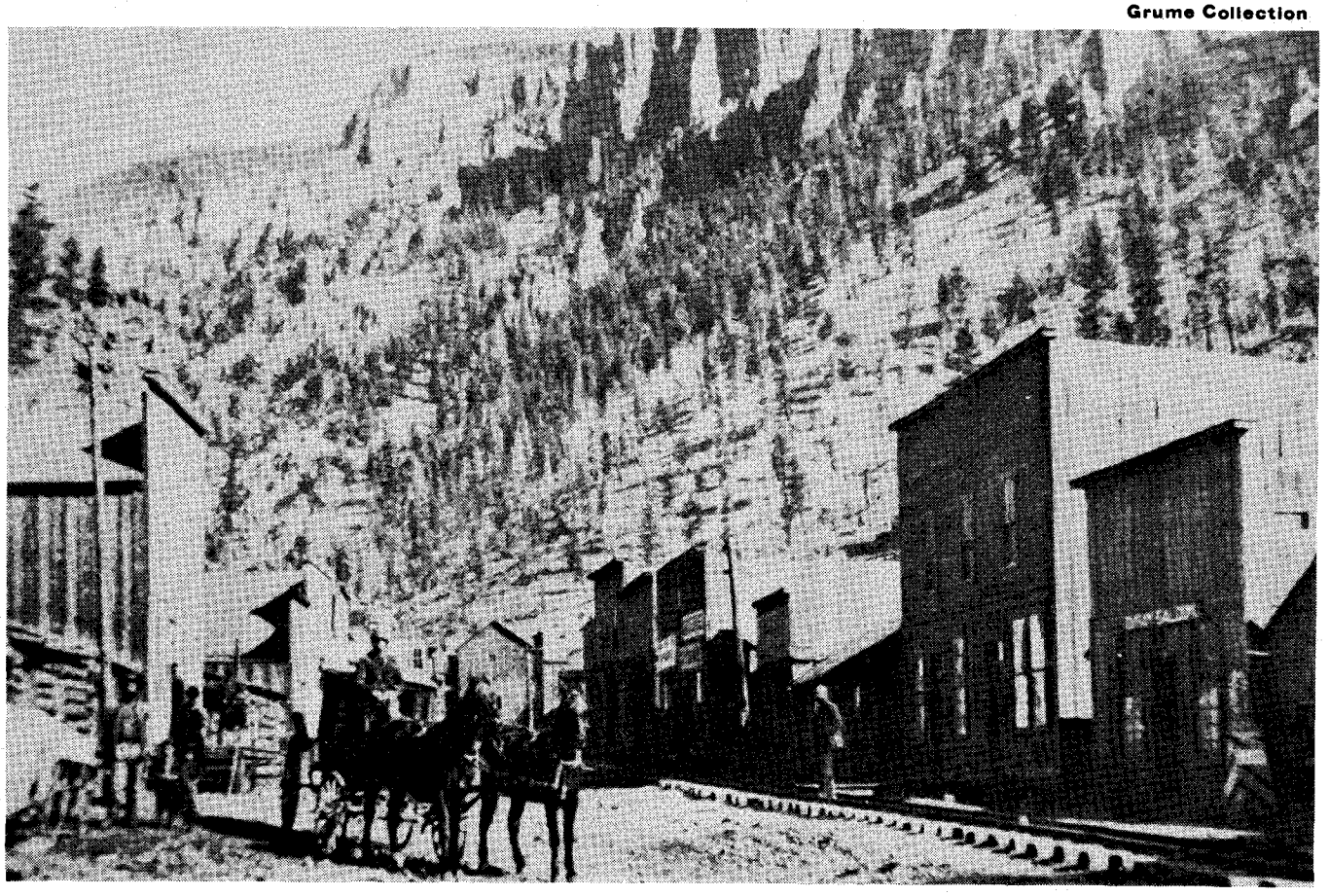
Creede, Colorado in the early 1890's when Soapy Smith was still selling his infamous bars of soap.

Grume Collection



SCAGWAY Part 1

Angrily he grunted, "Johnny, you better leave me alone. I know what I'm doing."

"All right," Clancy replied disgustedly. "If you want to get killed, go ahead, that's your business."

The dock lay straight ahead. It was built like a causeway set up on pilings over the mile of tidal flats. It stretched like a long finger pointing into the mountain-ringed bay. Out on the far end of the dock, in the late evening sunlight, Soapy Smith saw the gesticulating, angry crowd of citizens.

At the entrance ramp four guards were barring the way. Soapy ignored them all, but one. A rather mild-mannered man was standing about a hundred feet from the dock.

"You can't go out on the dock there, Smith," said Frank Reid, ex-school teacher and Indian fighter.

"Goddam you, Reid, you've been at the bottom of all my troubles. If I'd got rid of you three months ago, I'd never have this trouble I got now."

The two men were face to face. Soapy started to club Reid with his rifle. Reid caught hold of the rifle with his left hand and pulled his revolver with his right.

"Don't shoot, don't shoot, for God's sake, don't shoot me!" Smith cried out in a panic-stricken voice.

Reid squeezed the trigger of his six-gun, but the hammer fell on a faulty cartridge. An instant later, a bullet from Smith's Winchester struck him in the groin.

Both men fired again and again and again. Smith dropped to the dock, a bullet through his heart, stone dead.

Reid was wounded fatally in the groin – hip shattered by a bullet from Soapy's Winchester.

Reid managed to fire another shot which struck the dead dictator in the left knee.

The two men lay crumpled together in a widening pool of blood. One, killed instantly; the other, gasping out the last few minutes of his life in the mortal agony of burning pain.

S. M. Graves, president of the newly organized White Pass Railway Company, relates in great detail the situation.

"It would be impossible to say which fired first. The shots were absolutely simultaneous. Each fired at least four shots, though one of Reid's first shots had gone clean through Soapy's heart.

"It was not murder as much as spontaneous killing. Neither man had any intention of killing, a moment before, but they must have seen death in each other's eyes at the last moment, and both fired together. They fell together in a confused heap on the planking of the wharf.

"Soapy was stone dead and Reid was dying. It all happened in an instant. Soapy's body guards were within twenty-five yards of the two prostrate men and the re-

(continued on page 49)

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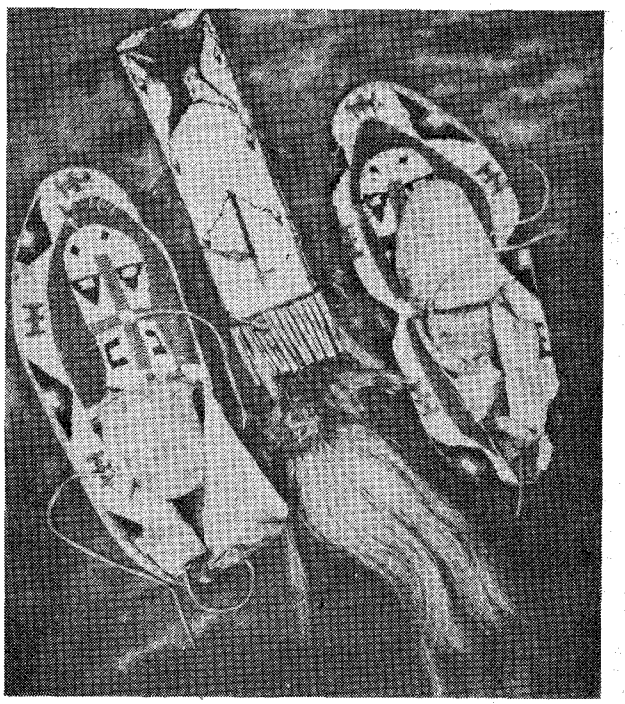
The author has taken actual letters of a soldier of the 8th Cavalry during the 1895 Indian Campaign and given us a remarkable and accurate record of army life during one of the last of the Indian wars.

Echoes Of The LAST INDIAN CAMPAIGN



All photos from the Barbour Collection

Last pair of moccasins worn by Sitting Bull and a scalp taken at the Custer battle.

by Russel Herbert Gardner

Like a raging prairie fire, smothered by a sudden norther - leaving only smouldering pockets here and there - the Plains Indians, by 1880, were a defeated people. All organized resistance was dead. Yet, individually, many a proud heart refused to be stilled. Decimation of the buffalo, a decade of reservation life and encroachment by outsiders brought low rumblings, like distant thunder, from the Black Hills. This was culminated by rumors of an Indian "Messiah" and practice of a Ghost Dance, inciting tribe, after tribe until an alarmed Government was spurred to decisive action. Thus, in 1890, the United States Cavalry undertook its last and most famous Indian Campaign.

William E. O'Neill of Portland Maine became a participant in this campaign, enlisting in Troop H.U.S. 8th Cavalry, early in the 1890's. His avid interest in collecting mementos of the great battles and famous Indian personalities immediately preceding his own period of service, and his descriptive letters pertaining to both, earn him a special niche in Old West history.

There were many reasons why men volunteered for active service in the Indian War. In Will O'Neill's case, it was an impossible marital situation. This fact is alluded to in his letters, penned in 1895 to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Barbour of Portland. These remarkable letters, forming the framework of this article, serve to describe and authenticate many of the souvenirs acquired by him in this campaign and sent home to Mr. Barbour for his growing collection. As a first-hand record of the mopping-up period following the last dying gasp of Indian resistance on the Plains, they are priceless Western Americana - especially with the accompanying illustrations of the artifacts described herein.

The first of these is a mere note, on stationery of the Scarboro (Maine) Mineral Water Company, simply dated 1894, which states: "This leather fringe was cut from Sitting Bull's jacket after he was shot. This jacket he got from a renegade named Buckskin Joe," and in a second note on the same stationery, quote: "This rosary was obtained from Lieutenant Elmer B. Curtis, 2nd Heavy Artillery. It was taken from Sitting Bull's pouch after he was shot Dec. 14, 1890."

The interesting point here involves the rosary. Among the many contradictory stories of just who Sitting Bull, or Tatanka Yotanka, was and what his upbringing had been, claim has been made that the Hunkpapa leader once attended a Catholic mission school (St. John's College). Another indicated that he was a Roman Catholic convert of Father de Smet. As material evidence the Bureau of American Ethnology has in its collection a photograph which shows him wearing a crucifix about his neck. To this we may now add the beaded rosary, here illustrated with the pouch from which it was taken.

Mr. O'Neill's first actual letter, though undated, was written at Fort Meade, S.D., apparently soon after his arrival there and probably late in 1894 or early in 1895:

"Fort Meade, S.D.

Mr. Barbour,

I have not received an answer to my last letter yet, but then, I suppose you have not got the time. I have ordered a set of moccasins for you but they are not yet completed. I am about 20 miles from Deadwood but there is a small station near the Fort called Sturgis.

I will send you a knife by express that belonged to the famous Indian, Crazy Horse. This knife and sheath I obtained by a great deal of trouble and quite a little expense from a 1st Lieutenant of the 7th Cavalry. I will send it by express, so watch for it.

I am thankful for the papers you sent to me. I will send you lots of things as soon as I get a chance. I wish you would answer my last letter and let me know what my wife says.

This knife, which I send you, has killed and scalped many an innocent woman and child during the ten years previous to the killing of its owner. He was killed by a Cheyenne

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scout in 1877. I hope you and your wife are well. Please write as soon as possible and tell me about my wife.

Yours truly,
WM. O'Neill"

According to historic accounts, the Ogalalla, Crazy Horse or Tashunka Witko, was bayoneted by a "soldier" in the guardhouse at the Red Cloud Agency, while held by three jealous Brules. Whether the alleged "soldier" was white or Indian is not clear. Leader of the Sioux forces at the Custer Massacre, Crazy Horse is reported to have said: "This is a good day to fight! - this is a good day to die!"

The second letter is dated Feb. 15, 1895:

"Fort Meade, S.D.

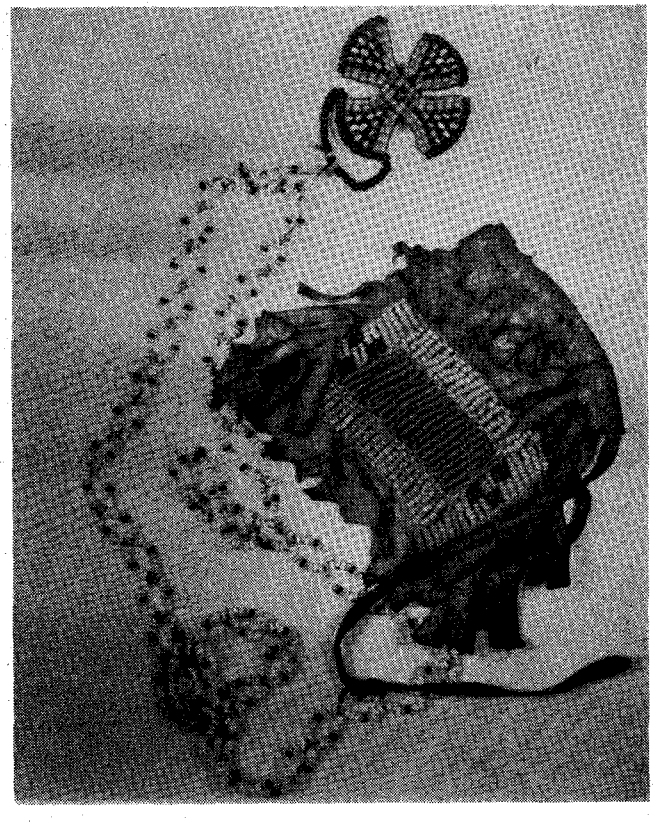
Mr. Barbour, Dear Friend;

I told you I would surprise you and now I will keep my word. I shall send you by mail today a shell that was fired from the Hotchkiss gun at the battle of Wounded Knee Creek where Sitting Bull was killed.

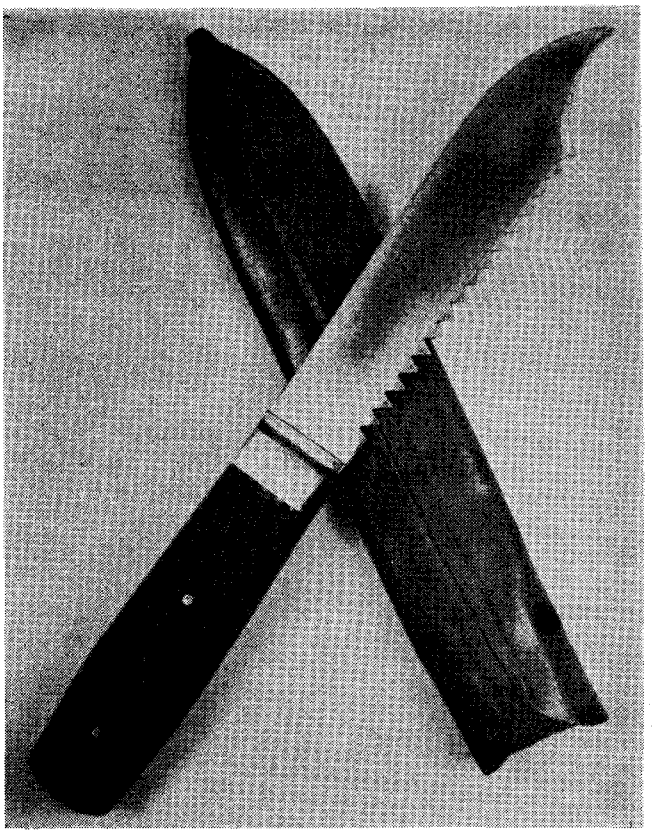
There was 11 shots fired from this gun and I got this shell from a trooper of the Old Regiment. I could not have got it, only he was discharged and on account of being a drunkard and gambler, he did not have much money. So I bought it from him. He was in the fight and claims it to be the second shell fired and, if you look up the history of that fight, you will find that the second shell was fired into the Indians at point-blank range and killed and wounded 32 of them.

So you see, dear friend, you have a relic of the great fight which certain Army officers would give a great deal for. I am on guard tonight and have not much time to write.

I shot a large deer yesterday and will send you the antlers as soon as I get them cured. Give my regards to Mrs. Barbour and tell her that I will soon send her some presents.



Sitting Bull's medicine pouch and rosary.



Wisconsin (Green River) knife of Red Bear, a Sioux Indian warrior.

Hoping to hear that you got the shell safe, I remain,

Yours truly,
WM. O'Neill"

There were two affrays at Wounded Knee Creek. The first of these took place on Dec. 14th, (some accounts say the 15th) of 1890, when Indian Police, under Bull Head, and cavalry, under Captain Fechet, attempted to arrest Sitting Bull. The resulting battle killed six Indian Police and eight Hunkpapa warriors (including Sitting Bull and his son Crow Foot).

The battle referred to in the above letter, however, occurred on Dec. 29th, 1890. This battle was between Big Foot's band and cavalry under Colonel Forsythe, resulting in nearly three hundred (men, women and children) and a total of twenty-nine soldiers being killed. This was most remarkable in view of the disadvantage of the Indian position from the outset.

Thus, this shell was not only a relic of the last, decisive, battle of the war, but also a reminder of the most infamous.

On Feb. 17, 1895, he relates the following:

"Fort Meade, S.D.

Dear Friend,

At last I have been able to secure you a curiosity which you will prize more than all the rest put together. I will send you, with this letter, a pair of moccasins made by the Sioux Tribe. I got the moccasins from an old squaw for a pound of coffee. Now for the surprising part of the story. The squaw told me that they were worn by a great medicine man, but, at first, would not tell me who the medicine

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man was. For another pound of coffee, she told me and, as the Sioux are very superstitious about the dead, she did not speak with a crooked tongue.

I found that the moccasins belonged to your subject, Sitting Bull, but that is not the only surprise for you, dear friend. I also found that they were worn by Sitting Bull on the day he was killed at Wounded Knee Creek and were turned over, with other effects, to the Agency. The squaw got them for good medicine. According to their belief, good medicine lasts only 12 moons or 2 years, and the squaw parted with them very reasonable.

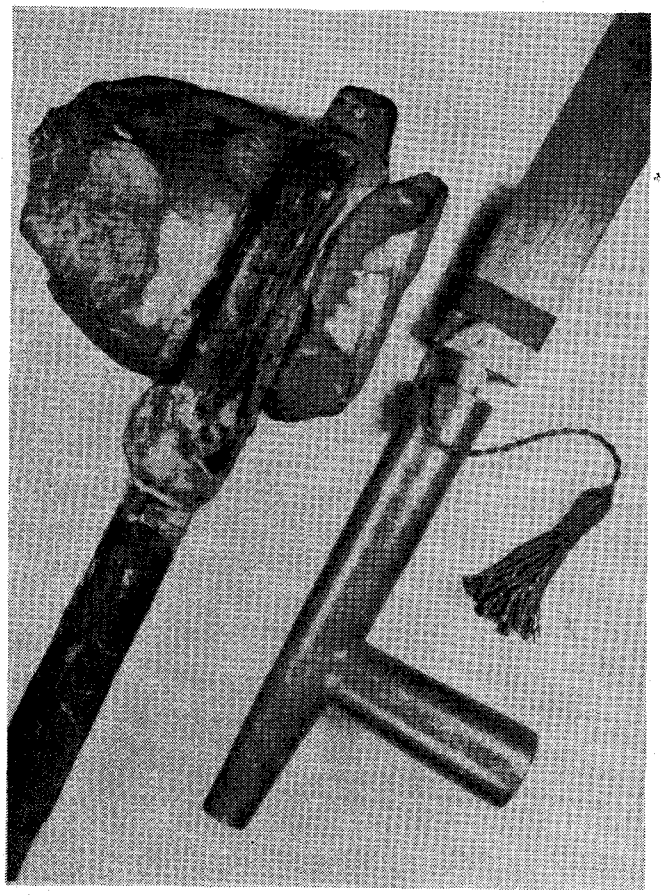
Now, dear friend, you have the greatest Indian relic and the property of the greatest Indian chief in the world. I would have got more for you that is, relics of other Indians, only I did not have much time. I will soon send you more.

Give my respects to Mrs. Barbour and tell her not to be afraid for I am going to send a scalp that was taken in the Custer Massacre. Please let me know if they arrived safe.

Ever your friend,
Wm. O'Neill"

Here, again, we learn of articles of clothing taken from Sitting Bull after he was killed. It is a matter of historical record that the great chief was scalped by one of the Indian Police and that his face was battered beyond recognition. The rest of his hair was cut off, and among the articles of clothing, most of which were indeed taken for souvenirs, were his moccasins, the heels worn through to the size of a half-dollar.

His body was removed to the dissecting room at the post military hospital and later buried in a remote spot at the Agency - some say in a quicklimed grave.



Wisconsin (Green River) knife of Red Bear, a Sioux Indian warrior.

During a brief period of inaction, time hung heavy on Will O'Neill's hands, as evidenced by his next letter posted on Feb 21st, 1895:

"Fort Meade, S.D.

Mr. Barbour, Dear Friend;

I am going to write to you once more, but this time I wish you to do me a favor. The time passes so slowly out here that I don't know what to do to pass it away.

I wish you would please go to a music store and see what an accordion will cost me. I cannot buy one out here in the hills. It is my favorite instrument and I could pass away many long hours with it.

I cannot get it yet, for we only get paid once in three months out here, but if you will see what it will cost me, I will be much obliged to you. I think $5.00 will get a good one, but they may be dearer now than when I was in Portland. I know that $5.00 would get a good one then. Please find out and let me know. It's awful lonesome out here and I would be overjoyed with an accordion.

Let me know and when we get paid in May, I will send you the money and let you get it for me. I am sorry I have not got it to send now, for I hate to wait so long, but I will have it in May.

I will send you a tomahawk, a pipe and a rifle that belonged to Bear Eagle, soon. I have made a bargain with him, to trade for some clothes, and you may expect them any time.

I hope you and Mrs. Barbour are well and happy. Please let me know as soon as you get this letter, whether I can get the accordion for $5.00 or not, for I might be able to borrow it.

Your friend,
WM. O'Neill"

Bear Eagle was probably one of the Indians imprisoned at the Fort and would thus have more need of warm clothing than the implements of war or the hunt. However, when an Indian sold his sacred red-stone pipe as well, he must have indeed been in dire straits and have lost all hope for the future.

Mrs. Barbour was the recipient of the next letter, sent Feb. 24th, 1895:

"Fort Meade, S.D.

Mrs. Barbour, Dearest of Friends;

I received your kind and welcome letter today. You do not know how it raised my spirits to hear from you. I shall be very much pleased with the books and I shall treasure them because they come from you.

There is nothing that I require that the Government does not furnish, but, nevertheless, I am a thousand times obliged to you for your kindness.

The red feathers belonged to Red Hatchet; and the knife, I mean the first one I gave to Mr. Barbour, I think, in fact I am positive, belonged to Red Bear, both Sioux Chiefs and both killed on the battle field. I hope, when you get this letter, that the moccasins will have arrived.

Dearest friend, I do not have to expend much money for the curiosities that I obtain from the Indians. It is only those that I purchase from Army Officers that cost the most, but I can well afford to supply Mr. Barbour with relics. It will not hurt me. I shall send him enough to fill a room before I am done.

(continued on page 51)

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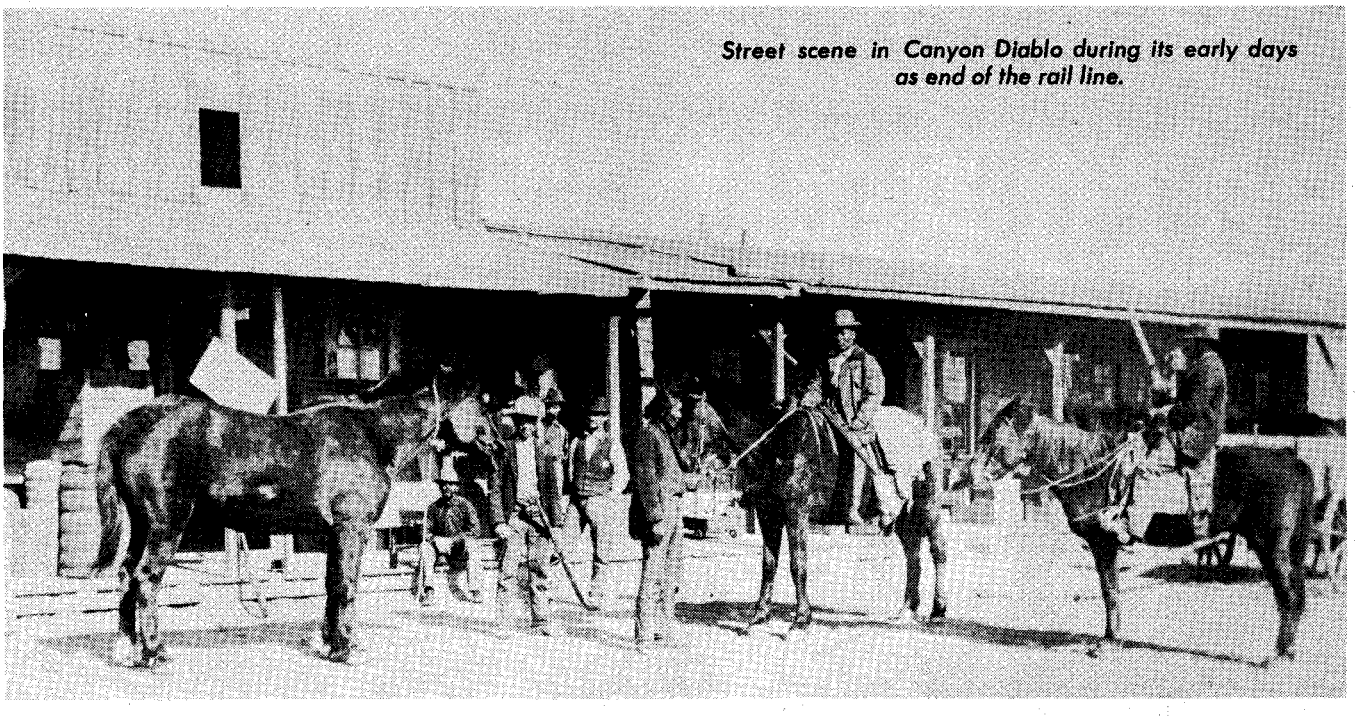
The tinhorn grinned victoriously and blew smoke from his gun muzzle. "Well, gents, looks like this saloon has a new owner!" he said. Keno muttered, "You're a little previous with your claim." Then he shot the new owner through the head.

KENO HARRY

by Maurice Kildare

All photos Santa Fe Railway



Street scene in Canyon Diablo during its early days as end of the rail line.

Staring across the poker table at the tinhorn gambler recently arrived in Canyon Diablo, Casey Jones knew he had been coppered cold. The sneering, disgustingly powdered face before him suddenly became that of a killer. Guns were going to crash and Casey must have realized his end was at hand.

The poker game began in The Hoghead saloon which he owned. Keno Harry and a cattleman joined him for the game. Then appeared the tinhorn and two railroaders. Half an hour later the smoothfaced gambler made his move by jumping onto his feet, hand down for a quick draw.

"Too many scratch marks on the cards to suit me," he told Casey who dealt.

Casey read him, knew the lying words to be an insult to open the fight to kill him in order to assume possession of The Hoghead. Perhaps the chunky Casey also considered the fact an injustice even if he had acquired the saloon the same way, by shooting the previous owner dead.

Licking lips drying with apprehension, Casey glanced to one side and then upward quickly. It seemed the killer's eyes strayed as wanted, and he came up with the gun in his lap. But the tinhorn had only been cautious for some such trick. Two guns roared together, but the gambler got his lead unloaded faster.

Rolling sideways from the rickety chair, Casey flopped to the dirty floor never to move again. Rising lazily and chuckling, the tinhorn blew smoke from his gun muzzle.

"Well, gents, looks like The Hoghead's got a new owner!"

This happened to be the usual way businesses changed hands in murderous Canyon Diablo, end of steel rails and hell on earth in north central Arizona in 1882.

Keno's bland countenance studied the tinhorn before smiling thinly. "Aren't you a little previous with your claim?".

The tinhorn's hand holstering his gun froze there. His eyes slitted as he wanted to know, "Is it possible you are objecting?"

"Certainly," Keno replied almost casually, never moving on his chair, and shot him through the center of the face with a sleeve holdout derringer.

The tinhorn staggered a step or so backwards before joining the defunct Casey. Still Keno did not stir. Gradually noise of the bar, only momentarily halted, resumed ear-splitting sound. He smiled again and nodded at the players affably.

"Shall we continue, gents?"

Of course, he took possession of The Hoghead, and next day he repainted the title on an unplaned boxing plank over the narrow porch to read, "Keno Harry's Poker Flat".

That wasn't his name, just as Casey Jones' had been something else. For that matter few in the sorry town went by former handles except maybe the railroad right-

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of-way construction stiffs. The man who became Keno Harry in Canyon Ciablo walked out of his past but concluded his future there. Dismounting from a passenger coach one sultry summer nightfall, he paused briefly beside the yellow-painted two story depot while looking around.

A rocky dirt road extended east for a mile parallel to the north side of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad tracks. The road ended against the rim of a 255-foot-deep canyon chasm because the railroad had gone bankrupt. Until refinancing of the company, Canyon Diablo became the end of rails from late in 1881 into 1883.

A railhead, wagon freight trains loaded merchandise, mining and sawmill machinery there, passed around the deep canyon north and thence 70 miles over the Santa Fe-California Trail to Flagstaff. During this period drifters, outlaws on the dodge, adventurers and some settlers poured through the place. The boomtown that never closed doors boasted two general stores and five restaurants. There were some forty to fifty other buildings of warped boards, tar paper and corrugated sheet-iron roofs, including saloons, gambling dens, dance halls and whorehouses.

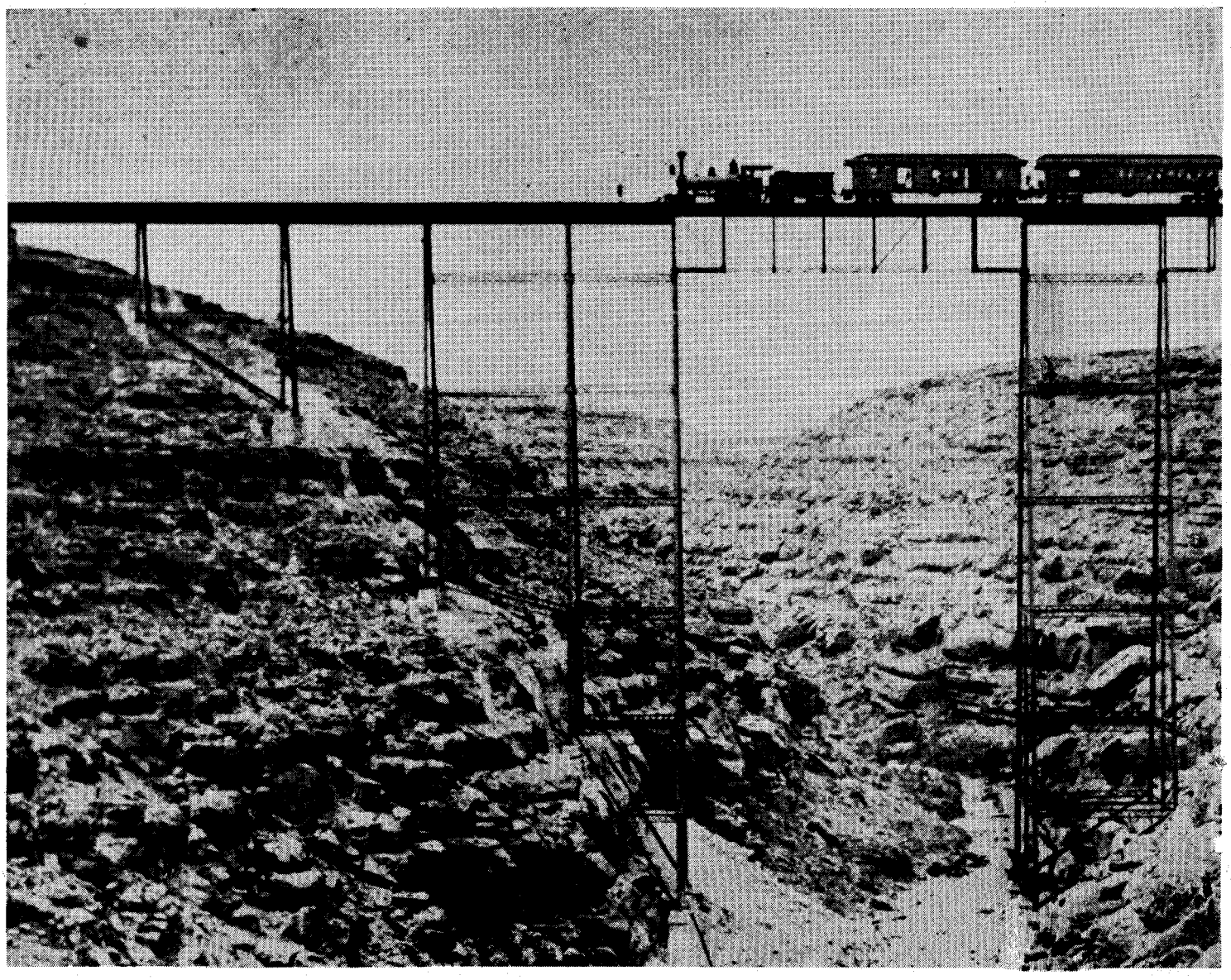
Two trains each day ran the short 26 miles from the division point at Winslow. The county seat reposed at Prescott, nearly 200 miles southwest where the sheriff concerned himself not at all with law and order in Canyon Diablo. Consequently, robbery ran rampant. Killings were all too frequent. Marhals were hired repeatedly. Some lasted a day, or maybe nearly a month--but never longer. The turn-over in lawmen proved so fast, no one with any sense cared for the job.

Every business along rotten road operated as a clip joint. The denizens knew the wild booming where money flowed like water would last no longer than when the bridging crew returned to work. During this pause they must get their monetary reward by any foul means possible. The town would die faster than it grew up over night.

This was the Canyon Diablo Keno saw. A medium-sized man in white boiled shirt and striped "gamblers" pants, he wore a black two button coat having a velvet collar. When he got into motion, his upper lip mustache pointed instinctively towards the road of ill-repute where the blood of victims never dried. Packing a satchel, Keno moseyed on for The Hoghead. Presently he stood in conversation with Casey Jones.

"Don't they play keno in these parts?"

"Hell, man!" Casey exclaimed. "I haven't heard the word west of St. Louis. You a keno man?"



Canyon Diablo Railroad bridge completed in 1883.

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Nodding, Keno placed his grip on a table, opening it to expose a goose, numbered balls and pads of paper containing numbered squares.

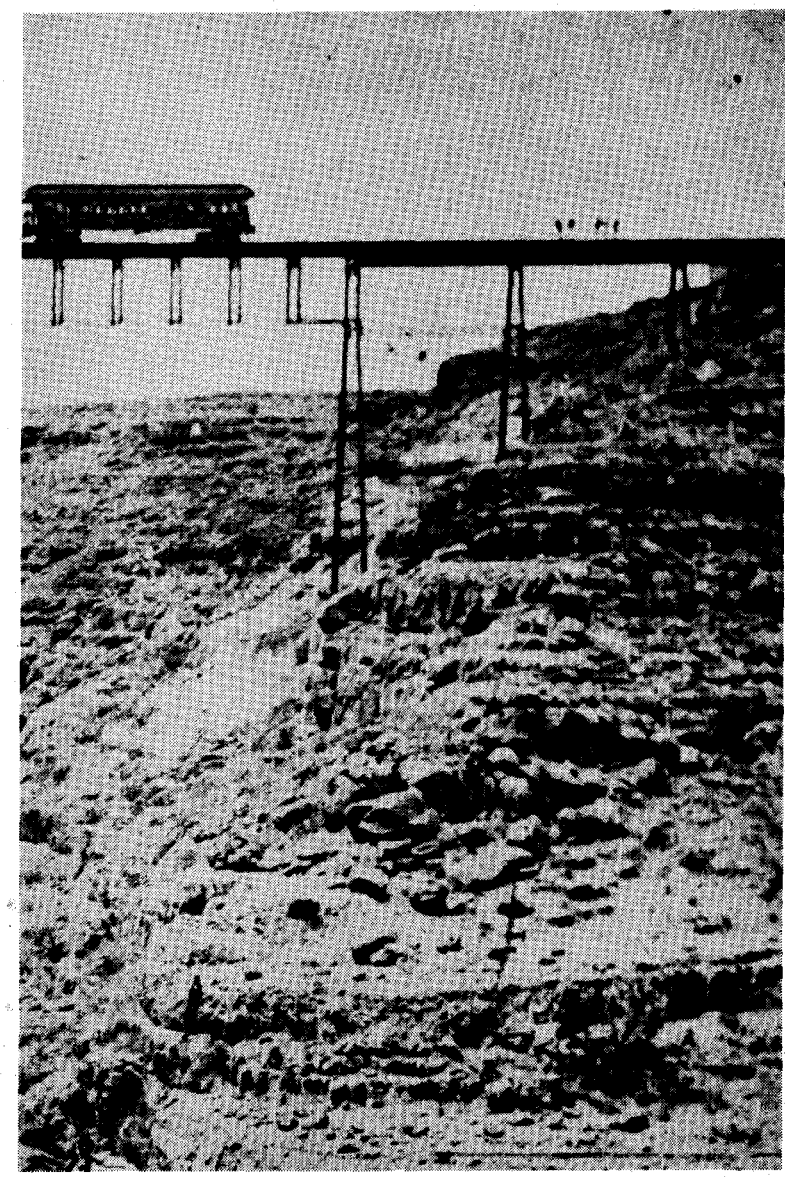
"Well, well!" declared Casey admiringly, only to frown. "I dunno. Boys here are always in a hurry for action. Probably keno won't go but you can give it a try. Fifty-fifty."

Setting up his outfit against a rear wall on a rough plank table, Keno soon collected a crowd of curious. They started playing at his behest, probably to see how it worked. The first winner shouted in a measure of excitement, "Keno, Harry!" From that moment the newcomer was to be called nothing else. Probably no one inquired as to his right name. Such questions were considered a sign of ill-manners.

Keno was a good man at the game, maintaining a running fire of sucker spieling while spinning the glass globe on the rack, players around the table intently watching and marking cards.

"Rubba-dubba-dubba-rub-dub! One coming out! Here it is! This is the ball----Number twenty five!"

Novelty of the game carried it for three days and nights. But Casey proved right. The hardened, reckless men who drifted in, and out just as fast, wanted lightning action. Canyon Diablo proceeded to please them, and after emptying their pockets, sent them out. Or maybe they went only far enough to relieve some in-comer of his valuables before returning to see the elephant again.



Running the game, Keno talked steadily, but once closing it, he settled into silence. Friendly, he listened while others talked. After keno ended for lack of customers he handled Casey's poker table or sided with him to outwit customers when stakes climbed high. Then came the night the tinhorn planned to take over the business for himself but instead gave it to Keno.

Tossing away Casey's rough clothing Keno moved in, and ordered himself fancy accoutrements from Winslow. Death of the former owner caused no ripple at all. Most of the mainliners acquired their present businesses the same way.

Already considered a gentleman, Keno Harry's Poker Flat became the most popular dive. The greatest amount of money could be found on his gambling tables or passing over the splintered bar. Some larcenous gunswift would soon be certain of challenging his ownership. Before that happened, the girl Dolores Montrey appeared mysteriously on the scene from nowhere.

None of the riff-raff boomers knew she was on the place until the night she entered from the back rooms. Slender, a shapely black-haired girl in silver-spangled gown and high heels, she appeared after some wanderer started strumming banjo at the late keno table.

Bowing her high-combed head to speak a few words to the banjo man, she stood around tall and straight, under the hanging kerosene lights, over a smile on her red lips. The crowded forepart of the saloon turned as one man, goggle-eyed at her. Then she sang a song accompanied by the banjo. No music was ever available except from some strolling troubadour.

No sooner did she finish than roars for an encore shook the bare sheet-iron overhead. Silver dollars, and some gold coins sailed through the air to clatter at her tiny feet.

Putting the matter mildly, Dolores proved a sensational hit. Keno said that every night she made more money than he did playing poker and selling rotgut whiskey.

The fifth night a drunken roadster treated Dolores like the type found in the bordellos down the road. When he propositioned her, Keno shoved through the suddenly silent crowd. When told to leave, the man snapped a sixgun into hand. Using no concealed derringer this time, Keno removed him from this world by open holster draw. Before the burying man packed the body across the tracks to boothill, the hardcases contemplating taking over Keno Harry's in approved litigation changed their minds. A whiz with a gun, he would be no pushover.

A few days later a gambler calling himself Tucson Smith showed up. Of average height, he dressed expensively but not showily. After appraising him, Marshal Bill Duckin remarked to Keno, "This is one too many Smiths. We'll have to start numbering them to tell which one is which."

Smith gambled only in Keno Harry's. At poker he lost or won with the same emotionless indifference. Following no particular pursuit, he acted like a man biding his time for something special. He made no friends and talked not at all, except perhaps in Hop Lee's narrow space containing an eating counter.

Keno said to Marshal Duckin after Smith had been around ten days, "This guy looks a mite familiar and so sounds his voice. But I'm certain he's never been around me before."

"Watch him," the marshal cautioned. "He's no good. I've seen his kind in a lot of places."

Duckin himself wore a phony name. He had been

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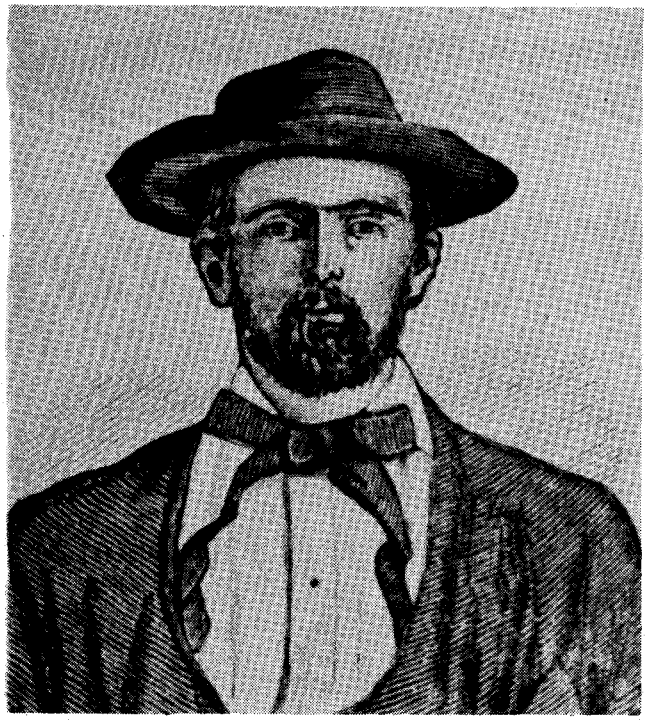

All photos furnished by the author

An old print showing Jesse James as a two-gun man.

Mexico is known as the refuge where the James brothers found sanctuary from the lawmen who hounded their outlaw trail. However, the bandits soon made themselves unwelcome on that side of the border also.

JESSE JAMES In Mexico

by Carl Breihan

The abortive raid on the Northfield, Minnesota bank by the combined outlaw forces of the James and Younger brothers was over. Jesse and Frank James were in flight to Missouri, and the Youngers boys had been captured and lodged behind prison bars.

The James boys deemed it unwise to linger even within the confines of their native state of Missouri, even though they knew every trail and hideaway, and had countless friends to depend upon. It was too risky. They made their way to their hideout in Texas where, at the rugged foothills of the mountains, they had established a place called the Rest Ranch.

To the west of their hideout rose rugged hills and mountains which defied man; far to the south was the little outpost of Fort Lancaster, and toward the northeast were the dreaded Stakes Plains and the Great Salt Plains, areas seldom traveled by man. Human beings rarely passed this spot -- except perhaps a raiding party of Comanches or a band of Mexican border bandits.

The Missouri bandits were restless by nature; and after a brief stay at the ranch, they dared the dangers of the border, plunged through almost inaccessible chaparral, scaled rugged mountains, and eventually rode onto the western slopes of the sand plains bordering the Rio Grande River. On their way they passed through Santa Rosa, through the desert lands, and over the dangerous mountain ranges. Obstacles which would have stopped ordinary men were easily conquered by the daring Missouri brothers.

Into the land of Mexico rode the James brothers, finally reaching Matamoras, where they learned that a fandango had been announced to celebrate the gay season. This was something new to the boys, so they decided to stay in town to watch what was going on.

That evening the dance hall was filled with olive-eyed young Mexican beauties, willing and anxious to trip the light fantastic with their graceful and smooth-gliding partners. Jesse and Frank greatly enjoyed the dance, and decided it was worth a try to mingle with the dancers themselves. But they proved no match for the whirling, graceful young ladies; no doubt they looked clumsy and awkward in their motions, as well as in their rough border garb. At first the onlookers were amused, but they soon broke out in loud laughter and open ridicule.

It would have been better for the Mexican young men to take a pot shot at the James boys, rather than to laugh at them. No one had ever done that and gotten away with it. Frank lashed out with his fist, and down went one of loudest harassers of the group. At the same time a large Mexican struck Frank a blow on the cheek, which sent him spinning headlong into the laps of two Mexican girls, much to their embarrassment. Jesse was not idle at the time; he quickly sent a bullet into the head of the man who had struck Frank.

This started a "free-for-all" -- Frank and Jesse thought flight was the better part of valor at the time. They made for the door, but their path was blocked by the furious and vengeful hidalgoes. Stilettos gleamed and glittered in the faint light. Frank and Jesse were struck and stabbed, but the weapons of the Mexicans were poor substitutes for the revolvers of the Jameses. Directing their aim at the doorway, the two bandits fired, killing four Mexicans and wounding six others . As they raced through the cleared doorway, another Mexican raised his arm to strike Frank a blow in the chest with a knife. Jesse raised his revolver and fired, the bullet striking the man in the chest and knocking him to the floor. The two Jameses raced to their horses as best they could and rode towards the Rio Grande and to safety.

1877 found Jesse and Frank living quietly at the little village of Carmen, in the northern part of the state of Chihuahua, Mexico. It was odd they should select such an out-of-the-way place to spend some time, but there was a method to their madness.

This same quiet Carmen was on the road traveled by Mexican merchants and traders with their costly wares. The bandits had seen samples of the Mexican silver and had made plans to relieve the mine owners of some of their precious metal. At Carmen Jesse and Frank were

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Frank James at an early age. He accompanied Jesse into Mexico.

joined by three other men. All five were well-behaved, and always tried to make a favorable impression on the people of the town. In many instances they would display their uncanny marksmanship by shooting a pig or a chicken from a great distance. Before the irate owner of the animal or the fowl could complain of their tactics, he was paid in cash many times the value of his loss. In this manner the outlaws gained many friends.

One morning in May, six pack mules, each guided by a separate muleteer, and each mule bearing 150 pounds of solid silver on his back, moved out of the city of Chihuahua. Eighteen men rode with the caravan to guard the metal. All went well until they reached Carmen, where two Americans, apparently not too bright and clumsy, sought out the guards and talked with them about their own harrowing experiences with Indians and wild animals and how anxious they were to return to the United States. The chief of the guards was asked if these five men could accompany the mule train across the perilous border; of course, agreeing to assist with any fighting if need be, and to help protect the pack mules at all costs.

The chief consented, and there started out next day from Carmen the procession of mules and their silver and their guards, and the five simple-looking Americans, who said they were mine inspectors. The suspicions of the guards had been allayed by the many favorable comments of the inhabitants of Carmen in favor of the five men.

For several days they were watched, however, but soon all suspicion was gone and a feeling of confidence prevailed. On the fifth day, the mules were relieved of their loads in order that they might graze at a spring, and the men might get some relaxation. Soon all but two of the guards were enjoying their siesta in the shade. The guns of the party had been stacked against a tree, and the two guards were holding their weapons in a careless and informal manner.

Jesse gave the signal to attack. The two guards posted at the stack of rifles were killed, and the outlaws commandeered all the weapons. The owners of the train, the mule tenders and the guards were forced to surrender. Jesse's men departed with the silver, leaving the personnel of the pack train stranded at a place since called *La Temido*, the place of fear. The robbers rode into Texas, divided the spoils, and congratulated each other on the success of their mission.

After a brief rest at their ranch, the James boys rode into Piedras Negras, a known meeting place of thieves, killers, and what not. They were riding just outside town, near a small village, when a number of Mexican bandits saw them, and thought the boys would be an easy prey for robbery. It was not long before Jesse and Frank learned they were pursued by a dozen or more howling Mexicans, bent on robbing and probably killing them. They tried to impress the two riders by shooting off their pistols into the air and yelling at the top of their voices. To the utter dismay of the raiders, their plan did not work...Jesse and Frank turned and fired into the group, sprawling four of them on the ground. The boys raced in pursuit, shooting as they rode. The drunken Mexicans fled back into the village and went into hiding.

That night Jesse and Frank were ambushed by a number of men as they crossed a small stream. Jesse received a slight wound in the shoulder, a fact which angered him all the more. The brothers charged the hiding place of the would-be assassins and flushed them into flight, but not before one of them lay dead on the ground.

At Monclova, a large town in Coahuila, Jesse and Frank were surprised to find an ex-Quantrillian living there. He had married a Mexican girl and settled down to a peaceful and quiet life. As was the custom of the land, the strangers were given a fandango. Jesse and Frank agreed to attend but also made their host promise no one would laugh at their clumsiness. It was agreed.

All went well at the dance until Jesse noticed a young Mexican army lieutenant giving a "high-sign" to an American tourist from Matehuala. Jesse noticed they were talking in low tones and at times casting suspicious glances at him and Frank. Jesse relayed his suspicions to Frank, but his older brother was intent on pleasing the ladies and informed Jesse not to allow his imagination to play tricks on him. Jesse thought such must be the case until the two men departed hurriedly, and he was more convinced than ever that trouble was brewing. He was not wrong. Both these men had recognized Jesse and Frank James.

The Mexican army officer and his friend went to the encampment of a Mexican brigade near the town. Here they enlisted the assistance of the commanding officer in an attempt to capture the notorious Jesse James and his brother Frank. They reported that large rewards were still posted for them in the States, and that fame and renown would be the prize for this night's work. A detachment of eighty men was mustered and soon the place of the dance was completely surrounded. When the festivities were at their height, the doors were unceremoniously thrown open and a stately officer strode into the room, followed by a military guard.

The men and women at the dance were astounded by this discourteous interruption, to say the least. The only two calm people there were the James brothers.

The officer marched up to Frank and Jesse and demanded their surrender, in the name of the Mexican government. Jesse and Frank broke out in laughter.

"Let the ladies retire," said Jesse, "and we can talk over a proposition."

"You cannot escape, the house is surrounded," reminded the officer. "But I suppose it is all right to let the ladies retire; no sense in their getting injured."

The room was soon cleared of the women and the

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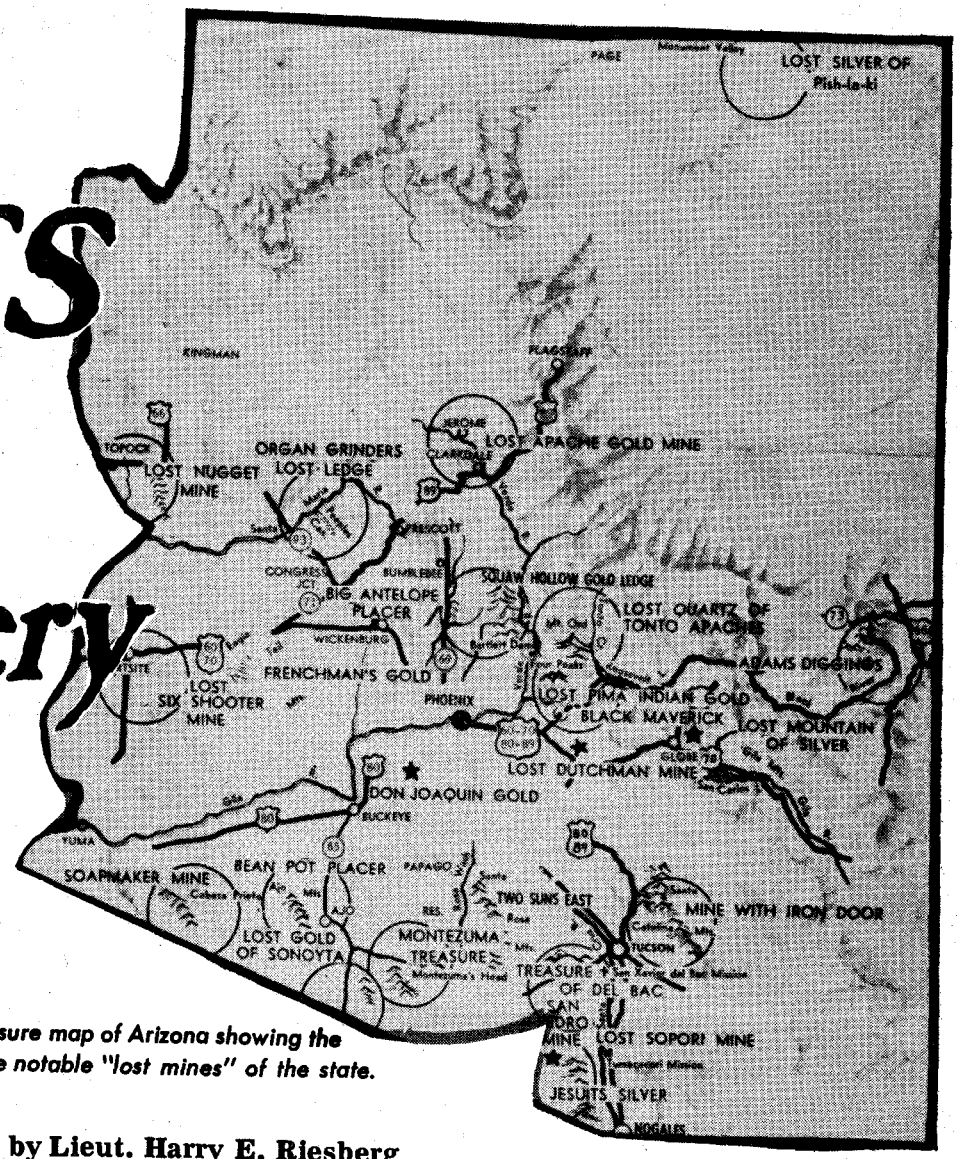
Here, for the first time are listed seventy-five lost mines. Silent and mysterious they wait to be rediscovered.

LOST MINES Await Discovery



Treasure map of Arizona showing the more notable "lost mines" of the state.

Arizona Development Board

by Lieut. Harry E. Riesberg

The term "lost mines" is a misnomer. However, the derivative happens to be a part of speech to designate those early gold and silver mines and placers which were abandoned for a number of reasons. Often these mines were abandoned when the price of the metals dropped to such a low ebb that it became impossible or unprofitable to operate; some others were closed down when water seeped into their shafts and the cost of pumping the water out became too expensive; others were closed due to the long hauls from their usually isolated workings. And still others were abandoned by their operators due to death, murder – which was quite common during the heyday of the mining era – or other causes. They are true lost mines, but in reality they are not lost at all.

However, hundreds of mines that, because of these and other causes, have not been worked for such a long period became forgotten and their actual sites soon were covered by sand and earth, trees and scrub growth – and the only records of their existence are to be found in obscure history books, dusty files of the early newspapers of the region, or long-forgotten government documents and records. Even so, many of these "lost mines" have been found by buried treasure hunters and enthusiasts, and fortunes have and are continually being extracted from them with little, if any, publicity as to their find.

For the search of such sites it takes thorough and tedious research through county libraries and early newspapers of the particular period when they existed; too, it is time-consuming to delve into the state historical files which specialize in and describe the region where are located the "lost mines" in which the enthusiast is interested. Periodicals such as *Real West*, *Western Treasures*, *Treasure Hunters Guide*, and other like mediums, featuring true accounts of these once-fabulous diggings, often furnish exceptional leads.

After obtaining the probable location and other data, it goes without saying that the use of electronic metal-locating and geophysical apparatus may further bring the searcher within possible reach of his quest, with some persistence and a small amount of luck. There is one thing certain, however, that with the use of such devices, a turn of the spade and some small amount of labor could turn up a good quantity of relics and artifacts, and often many thousands of dollars in gold and

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silver or other valuables, even a fabulous fortune!

The search for these long-hidden mines can be most exciting and adventurous, and often quite lucrative. On the other hand, it can often become, with sudden unexpected occurrences or accidents, a most disastrous failure. For, in pushing their search into usually unknown regions, the early prospectors who first discovered these illusive caches of gold and silver had to overcome vast unexplored distances and endure intense hardships and suffering. They also had to be constantly on the alert, since they were often hunted in the day and haunted at night by the savage hordes which infested these uncivilized areas.

Yet, men are still continually seeking these once fabulous mines, and today the use of burros and mule teams has long ago vanished; jeeps and station wagons, fully equipped with electronic metal locators and like instruments, now replace them, making new trails into the out-of-the-way regions in their search for long hidden sites which still await the lucky finder.

Buried gold and silver is where one finds it, and so are the clues to "lost mines." However, if all the clues to "lost mines" were actually known, there would not be any lost mines...

For those who contemplate searching for these sites, the following true "lost mines" will furnish the modern-day prospector and treasure hunter leads by state and county from which to make a start in his venture, probably to riches.

LIST OF AUTHENTICATED CLUES OF SEVENTY-FIVE LOST MINES, SHOWING THE VICINITY AND POTENTIAL REGION IN WHICH THEY MAY BE SOUGHT

County	Name of Lost Mine	Clues
	ARIZONA	
Apache:	Blonde Mayo Lost Mine	On E. side Altar Valley, Black Princess Mt. (Cerro Colorado Mts.)
	Lost Silver Mine of Monument Valley	In Monument Valley, near Mitchell Butte
Cochise:	Lost Apache Girl Mine	W. side of Old Fort Bowie (Dos Cabeza Mts.)
	Lost Treasure of Skeleton Canyon	In Skeleton Canyon (Peloncillo Mts.)
Coconino	John D. Lee Lost Placer Mines	In canyon above Vulcan's Throne (Grand Canyon)
	Lost Conconino Mine	Approximately 20 miles SW Flagstaff, extreme SW corner of county
Gila:	Sanders' Lost Mine	10 miles from head of Coon Creek, on N slope Sierra Anchas Mt.
	Tonto Apache Mine	On N slope Mt. Ord (Tonto Basin)
Greenlee:	Lost Black Burro Mine	NE Clifton, between junction of San Francisco and Blue rivers
Maricopa	Lost Squaw Hollow Mine	40 Miles NE Phoenix, in Squaw Hollow
	Lost Pick Mine	In Bronco Canyon, 25 miles NW Fort McDowell
Pima:	Cerro Colorado Mine	NE Arivaca, on S slope between Cerro Colorado and Cerro Chiquita Mts.
	Cienega Bender's Lost Mines	30 miles SE Tucson, near old stage station of Cienega, Pantano
	Lost Carreta Canyon Mine	Near Arivaca, in foothills (Tascosa Mts.)
	Lost Escalante Mine	NE Tucson, on S bank Canada del Oro river (Catalina Mts.)
	Lost Orphan Mine	Near Tule Tank, western Pima county (Cabeza Prieta Mts.)
	Waggoner's Lost Mine	In La Barge Canyon, between Weaver's and Miner's Needles on S Slope (Superstition Mts.)
Pinal:	Lost Coyotero Mine	N end Toto Basin, close to Mogollon Rim
San Carlos	Lost Soldier's Mine	Between E Boulder and Needle Canyons
	Don Miguel Peralta Mine	In La Barge Canyon, on La Barge Creek (Superstition Mts.)
	Lost La Purisima Concepcion Mine	15 Miles SW Tumascacori Mission, near Cerro Ruido Mt. W end (El Pajarito Mts.)
	Major Peeples' Lost Mine	In hills SE Congress Jct, extending to Hassayampa river
Yavapai:	Geronimo's Lost Gold Mine	In Sycamore Canyon, close to Verde river, between Jerome and Perkinsville
	Lost Organ Grinder Mine	W of Prescott, in Peeples Canyon, on Cottonwood Creek
	Lost Apache Gold Mine	In Sycamore Canyon, between Jerome and Perkinsville
	Nigger Ben's Lost Mine	E of Congress Jct., at foot Antelope Peak
Yuma:	Lost Bicuner Gold Mine	Near Squaw Creek (Laguna Mts.)
	Lost Belle McKeever Mine	In northern Yuma county Granite Wash Mts.
	Lost Trigos Silver Mine	Foot Clip Mt. (Trigos Mts.)
	Lost Castle Dome Mine	On Colorado river, between Old King of Arizona Mine and Ehrenberg
	John Nummel's Lost Mine	On Colorado river, between Norton's Landing and Yuma Wash
	Lost Treasure of Rancho de la Yumas	40 miles N Yuma, on Colorado river E bank
	Lost Six-shooter Mine	15 miles NE Parker, on Bill Williams river between Quartzite and old mining camp of Planet
	Lost Sopori Mine	Foot Black Princess Peak, N end (Cerro Colorado Mts.)

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BUFFALO BILL

An Indian never forgets an enemy. Time, therefore, would not dim the hatred of the Chippewas for the Sioux. It took Bill Cody to settle the feud that had festered for fifty years.

by J.L. Beardsley

The fact that Colonel William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody brought to an end the longest and bitterest Indian tribal conflict ever fought on this continent has been overshadowed by his more spectacular adventures.

For over two centuries the agents of Spain, France, and Britain competed for the rich fur trade of the Chippewas and Sioux who roamed the forests or the south shore of Lake Superior in Wisconsin and Minnesota; but a tribal war had raged far longer than that over this fur empire. Had the agents shown any favoritism between these ancient enemies there would not have been a trading post standing between Fort Mackinac, Michigan, to the Red River of the North, in Minnesota.

The French explorer Le Sueur recorded that the Chippewas first came to the Lake Superior country in 1671, but they didn't take full possession of it, and other tribes moved in.

To the south of Lake Superior lay uncounted miles of dense forests, dotted with lakes, bisected with canoe routes, teeming with fish, game, fur and wild rice fields--everything a forest tribe needed in abundance--but there were "evil spirits" there, too, so the Chippewas went back to their old haunts in what is now northern Michigan.

Then, one by one, five other woodland tribes, the Ottawas, Hurons, Sauks, Illini, and the fighting Foxes, preempted this Indian paradise-but not for long.

Soon Sioux scouting parties ranged all the way from the plains of the Missouri river and up the headwaters of the Mississippi, and hurried back to bring strong war parties to drive these weaker tribes out. When no more enemies were at hand, they went back to their camps far to the west, confident that they had conquered a new hunting domain. They didn't know about the Chippewas.

Just twenty years after their first visit in 1671, the Chippewas returned to their chosen land, according to Le Sueur, who built the first fort on Chequamegon Bay, on the south shore of Lake Superior, for King Louis XIV of France, in 1692.

The fighting Foxes weren't going to give up their country without a fight and went back the next year in force; but the Chippewas knew what they wanted, too, by now, and daubed on their war paint. Silent canoes full of grim-faced warriors glided down the St. Croix and Chippewa rivers, while gaudy ghosts stalked through the dim forests on a deadly mission. Six entire Fox villages were wiped out in a few days, and the tribe was nearly annihilated, leaving the Chippewas in control of 25,000 square miles of rich game land.

For a long time it must have been a mystery to the Sioux chieftains why the hunting parties that went into the Superior country never returned. By the time that

N.H. Rose Collection

Buffalo Bill during his last year as America's idol. Col. Cody was as popular behind the scenes as he was in the arena.

a few stragglers drifted back with the answer, the scalps of their brothers had become well smoked in the Chippewa lodges.

Again the mighty Sioux warriors filled the rivers with an armada of canoes to drive this unknown enemy from the land they had already once conquered. They had already sent five other tribes scurrying away with ragged, broken ranks; but this one was different.

This time it was the Sioux who straggled back into their Minnesota villages to nurse their wounds, and told stories of this new enemy who used surprise tactics, ambuscades, and stealthy flank attacks, who asked no quarter and gave none, and who fought like demons.

Year after year the proud Sioux fared forth with hate in their hearts for the Chippewas whose mastery of timber fighting sent them back bloody, and beaten.

By 1746 the French fur traders had abandoned all attempts to pacify the tribes in order to get the trade of both. By now the feeling ran so high that if one or the other thought the traders were taking sides, every trading post on 2000 miles of waterways would have been burned overnight.

Though the Chippewas fought on both sides in the French and Indian War when the British won control of the fur trade in 1793, they at once tried to make amends with the French by joining the Pontiac Conspiracy to overthrow the British. This plot came to a carefully planned climax during a game of La Crosse, the traditional athletic sport of the early tribes, staged for the entertainment of the

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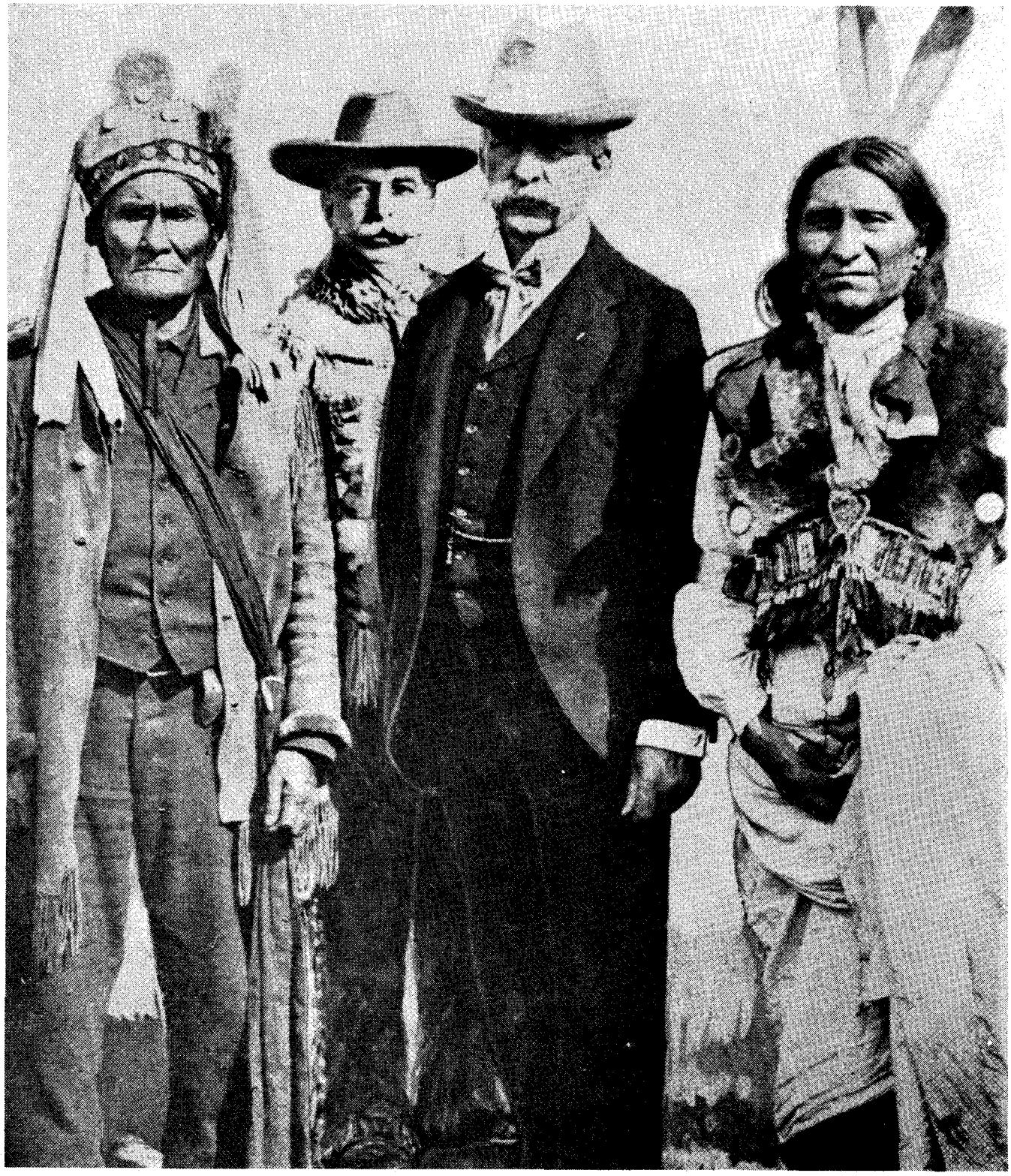
Ends An Indian War



Fred Cummins Wild West Show Program

Geronimo, Col. Fred Cummins, Gen. Nelson A. Miles and Rocky Bear. Rocky Bear was one of the Sioux chiefs to sign the peace treaty with the Chippewas.

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A thirty-second gun fight was not unusual in the rough-and-ready West but this fight between Navajos and cowboys was to have many ramifications. Before the dust finally settled a full scale war threatened, a federal investigation had begun and an important archaeological discovery was made.

Grab Your Guns, Boys!

by Calico Jones

William Montgomery rode range southeast of Arizona's Grand Falls on the Little Colorado river, enjoying what to him was new country. He had worked for the Roden Cattle Company out of Roden Springs less than a month.

To the west sharp peaks of the San Francisco mountains hanging over Flagstaff pointed into blue skies that morning of November 6, 1899. North lay barren reservation country. But the river range held a carpet of golden-headed grass. Only clumps of cedar trees and a few malpais outcroppings disturbed wonderful grazing country.

Riding towards a patch of cedars he unknowingly set the stage for a gun battle and his own death. Ironically, he had nothing whatever to do with past events climaxing to violent eruption.

When he was within a few yards of the cedars, the timber suddenly spewed four lean Navajo Indian riders. All were armed and before he could pause, they surrounded him. In great anger they jabbered threateningly in their own tongue which, unfortunately, he could not understand. Montgomery asked them in English the cause of their actions and wasn't understood either.

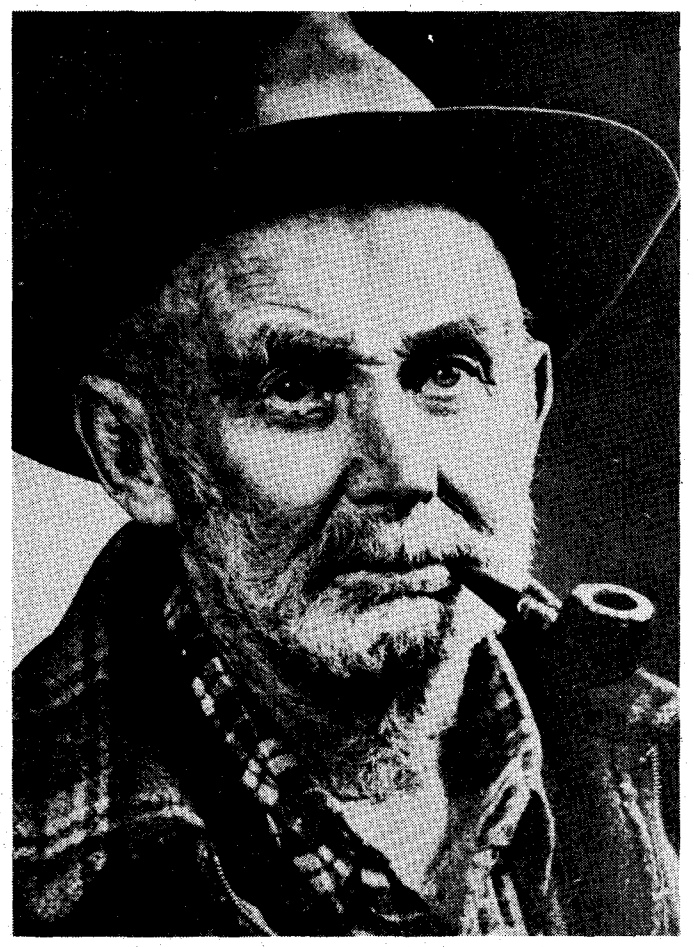
Disgusted with the white cowboy who did not savvy their lingo, the Indians suddenly attacked him with the barrels of their Winchester rifles and sixguns. Trying to defend himself from falling blows, Montgomery pitched onto the ground unconscious. On regaining his senses half an hour or so later, not one Navajo remained in sight.

South of that spot the Roden outfit maintained a summer range camp on Padre Canyon. Recovering his horse, Montgomery went there. Billy Roden and Walter Durham were present, to hear his indignant story of sudden and unprovoked assault.

"They're down here hunting deer and probably taking a few fat steers," the tall, mustachioed Roden spoke tersely. "Ride into Flagstaff and sign a complaint against them. I'm tired of these damned Navvies. Now we'll have the law get rid of them!"

Having attended to his lacerations, Montgomery rode the twenty-five miles to Flagstaff, the county seat. The day happened to be Friday. The next morning he swore to a number of John Doe warrants, not knowing the names of his attackers, of course. They were given to Deputy Sheriff Dan Hogan to serve. Due to lateness of their start, he and Montgomery proceeded directly to the Roden home ranch.

Laura Hogan Dunham collection



Deputy sheriff Dan Hogan as he appeared in later life. Hogan carried many bullet wound scars to his grave, many incurred at Elliot Canyon.

William D. Roden and his son, William D., Jr., trailed two hundred head of Texas cattle to Grand Falls in 1884. One of the first outfits in northern Arizona, they flourished, and from that small bunch spread into great numbers along the river from the spring bearing the family name. Their range, "free grass," extended east twelve miles to Tolchecko and south fifteen miles on canyons Padre and Diablo. This area of good, dependable grazing had been used by Navajo Indians long before the first white American set foot in what is now Arizona.

Very naturally invasion by white stockmen enraged the Indians. In addition, their pony herds were the cause of constant conflict. Cowmen did not want them on what they arbitrarily considered their grass. Not only did they have their cowboys run them out of the country, but they also encouraged stealing. Rustling Navajo ponies became the custom, and considered no crime. Let them

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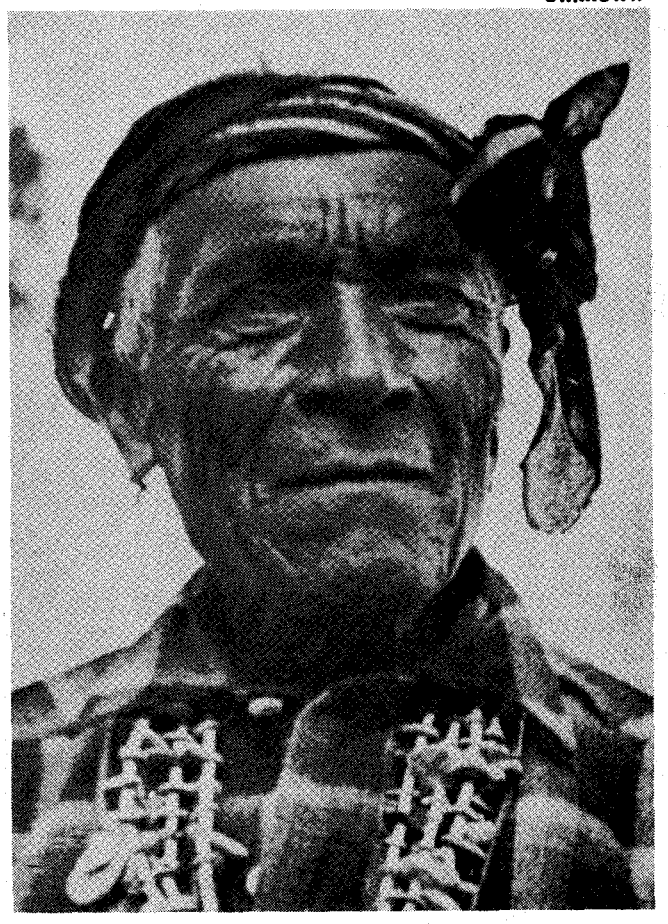

B'Ugoettin Begay, Navajo Indian who led the fight at Elliot Canyon.

gripe about thievery and see what they could do about it. Any footloose rider, finding some of the better grade ponies, could drive enough away to make himself a small stake.

A recent theft caused the angry Navajos to jump Montgomery because he worked for Roden and was thereby under suspicion. B'Ugoettin Begay had lost thirty-odd head the week before. Following a sign far to the south, a sudden rainstorm ended tracking. They were then returning when the cowboy showed up.

Roden junior, distinguished from his father by being called "Billy," was considered the prime destroyer of their ponies. During the years he ramrodded the outfit, he had run pony herds out, persuaded footloose cowboys to steal them, and wantonly shot many dead on the open range.

They held no doubts about Billy Roden. Indeed, he had during the last calf roundup committed a series of most reprehensible and gruesome crimes. Deliberately leaving poison on the ground, he killed several Navajos, principally children and actually wiped out a family of five.

Each time the wagon camp moved, progressing with the advance of the roundup, Navajo squaws gleaned the site, looking for any cast-off material these poor people could use, and especially the discarded KC baking powder cans in which the careless cook always left a small residue. Emptying the several cans into one, the women used the baking powder in making bread.

Roden, on discovering this, made the remark, "I'll just get me rid of some of them gut eaters! Break them of the habit of following my outfit around!"

He then mixed powdered arsenic with the baking powder, leaving a little more in the cans. The two powders were identical in whiteness and could not be detected. Indians using it thereafter began to die suddenly and without any reason the tribesmen knew. They did not suspect poison until an entire family died in their hogan, around the supper fire. The family had used baking powder from one of Roden's abandoned camps. Ergo, the hated white cowman had put something into it.

Navajos began taking distant rifle shots at him. While not once hitting him, they killed one of his friends.

Roden and "Curly" Wallace rode the river range together one afternoon. An Indian in the rocks drew careful aim and squeezed the Winchester trigger. Whipping past Roden's nose within an inch, the bullet killed Wallace on the other side.

His own sorry acts eventually drove Roden out of the river range. This worsening situation was the one into which Montgomery rode to be mistreated.

Leaving Roden Springs, Hogan and Montgomery crossed to the north side of the river at Grand Falls. They took the short route to Wolf Post, recrossing at that point. Halting briefly, Hogan displayed the batch of warrants to S.I. Richardson and George McAdams, nephew and uncle, partners in the business.

They told him the B'Ugoettin family men and their friends were still down around Canyon Padre. They warned the officer not to proceed without some one who spoke Navajo. The tribesmen were in a high state of wrath, threatening to burn Roden's ranch and run the cowmen out of their country.

"If you bust in there, they'll wipe you out," the twenty-year-old Richardson cautioned.

"I ain't afraid of no Indians," Hogan replied, cocky because he had only recently returned from fighting with the Rough Riders in Cuba. "I'll take some to jail in Flagstaff or kill them!"

Hogan happened to be a brave man, even if foolishly so in this instance. During his career he had engaged in a number of gunfights. Old wounds, especially a ball through the right knee cap, very nearly kept him out of the Rough Riders. Capt. Bucky O'Neill, a long time friend, took Hogan into his company of Arizonans. They were together on San Juan Hill when a sniper killed the gallant captain.

Riding south from the river to the summer camp, they found only Roden and Durham there. Hogan asked the latter to accompany him and Montgomery. When Durham readily agreed, Roden insisted on going, claiming he knew exactly where to locate the Navajos.

In after years Hogan often said that letting him go along proved the first of two fatal mistakes. What followed was uncalled for, and might have been avoided, had Roden been left behind. It can be said for Hogan that he didn't know how much the Indians hated the cowman, and he actually expected no serious trouble.

The four men rode down the north side of Canyon Padre towards the junction with Canyon Diablo. Short of the mouth of the former, they reached short Elliot Canyon which emptied into it. In this country deer grazed in large herds. Cedars covered the great area where the several canyons joined, extended out around them and into a forest southward. The wide floor of Elliott Canyon, shrouded by the same trees, concealed the Navajo camp, so Roden informed Hogan.

Leaving their horses on the rim, booted rifles thoughtlessly left on the saddles, they slipped down the low-sloped wall intending to surprise the Indians. Silence hung over the scene except for a few pinon jays fussing in the trees. Hogan suspected the camp abandoned, only to discover it wasn't.

A typical Navajo temporary brush shelter appeared

(continued on page 60)

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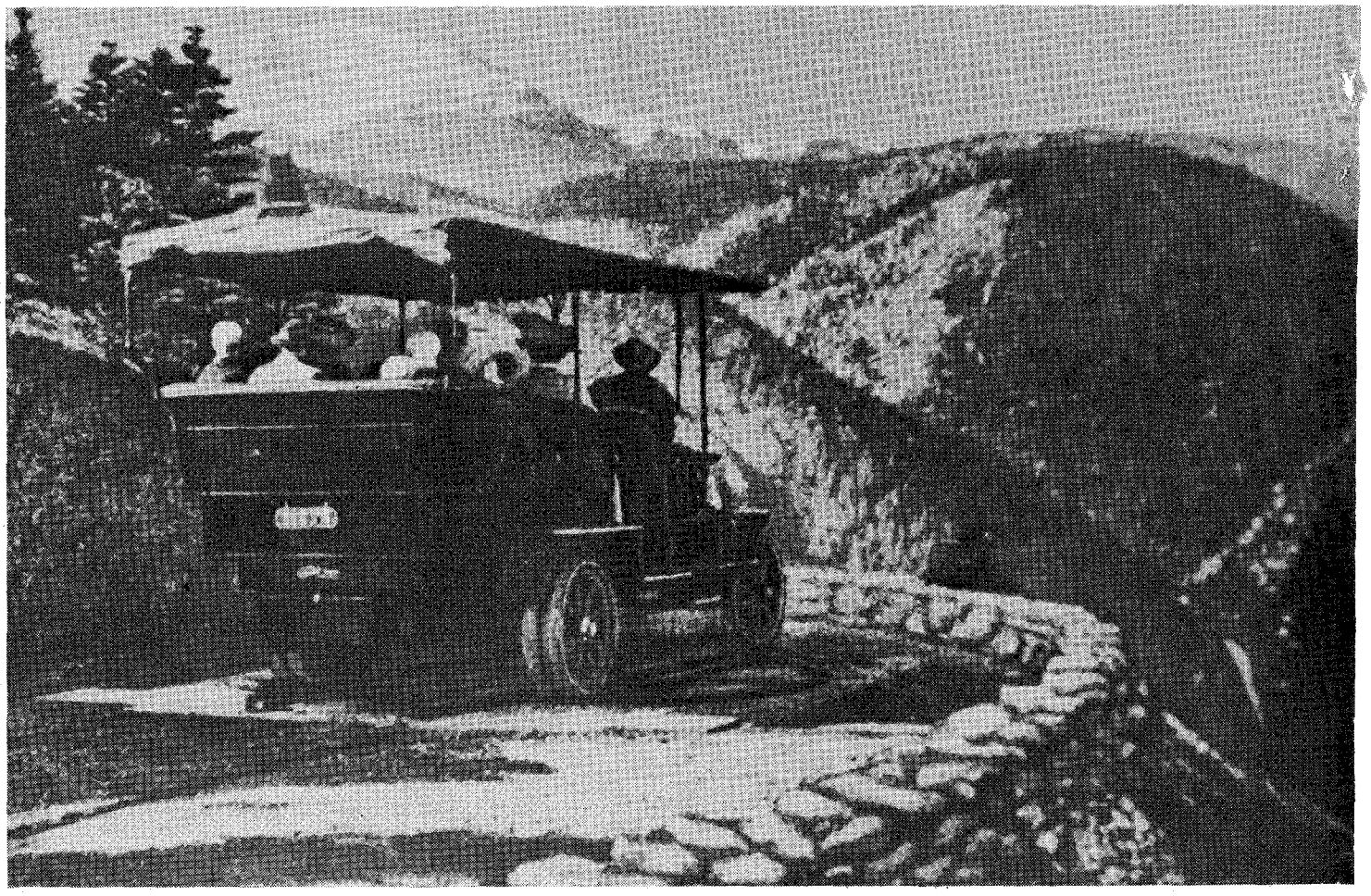

Pike's Peak from Inspiration Point, circa 1906. The curve here is still sharp and one still needs to back up to get around it.

Cy Martin collection

CRYSTAL PARK AUTO ROAD

A trip up the Pike's Peak spectacular and historical auto road.

by Cy Martin

Colorado Springs and Manitou, nestled at the base of Pike's Peak, are probably the most popular vacation sites in the western United States. They are named for the many mineral springs in the vicinity, and because of their delightful climate are known as the "Sunshine Cities". Wealth, health, culture, and tourism were always an integral part of the two cities. And the recreational opportunities are abundant.

Yet with all the literature available on Colorado Springs and Manitou, very few people have ever heard of the Crystal Park Auto Road. It is certainly off the beaten trail and is rarely taken by the modern hurried and harried tourist. It was one of the earliest and most famous scenic attractions in the Pike's Peak area during the early 1900's. The Crystal Park Auto Trip was one of the foremost sightseeing tours from Manitou Springs. It was "far more delightful than the trip up Pike's Peak. The scenery is unexcelled, grand and sublime---" and it still is! This high mountain valley, cradled between Red Mountain and Cameron's Cone, has one of the most beautiful views of the rolling plains in the entire United States.

Robert Richens was the first to occupy Crystal Park in 1875. His house and stock gate were used much later by the Toll Road Company. The mining claims and buildings he put up were taken over in 1879 by the Crystal Park Mining Co., organized by Thomas Wanless. Many fine quartz crystals and excellent topaz were found in the small mountain valley. A rich vein of galena ore was discovered in 1883. For a few months there was a frantic, but short-lived gold rush into Crystal Park. Several months before, in 1882, the Crystal Park

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Toll Road and Investment Co. was formed. Thomas Wanless of Colorado Springs was the principal, who built a small hotel and erected several tents to accommodate the anticipated inrush of tourists.

The toll road, built by Wanless's group after the short gold rush followed the old mining trail up Pawness Avenue. It climbed to the top of Red Mountain and followed the ridge of the mountain to the "Park". The toll road was patronized very little and lasted only a short while. It was too darned steep. Tom Wanless once declared, "There's only one steep place on the road." Then one of the early day tourists, riding in the coach with him, added to this: "Yes, it's only got one steep place, but IT'S ALL THE WAY UP!"

Early maps of the area show a town with large lots and streets at irregular intervals laid out in the park. Actually, only a few cabins and a single log hotel were built.

In 1882 John Hay and John Nicolay lived in Crystal Park in a small cabin. They needed seclusion and they knew, once on top of the mountain, no one would bother them. They had to finish the ten-volume "The Life of Abraham Lincoln" and were far behind schedule. Both of these men were private secretaries to Lincoln during his life. They were able to finish the history without interruption. It was published serially in *Century Magazine* in 1886.

Later the same year Alexander Hill and his family settled in the Park and were the first actual residents to stay for any length of time. In November of 1883 a violent wind storm blew the roof off Hill's cabin and he hastened to move into a cabin in Happy Valley, a few miles below Crystal Park.

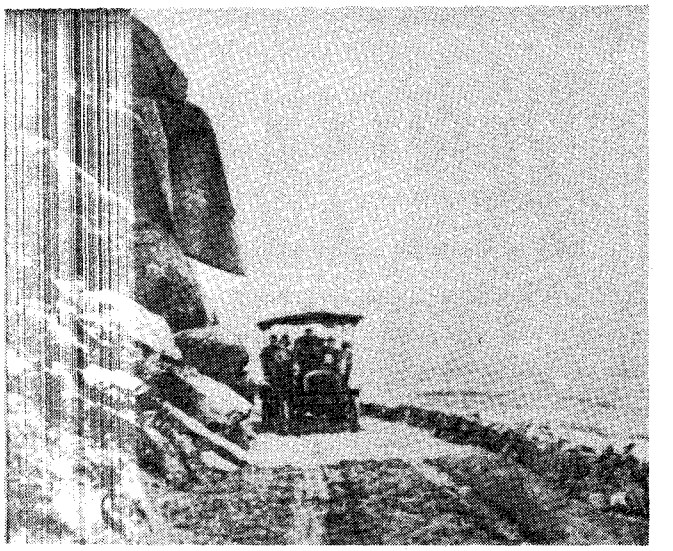
A few years later, John Hay bought Crystal Park and with his family spent his vacations there until he died in 1905. In 1908 his wife sold the property to Edson Pearsall of New York.

Before, in 1883, a railroad was planned to run to the top of Pike's Peak. Professor James H. Kerr, a science teacher at Colorado College, organized the Pike's Peak Tramway Company. The surveys went up to Crystal Park by Iron Mountain, then around Cameron's Cone to Crystal Park and Lake Moraine and the summit of Pike's Peak.

In 1884 Kerr spent $40,000.00 and the grade was complete to Crystal Park. Bonds were sold and money was plentiful. But, Kerr did not trust any Colorado banks. He invested his money in a large New York bank which just happened to go bankrupt the very next day. Kerr

Grime collection

A mile of switchbacks along the Crystal Park auto road.



Grime collection

Snow plow rock at 8360 feet along the Crystal Park auto road. Note sheer drop to the right.

was ruined and the career of the Pike's Peak Tramway Company ended suddenly.

In 1897 W. Smiley secured a five-year lease on the park from John Hay. He incorporated the Manitou, Crystal Park, and Cripple Creek Carriage Company. His partners in the deal were Hutchinson, Swain, Fitting, and Kreiger. All were citizens of Manitou Springs. The group planned an elaborate set of improvements and actually began construction of a new toll road into Crystal Park.

The present road to Crystal Park was built in 1909 by Bartell, Dotterer, and Van Nostrum. They thought they would make a considerable fortune from the road. One of the highlights of the maze of twists and loops was a mile of road built on only twenty acres of land. The road wove about so much that sections were at seven different levels. At one point, it was extremely hazardous to blast out the mountain, a turntable was installed. Blasting here would throw the debris on the Cog Road Depot several thousand feet below.

The "Company" in its hey-day operated twelve Packard touring cars. They ran up and down the spectacular narrow dirt road on a regular schedule. Each car had a twenty-five horsepower engine and carried two dozen passengers. It surged and chugged up the narrow winding road, manned by a driver-mechanic, along with a lecturing conductor. He told the local lore and pointed out the points of interest along the way.

Since two cars could pass each other only at a few points on the road, a strict running schedule was maintained. Regular morning and afternoon runs, and once in a while a sunrise or sunset trip was the rule during the summer.

The "Road" claimed: "The first scenic mountain motor road ever constructed in the entire West." After the Crystal Park Road was opened to the public, the turntable was replaced by a sharp narrow, horseshoe curve. Today this curve is only negotiable by smaller wheel base automobiles, without backing and starting. The old Packard touring cars were retired to the terrible fate of hauling coal.

For 50¢ a person, one may drive this narrow twisting and turning road to Crystal Park. The road is well kept and the maze of twists and loops are a real test of driving skill. At Crystal Park, the view looking off to the east is still spectacular. One can even see the old turntable about a mile from the top. It is little known and little traveled today. Most tourists do not wish to hazard the crooked gravel and dirt road. ●RW

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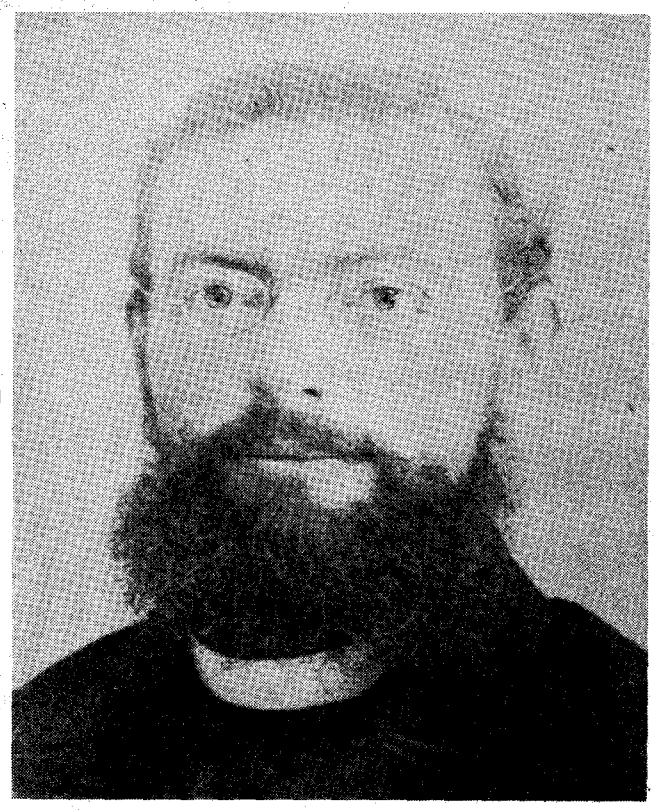
FATHER ISIDORE RICKLIN And The KIOWAS



All photos Author's collection

Father Isidore Ricklin, OBS, first missionary in southwest Indian Territory.

This man above all others was honored and respected by the Kiowas as few white men have ever been. Here is the thirty-year reason why.

by Leola Lehman

"Move on there, Stub, or we'll both be late for supper," Father Isidore Ricklin urged.

The mule's ears skinned back and he tossed his head up, but his slow pace remained the same. Up one red clay hill and down another they plodded. Across brushy, tree-edged creeks, through grassy valleys and through groves of scrub oak they traveled until they drew near the Kiowa Indian Agency at what is now Anadarko, Oklahoma.

The sun edged down behind a low, blackjack-covered hill and early dusk lay its shadow across the countryside as the weary priest pulled up at the peeled-log hitching post in front of the agency office. Father Ricklin slid to the ground, slapped a fog of dust from his long, black habit and strode into the small building. Indian Agent Charles Adams sat behind a big, roll top desk filling in a report form. He scowled down at the paper and then glanced up. A quick smile broke the severity of his tired face as he got to his feet and shook hands with Ricklin.

"Just the man I wanted to see," he said. "Have some good news for you."

The agent drew a chair across the room and motioned to it. "Here, sit down. We have a few minutes before supper will be ready."

"I'll be glad for a hot meal," Father Ricklin sat down and looked inquiringly at Adams. "What news is that?"

Adams laughed and hitched his chair back from the desk. "Well, about a week ago, Quanah Parker, Apiatan and Apache John rode in here hell for leather," he said. "When I saw all three of them together I knew that something was up that was of importance to all three tribes, and I don't mind telling you I thought that I was in for trouble."

The agent eyed the other man expectantly. "They were here to request that the government grant you some of their reservation land for a permanent home."

A wide grin split the brushy beard of the priest's face and he slapped his leg with glee. "Land for a mission," he roared. "That's fine! That's just fine!" Then his face sobered. "There have been times the past few months when I wondered if I would ever reach these people," he said. He sighed and nodded as he leaned back. "It is good."

It was indeed good. For well over a year now Father Ricklin had ridden his mule over the rough hill country and prairie land from Fort Sill to the Kiowa Agency trying to be of what aid he could to the Plains Indians who had been brought in and settled there after the Indian resistance had ended in 1874. In the eighteen years since this there had been little progress made in adjusting the hunting Indians to the different way of life they now faced. They would not speak English, knew nothing of the laws, customs and ways of making a living, now that the buffalo was gone. Because of this wide gulf between the way of life they knew and the ways in which they must now live the Indians had simply marked time and existed upon rations doled out to them by the agency. They did not know what else to do. Living in tepee and other tent-type homes scattered along the creeks, they lived from day to day, and the children learned no more of how to live than their parents.

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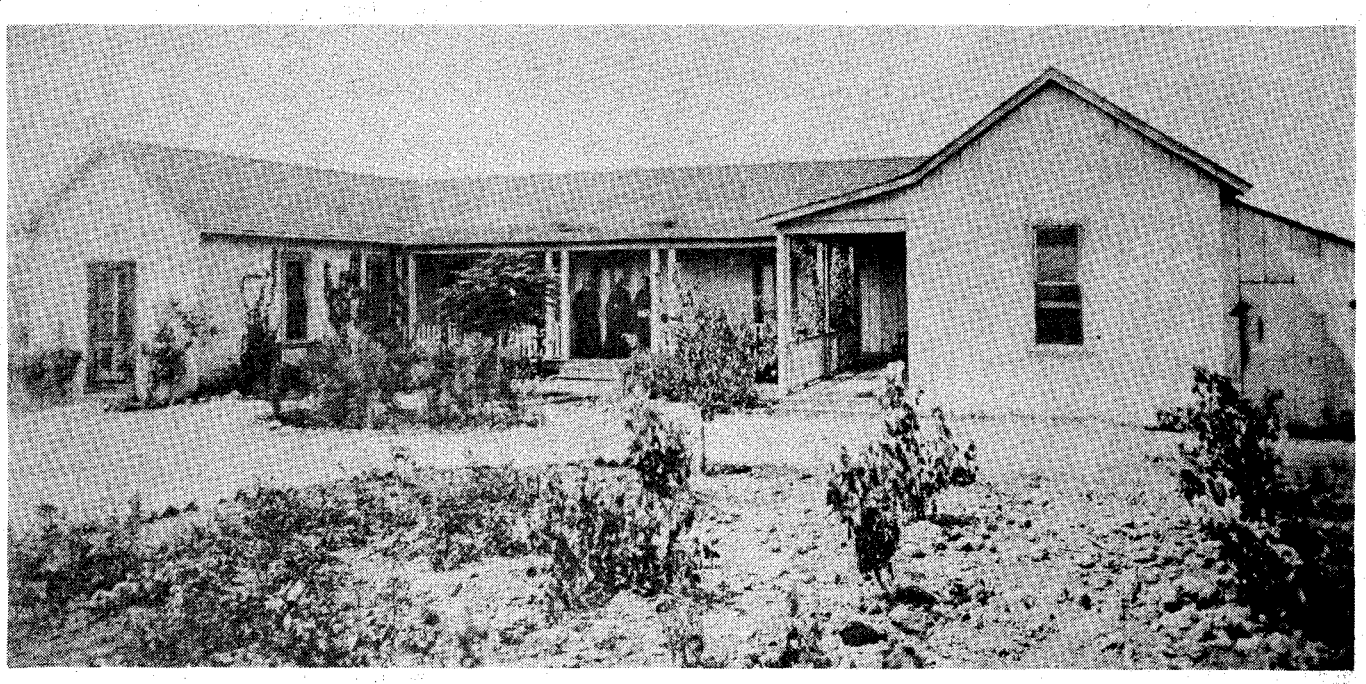

The rectory and one of the original buildings at St. Patrick's Mission. Picture was taken in the 1890's.

Such was the situation Father Ricklin rode into when he came as a missionary of the Franciscan Order. Ricklin could not speak the language of any of the tribes and felt that it would take too long to try to learn all of them before beginning his work. There was one way in which he could communicate with all of them – the sign language of the Plains Indians. At once the priest began to make efforts to talk with the Indians with signs. The Indians were intrigued with this man who tried to learn their way of communicating with strangers. Soon they began to help him to learn. Within an astonishingly short time a friendship grew between the Indians and the lone missionary.

With friendship came trust. The Indians began to allow Ricklin to help them. He doctored them with simple remedies such as antiseptics, aspirin and other medicines. Soon they asked his advice in matters they could not understand. And now the tribes had given concrete proof of the fact that they looked upon him as their true friend and that they wanted him to stay.

Father Ricklin and Agent Adams spoke of this and of the great task it would be for both Indian and white to help the Indians bridge the gap between their own civilization and that of their new world. The change must range from ways of thought downward through speech, dress, health habits and skills for making a livelihood. A formidable task to undertake.

The two men talked until far into the night. The following morning Father Ricklin climbed aboard Stub and took Agent Adams to a location about three miles west of the agency. Here, on a level stretch of land he drew up.

"This is the place," he said.

That was September 8, 1891. The government approved the 160-acre land grant and Father Ricklin set about raising funds to build. On November 25, 1892, St. Patrick's Mission School opened. There were thirty-five students from the Comanche, Kiowa and Kiowa-Apache tribes enrolled. A magnificent total when the early enrollments of other mission schools is considered.

Impressive ceremonies marked that opening day at St. Patrick's. A great crowd of tribesmen gathered to show their trust in Father Ricklin and to pledge their cooperation. Lone Wolf, a Kiowa leader and once an apparently irreconcilable foe of all white men, made a ringing speech urging his people to send their children to school to learn the things they must know. Walking Bird added his full support. This approval by tribal leaders meant much for the success of the mission school. Indians love their children and it was very difficult for them to voluntarily put their youngsters into the hands of people who so recently had been bitter enemies.

Six teaching Sisters came to St. Patrick's Mission from the eastern states. Their task was to teach Indian boys to read, speak and write English and to learn to use numbers so that they could take care of themselves in the community life that would be theirs some day. The boys had already been well trained in riding, making and using the bow and arrow – all the skills that had once been necessary for a hunter of the plains. Now, they had to wear clothes that felt uncomfortable to them and sit for hours learning something they did not want to know in the first place. When spring came, the boys were allowed to work at putting in crops and taught to care for cattle. They liked this much better than the indoor work and it served a more practical purpose in preparing them for making a livelihood. Their work also helped provide food for the school.

The Indian girls were usually better students. They also learned to sew, cook, can garden products and to keep house with equipment such as white women used. Once again they proved apt students.

To say that St. Patrick's provided a magic bridge over which the young Indian students passed fully prepared to take their place in the white world would be far from the truth. They did learn to speak English and this was the first urgent need. They learned something of the laws and customs and skills, and that was a beginning.

It was soon noted that students were more apt to be in regular attendance if they lived there than if they stayed at home. Dormitories were built. In 1894, by contract with the government, children of the Apache prisoners of war at Fort Sill were enrolled at St. Patrick's as boarders. At one time there were around one hundred pupils enrolled. The Mission gave the appearance of a small village with its two dormitories, laundry house, large classroom building, rectory and the home of the teaching Sisters.

Michael Wack, a master farmer, headed up farm operations, and enough produce was raised to provide food

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Mural in the Memorial Chapel at St. Patrick's is by Hokeah. It shows Father Ricklin and an Indian man talking in sign language at the home of an Indian family.

Mrs. Kanlity, a Kiowa squaw, and papoose at St. Patrick's Mission before life became modern.

for all, and some left to sell for much needed cash. He hired Indian men for all possible tasks and this helped both in training them in the ways of farming and provided food for their tables. After the land opening in 1901, when white settlers came in, Anadarko became a town and center of trade. St. Patrick's built a dairy barn and had regular deliveries into town.

The mission was not simply a work center, however; it was soon the mainspring of Indian social life. Once the favorite camping ground for cavalrymen going between Fort Sill and Fort Reno, St. Patrick's continued to be a popular spot for a visit by the military. Father Ricklin was a hearty, friendly man and made fast friends with all who stopped at the mission.

The teaching Sisters visited the Indian women in their homes and helped when there was illness in the family.

After Oklahoma became a state in 1907 the other missions soon closed. St. Patrick's remained. All but two buildings burned in 1909. Father Ricklin arranged for the use of the unoccupied Methodist Mission to be used as a school. Then he went back East to raise the money to rebuild. In 1910 the new buildings were completed.

Farming and domestic sciences were no longer the only non-academic subjects stressed. Athletics and Indian arts were now encouraged and it was from this early recognition of artistic talent that five Kiowa artists developed into men who won international recognition – Mopope, Auchiah, Hokeah, Asah and Tsatoke.

When Father Ricklin died in 1921 he had worked among the Indians for thirty years. He was honored and respected among the tribesmen as few white people have ever been, and upon the day of his funeral every business in the town of Anadarko closed while the entire citizenry turned out to pay their last respects to a man who had done his work well for a people whose need had been great.

In 1927 a memorial chapel was built to honor Father Isidore Ricklin, and today painted murals around the room tell the story of the history of what was once southwest Indian Territory and the part that Father Ricklin and St. Patrick's played in that history. They were painted by the famous Kiowa artists who had received their first encouragement there.

THE END

●RW

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Interview with George Bosin, Kiowa of Anadarko, Oklahoma

Records at St. Patrick's

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Nothing Ever Happened When Papa Was Home

Continuing our series of personal accounts of the early Real West, we offer this vivid chronicle of life in Jackson County, Oregon.

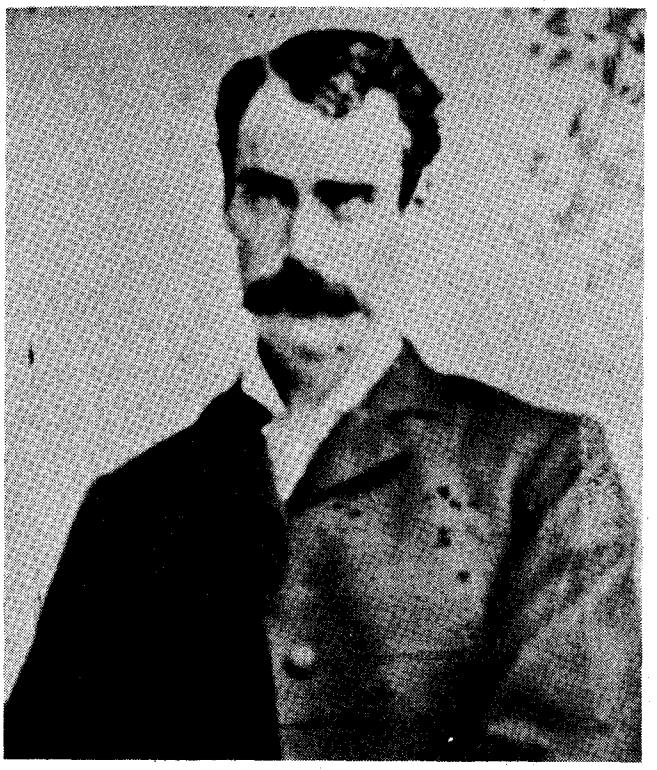
by Anne Weatherford

Nothing ever happened when Papa was home, and that is a fact. But just let him go away for even a day and things became exciting.

At the turn of the century a good team was about the fastest mode of travel in Jackson County, Oregon, and Rock and Roanoak were a good team. But the trading center was forty-five miles away and Papa had a load in the heavy wagon. Still, this frosty morning in late fall, when he started for town with his load of dry shakes and a packing box of buckskin gloves which Mama had made, the team pranced.

Papa's blue eyes twinkled happily and his red hair, which would be cut in town, now curled tightly below his hat brim. He looked so beautiful to me and I wanted to wave to him just before he entered the timber.

Mama and my brother went to the house, but I climbed the seven-rail fence in order to wave. This had been accomplished before, but now the frost hurt my hands. Still, I can remember waving and seeing Papa wave back and that is all I do remember about any of it.



James Israel Patton, father of the author and homesteader in Jackson County, Oregon at the turn of the century.

Margaret Patton at age 27. Mrs. Patton never forgave the photographer for making her smile, as her teeth had been extracted the day before.

My left collar bone is heavier than the right and on my underlip are two white spots where two front teeth bit through. At my hairline is a deep scar. Mama told me she called, and when I didn't answer she came looking for me. I was face down on a pile of rocks and so cold she thought I was dead.

Uncle Doctor Parker was six miles away across a more than knee-deep creek which had no bridge. There was no one closer. My brother was too small to walk so far and Mama couldn't leave him alone with a dead sister. Papa was too far away to overtake as his team was really stepping, but she was equal to the occasion and started bathing me to lay me out.

She would have to do everything herself, even to burying me, unless someone happened to come by. She didn't cry until she started to wash my face and on my forehead was a lump, as she said, "as big as a goose egg" and my underlip was gashed and swollen. Then I moved my right arm, putting my hand up toward my face. Suddenly the undertaker became a very happy nurse. When Papa came back with the last load of the year, a week later, I was sitting up. I wish I could remember this part of it.

We needed fresh meat, so Papa took his two dogs, which were half Newfoundland and half bloodhound, and went deer hunting. These huge dogs were trained to catch, and hold, a crippled deer. Very few times, however, did they

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doubt seeking water. It was no good to use, but I never will forget the horns in the deep velvet. Papa wouldn't have killed a buck in the velvet, or a doe with a fawn. But Papa was gone. The dogs never did bring a deer home or catch one when he was home.

The summer of 1902 was no time for a woman and children to be alone, for Harry Tracy, the escaped murderer, was loose and no one seemed to know where he was, as he had eluded the officers and for a few weeks seemed to have vanished. Then, a young man rode in and told us, mistakenly, that Tracy was seen in the Willamette Valley, headed south. Oh sure, Papa was gone for overnight.

Mama pulled all of the window shades, making sure that no light leaked out. Then she got us all in the front room. We were so scared that no one made a sound. Myrtle was sitting, soaking her feet in a wooden pail of warm water. Suddenly the window shade back of Myrtle let go, and with a terrific whir and bang flipped to the top of the window. Myrtle screamed and spilled her pail of water. When I saw Mama, she was standing in front of the window with Papa's big double-bit axe drawn back over her shoulder. Her face was white and her eyes fairly blazed. She was ready for Tracy or anything else that threatened what she was protecting. But to my dying day I will never know where that axe came from. We had not seen it at all until it was over her shoulder.

Again it was time for Papa to bring a load of fruit from the valley to can. This would take a week or more, as he took a load of shakes and went around the valley until he found a farmer who needed shakes and had fruit to exchange for them.

Mama told us she believed she could saw up into stove wood cuts an unsightly log which lay too close to the road. It also marred the view. Myrtle said she would do the cooking and we were all anxious to help, even to carrying in wood. The second day she worked on the log she had a tiny fire to burn the loose bark that sloughed off the stove wood cuts. Then we heard her yell for water and here she came, running down the road, throwing off her clothes. She was down to her last petticoat and trying to get that off.

Myrtle (Burbee) ran to her with a pail of water, but there was no fire on her. What she had smelled was a dirty dishrag burning in the kitchen stove.

The log was not only sawed up, but rolled back from the road when Papa got home. He pushed back his white Stetson, scratched his red curls and said admiringly, "Well, I'll be consarned!"

Myrtle was visiting Mable. It was lonesome at home. Mama fixed a fishpole and, taking a blanket and the three of us children, crossed the North Fork of Big Butte creek on a foot-log and spread the blanket in a little glade. She told us to all sit on the blanket and not get off of it at all. She wanted to go up the creek a little way and catch a mess of trout for supper.

We were all sitting there quietly, looking around, for this was a place we had never seen before, when we heard a sound we had never heard. It sounded like a child, and not like a child, at the same time. It was up the creek where Mama went. Then we heard a crashing in the bushes and here was Mama without her fishpole, her hair flying free, minus pins, and her dress torn in several places. When she saw us all sitting on the blanket she acted like she was going to fall down. It was only a wildcat, but it got between Mama and her children.

Indian summer was so beautiful that no one wanted to stay at home. It was a time to enjoy the sunshine and brilliant colors. We had heard that there was a new baby at Fredenburg's. Mama and Mrs. Raymond decided to take their babies and walk over the hill to Fredenburg's, on the old trail.

It was a good trail, probably made by Indians, but it had been of no use to us until Mr. Raymond and his son Don had made a bridge across the creek. Now instead of a long trip it was only a mile and a half from Fred Raymond's to Ben Fredenburg's over the mountain. Local people called it a mountain. It was a rather high hill and densely wooded. Papa drove us to the Raymond homestead where we had a wonderful day until we started wondering why Mama didn't come. Evening shadows were lengthening and the women hadn't returned.

The two big dogs had gone with the women so everyone thought they would be safe; but the dogs left them have to do this as Papa was a good shot and his old 45-90 was a shocker!

This day, however, we saw the dogs coming, one on each side of a large buck, which they drove into the barn shed, then caught and held. Mama had no gun and she didn't want a wounded deer to get away. There was a sharp axe handy. She told us children to stay in the house, then picking up the axe, ran to the barn.

When Papa got home he was very distressed because his dogs had left him and they had not circled the deer around to him as they usually did. Then Mama took him to the barn shed where a nice buck was dressed out and hanging from a beam. The deer hadn't been wounded, and Mama had given him one blow, cleaving the skull and ruining a lovely set of horns. Mama's only explanation of her act was, "I knew the dogs could hold him" and Papa's only comment was, "Well, I'll be consarned!"

Another venison was needed for winter, so again Papa was out hunting. Mama had one fear—fire! Later she added cancer to her small list of fears. How anyone who could, without hesitation, use her bare hands to comb yellow jackets out of her sister's hair, as she had done, could fear fire, I couldn't understand.

She didn't even like Papa to let me strike a sulphur match for him to build a fire in the fireplace. He liked to see me get sulphur in my nose and I liked to hear him chuckle when I had to make faces.

Now the day turned cold and the two fires, one in the fireplace and one in the kitchen stove, had been replenished. Myrtle, the girl who came to live with us when she was twelve and her mother died, and stayed until she was eighteen, was bringing water from the spring. We heard her shout, "Fire!"

The house was of squared logs and two stories high, but unfinished inside. There was no stairway and only boards, here and there, laid across the cross beams. There were two roughed-out sled runners, for my brother's sled, curing on these boards. Mother said, "Go outside!" in a voice we dared not disobey.

As we looked up at the burning roof, there was a spot as large as a dishpan on fire. Suddenly a burning shingle sailed through the air; then they came in such a shower that Myrtle had a hard time pouring water on all of them and they were landing in dry weeds. When all the burning shingles were off, still they kept coming, until Myrtle called, "Maggie, they are all out." Mama answered, "I have to be sure." When Papa came in sight of the house, he saw a gaping hole where about a third of the roof had been. Mama had fought fire with a sled runner.

Among the range cattle which came to the ranch was a nice, gentle milk cow. She calved and her owner asked if we would like to milk her. What a blessing, as we had no cow at the time. The little cow was petted and pampered and loved as we loved the dogs. Then one afternoon she staggered into the yard and fell, terribly bloated. Mama said, "Wild parsnip! There is a place to lance and let the gas out, but I don't know where it is." For

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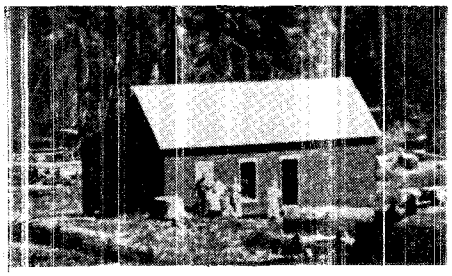

The Patton homestead in Jackson County, Oregon. Note that windows had not yet been cut in the house.

once I saw Mama helpless before an emergency. In a few minutes the cow was dead. We needn't have lost her, but Papa was not home.

Neighbors took a homestead a mile and a half from us and right on the road. Now things wouldn't be so bad with people close. So we thought!

By this time we had a baby sister just beginning to walk and reach up and pull things down. Myrtle poured a pan of scalding water just as my brother started clamoring for her to look at something he had in his hand. She set the pan down and turned to look. The baby, quick as a flash, reached up and turned the water on her chest. It didn't strike her face but hit the lower part of her neck. Mama pulled her little woolen shirt off and all the skin on her chest came off on it. Without a word to anyone she threw a blanket over the baby, grabbed me by the wrist and started to run toward Raymond's, our new neighbors. When I couldn't run anymore, she dragged me. I remember the shallow creek she jumped and I sailed over, not even getting wet.

Mrs. Raymond and Mable, her teen-aged daughter, grated about fifty pounds of potatoes that day, spreading them on a thin cloth and easing the poultice down on the baby's chest. At first they came off looking half cooked. Along in the afternoon the baby slept, and with the aid of oiled cloths later, the burn healed, leaving only one scar which a lavaliere or necklace covers.

Now Papa took a homestead and we left the rented ranch. Instead of a yard and hop-arbor to play in, we now had raw land with logs where the trees had been cut away from the house. There was low brush everywhere and a good part of it was buckbrush, which had white berries in the late summer. Neighbors told us they were poisonous. I have never learned if they are, or if people only thought so. But whether or not they are poisonous, it was a shock to find baby Mildred sitting by a bush filling up on them. Oh yes, Papa had started on his first fall trip to town. He was to bring a load of fruit to can.

There was melted grease on the stove, but it was not hot. Maybe Mama was going to make soap, but I don't remember. Anyway, she grabbed a large spoon and the warm grease, pulled Mildred across her lap, and by holding the small nose, forced her to swallow spoonful after spoonful of the grease until suddenly grease and buckberries all came up. But, as in the fire episode, Mama wanted to make sure, so the process was repeated. What a greasy bunch of clothes to clean up on a washboard; and Papa not there to even carry the washwater.

Papa was gone for a few days and had his 45-90 with him, so it must have been a bear hunt. When a large bear came into the community, the men liked to go after it. Or it might have been that he was cruising timber, as the dogs were home. But history repeated itself and the two half hounds caught a large buck in the horse corral, right out in the open. It must have been on its way to the creek to drink as it came there without being chased.

There they stood, one on either side, holding it by the shoulders. This time Mable Raymond, my brother and I watched Mama walk up deliberately and kill this buck as she had killed the other one. But there was a difference. This deer had been shot and was feverish and no and went off into the woods. Suddenly they came over the hilltop closely pursued by five big timber wolves. Mama handed Mildred to Mrs. Raymond, saying, "Run for home!" Then she picked up a dead limb which had fallen from a tree and called to the dogs. Next she screamed and ran toward the wolves, brandishing the club. She said later that she screamed as fast as she could. The wolves put on the brakes, then turned to run. The dogs, taking courage, ran with Mama, but not ahead of her.

When she figured that Lottie had about time to get home with the babies, Mama turned and ran for Raymond's, the dogs at her heels. She told us that it was when she turned her back to run that she got scared. She said the hair on the back of her neck got so tight that it pulled.

The time came when we were old enough to go to school and a little schoolhouse was built three miles from the homestead. Other children had to go as far, but we could only walk so far in fairly good weather, so we had summer school. It was pleasant walking home in the evenings through the cool timber. This evening we had been fooling around, looking at the wonders of the forest.

When we got home, a horse and buggy stood near the gate and Mama, face white, stood in the door, finger to her lips. She came out and said to Ernest Smith, our young teacher, and to my brother Charlie, "Ernest, you boys take good care of that poor horse, then come in by the back door." As I looked past her, I saw a strange little boy asleep on a quilt on the floor where he would get a good breeze. Then she said to me, "There is a woman in there, awful sick, and a tiny new baby."

The woman, a girlhood friend of Mama's had started a few weeks early to finish her time at her mother's, in the comparative cool of the mountains. Her mother, Mrs. John Cook, lived only two miles from Uncle Doctor Parker, so she felt safe. But the three days of heat, and driving over a bumpy road, had been too much for her. She had turned into our road. Papa was working in the woods, a good way from home, so he couldn't be reached, not even to go for Uncle Doctor (Dr. Robert Parker).

Then came La Grippe! If you remember when it was called La Grippe, you aren't young. Papa was making his last trip of the fall for supplies. This time he would bring the winter clothes and some presents and surprises.

His last trading of the year was always done at Hutchinson and Lumsden's general store in Medford, Oregon. Medford at that time was a small town with board sidewalks and dusty streets, and, as I remember it, a saloon for every other business. Perhaps there were not that many saloons, but to a small girl, afraid of drunken men, it seemed so.

Now it started to rain, sluicing, sleeting; and in the midst of it, all but Mama came down with La Grippe. Fevers raged and most of the time two of us were delirious at once. My brother laughed and thought Myrtle was hiding behind his knee. I said, "Oh, Grandma, I do love you" and evidently tried to kiss Mama's hand, but instead I bit it. Really bit right in!

Papa came home and tried to get me to open my eyes to see something that Treve Lumsden had sent me. I tried, but the pain of the lamplight on the bright red object hitting my eyes was terrible. I became delirious again. When I came back to reality I knew that Papa was home, and he would make no more trips this winter.

Nothing bad could happen now, for nothing ever happened when Papa was home.

THE END

●RW

Bibliography: The incidents of this article are from my own childhood memories, with fuller detail supplied by my mother, Margaret Patton, and my father, J. I. Patton.

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In this concluding installment we continue to trace the amazing career of Thomas Meagher, soldier of fortune.

The Hectic Life Of THOMAS MEAGHER

Part 2

by Robert B. MacLaine

Thomas Meagher now faced a dilemma. In law or writing, he saw only a drab future. Twice he had tasted fame, and was ambitious for further acclaim. Such could be his with the Fenian Brotherhood, then plotting the unlucky 1866 invasion of Canada. Yet this was more risky for him than facing Confederate cannons. If captured on British soil, he could be hung as an escaped felon. At best, he would swiftly be returned to that dreaded penal colony in Tasmania.

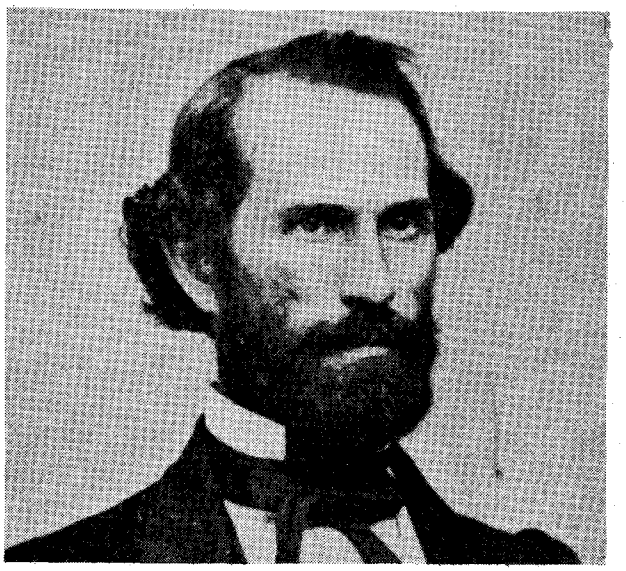
But the gods had his destiny worked out. Sidney Edgerton, the first governor of far off Montana Territory, had President Johnson all shook up. With federal funds at his disposal, Edgerton couldn't spend a dime, because no territorial secretary had been appointed to sign the vouchers.

About that time Meagher wrote the President about a brainstorm he'd had for colonizing sparsely settled Montana with Irish Catholics. What Johnson said isn't recorded. But to get Edgerton off his back, on August 3 he wired the astounded Meagher that that secretary's job was open. Meagher accepted with alacrity. Telling his joyful wife he'd send for her, he headed west.

From the moment Meagher stepped from that stagecoach in Virginia City he was caught in a political maelstrom. Local Democrats considered him one of them, especially those Irish miners – mostly Fenians. What if the war had forced him to hobnob with Republicans to win favors – even this job? He was still a born Democrat, like most Irish Catholics, and would never defect.

Their opponents didn't buy this. As a Republican appointee, he had to support them. Thomas Dimsdale, editor of Virginia City's **Montana Post** (the territory's first newspaper), was so sure of this that he wrote: "We welcome General Meagher as a man who has gone through the fire of battle to maintain the liberties of the American people." This was another slap at Democratic loyalty, whose ranks he had earlier said were full of Copperheads and rebels.

As for Governor Edgerton (a rabid Republican whose cynical speech on loyalty had infuriated pro-southern Democrats in the first legislature, at Bannack, in December 1864), he welcomed Meagher for personal reasons. Long since fed up with "wilderness violence," he quickly dumped Montana's future into his new secretary's lap. Bag, baggage, and family, he took off for his Ohio home, where he notified Washington to appoint another governor.



All Photos MacLaine Collection

Judge Lyman E. Manson, a constant enemy of Meagher. Circa 1868.

Meagher, left as acting governor with little knowledge of his job, did not panic. Rather, he nosed about evaluating the **status quo**, self-impressed by his new office. That's how he met Major John Bruce, lawyer-editor of the new-born **Montana Democrat.**

Bruce, aspiring for the U.S. Senate if Montana won statehood, lost no time advising the "acting one" – as Meagher jokingly called himself – that the Democrats controlled the territory. Whereupon Meagher, ever an opportunist, threw the Republicans into a dither by declaring himself a Democrat. Bruce also advised holding a constitutional convention regarding statehood. This Meagher passed along to Secretary of State Seward, but named himself as the choice for senator. Seward let it ride. Nevertheless, Meagher announced in the **Democrat** that he had been petitioned to call the convention.

This highhanded act enraged the Republicans. The **Post** claimed Meagher had tricked the general public by withholding information about the petition, and its signers were mostly Democrats. Rumors lampooning Meagher's tippling were spread that the petition had been drafted on the Bale of Hay bar. This drew the retort that only sanctimonious blue-noses would sling muck.

The slur was especially aimed at one Republican, Judge Lyman E. Munson of the Territorial Supreme Court. For throughout Meagher's days in Montana, Munson sought to discredit him. At every turn, Munson assailed him as "that drunken Irishman who left his country for his country's good." Yet nothing in the records reveals a logical cause for such personal enmity.

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In truth, Meagher did spend much time in saloons. But most men in his shoes would have done likewise. He'd been shoved into a thankless job. As acting governor, now he had no secretary to sign vouchers. He'd been denied troops to control hostile Indians in the territory. Back East old newspaper enemies were connecting him with Fenian threats against Canada. Republicans kept knifing him in the back. So, why damn him for drinking? As headstrong as he was, he was bound to eventually discredit himself – as in December 1865.

In Helena, November 30, an Irishman named James Daniels killed Andrew Gartly, a gambler. Frontier justice being swift, he soon faced a jury in Judge Munson's court. The verdict was manslaughter. Munson gave him three years in the territorial jail. He served three weeks. Then, although he'd sworn to "get" certain witnesses, Meagher granted him a full pardon.

Judge Munson blew his stack. He demanded that the pardon be rescinded, claiming Meagher was drunk when he signed it. Meagher stood pat. Of course, drunk or sober, his idea of justice had led him to wrongfully defy the law. For only the President had the authority to legally pardon Daniels.

The **Montana Post** contended Meagher was wrong in not seeking impartial advice before turning loose a murderer in the face of adverse public opinion. But Judge W. Y. Pemberton, Daniels' lawyer, said the prevailing belief was that his client deserved a lesser sentence, so Meagher's action aroused little outcry. In any case, ensuing events gave both sides a shock.

Whether in bravado or bent on "getting" those witnesses, Daniels acted the fool by immediately returning to Helena. He was first seen at 9 o'clock, weaving along a moonlit street. Shortly, he was set upon by a band of armed men – vigilantes, according to Judge Munson's story. Without ceremony he was dragged off to a convenient tree, protesting that he had been pardoned. The gang threw a rope over a limb, yanked a noose about the pleading man's neck, and hauled him up. At 10 o'clock he was dead, with the pardon in his pocket.

As he swung there, a scrawled note was pinned to his coat, which read: "If the acting governor does this again, we will hang him, too."

When told of this Meagher wasn't impressed. He knew he'd made enemies but doubted that any were vigilantes. Those who'd earlier rid Virginia City of the murderous road agents led by Sheriff Plummer were, mainly, his friends. He believed Gartley's cronies had lynched Daniels, for vigilantes gave their victims a trial. Nonetheless he now knew Montanans got rough when crossed.

Steamer "Benton II" tied up at Ft. Benton, Montana Territory. This is the spot where Thomas Meagher drowned in 1867.

Before tension over the Daniels affair could abate, Meagher stirred up more trouble. In January 1866 he issued the call for a state constitutional convention. The anti-statehood set howled "dirty politics." Dimsdale argued in the **Post** that "power-hungry Democrats want to rush us into statehood even before the people understand existing territorial laws." Obviously the weak Republican machine in Montana wanted to coast along until the odds changed.

But they really hit the panic button in February, when out of the blue Meagher called for a legislative assembly. The **Post** cried this was illegal. And it was. In 1864, Edgerton had vetoed a bill providing for the election of a succeeding legislature. Now the organic act had expired.

But trivia couldn't stop the man who had charged Bloody Lane. Meagher arbitrarily reconvened the old 1864 legislature, March 5. Being predominantly Democrat this "Queer Legislature," as the **Post** dubbed it, enacted additional legislation that angry Republicans predicted would be "wiped off the books."

Meanwhile, Elizabeth Meagher had arrived in Virginia City. Her charm and cultured ways quickly won the hearts of not only Irish miners, but even her husband's political foes. For a time social functions kept her rowdy spouse out of bars and trouble. But it couldn't last.

He began asking Washington for troops to control "hundreds of outlaws and terrible Indian uprisings." When none came, he wanted to organize "our own militia under my able command." This led General Sherman to state: "I'm afraid civilians like T. F. Meagher may involve us in a needless Indian war."

Between pleas for troops he kept bugging President Johnson to make him the territorial governor. Continually rebuffed, he began drinking heavily. When he learned the President had appointed Green Clay Smith as governor in July, he applied for the post of Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Ignored, he tried in vain to resign.

In October, Governor Smith arrived in Montana. Like Meagher, a former Union brigadier general, Smith soon learned the "acting one's" violent regime had, politically, solved nothing. That much-debated constitutional convention had been a flop in Helena in mid-April. A remaining hot potato was another legislative assembly Meagher had called for in December. Rather than offend loyal Democrats, Smith backed Meagher and both attended it. Two issues are worthy of note. The act defining all judicial districts was amended, to Republican dismay, and irate Judge Lyman E. Munson found himself headed for remote and barren eastern Montana. And Clay Smith was asked to return to Washington and improve territorial-federal relations.

Smith departed for Washington on January 7, 1867. Again at the reins, Meagher soon called for a third legislative assembly "to elect a territorial delegate to Congress as the term of incumbent Samuel McLean expires in March." Actually, he meant to replace "do-nothing" McLean with another Democrat.

The **Montana Post** voiced the usual Republican protests. But this time it wasn't Thomas Dimsdale's work. The kindly "Professor" had died September 22, 1866, of consumption after finishing his classic "Vigilantes of Montana."

In February Meagher again urged Washington to send him troops and this time he wasn't crying wolf. The winter of 1866-67 had found hordes of Sioux and Cheyennes encamped on the Powder and Tongue Rivers, from Wyoming up into southeastern Montana. Unseasonable raids on travelers and army posts along the Bozeman

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ESTHER MORRIS' Monumental Tea Party

She created a little ripple in a tea cup which reached tidal proportions that washed over the entire United States.

by Louise Cheney

As a general rule a tea party is not of national importance unless given in Washington D.C. to honor some foreign or local dignitary. Seldom if ever does it have nationwide repercussions or vitally affect the laws of the land but – the social function given by one Esther Morris on the evening of September 2, 1869, in a little shack in South Pass, Wyoming Territory, qualified to do all the above, for it produced large consequences – in fact, so large that it has gone down in history as "The Esther Morris Tea Party." Dee Brown in his fine book, THE GENTLE TAMERS, advises that this particular affair "has as much significance in the fight for women's rights as the Boston Tea Party had in the American struggle for independence."

Not only did Mrs. Morris invite her intimate friends and twenty of the town's most important citizens but, with a view to buttering both sides of her bread simultaneously, she issued invitations to both the Democratic and Republican candidates for the Territorial legislature. Definitely the lady had more than the idea for a social get-together with tea, cakes, chitchat and gossip. The party was in reality but a prelude to Esther Morris' determined fight to see that the women of Wyoming Territory received the right to vote.

The guests assembled and, after each had been fortified with steaming tea and dainty cakes, Mrs. Morris came straight to the point. She asked each political candidate if he would introduce a bill in the new legislature which would give the women the right to the ballot. This was indeed a bombshell since at that time no woman anywhere in the world held such a franchise.

Mrs. Morris was not given to practical jokes so the two candidates knew that she was deadly serious. Colonel Bright, the Democratic candidate, knew Esther Morris well and admired her for her intellect, her capabilities and her nursing skill. He knew that she had saved the life of his wife Betty during childbirth. Without hesitation the colonel assured Esther that he would introduce a woman's suffrage bill if elected. Herman Nickerson, the Republican candidate, could do no less than give the same assurance.

When Esther Morris gave what was to become her historic tea party, she was fifty-five. Self-possessed, self-confident and self-reliant, she was most charming but she was also a very determined woman who enjoyed a good fight for what she believed was right. From most of her battles to date she had emerged winner, hands down. When she was left without either father or mother at the age of eleven, she had earned her way as a milliner in Oswego, New York until she married John Slack. Later she accompanied her second husband, John Morris, west, settling in Wyoming Territory where he prospected for gold.

All photos Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

Esther Morris, the woman responsible for getting voting rights for women in the 1880's.

Esther Morris was respected in South Pass and was elected Justice of the Peace, becoming the first woman in the world to hold that office. At that time, the late 1860's, South Pass was the largest city in Wyoming Territory, with a population of 3,000, most of whom were men seeking the elusive siren, gold. After Mrs. Morris assumed office, the tough guys of the town set out to frighten her, but she held her own and of the forty cases tried in her court, not a single one was appealed. The respectable men of the city swore that she managed her office better than any man could have done.

When Mrs. Morris had been elected to her office, she had attracted national publicity. Some of the eastern papers, namely the Police Gazette and the Day's Doings, depicted her in cartoons, showing her with feet propped in a very unladylike manner upon her desk and holding a big cigar in her mouth during court proceedings, or whittling with a giant jackknife.

Although Esther Morris was not in the least amused by the caricatures, she didn't let them bother her. She had on her mind something far more important, woman's suffrage, and she put her energies toward gaining the right to vote for her sex. It was to further her crusade that she gave her historic tea party on the very eve of the Territorial elections, September 2, 1869.

The day after the party the election was held, and Colonel William Bright was the winner. Straightway Mrs. Morris approached her friend, Betty Bright, the colonel's wife. Betty was in sympathy with Mrs. Morris's cause and she went to work on her husband with the result that, when he left for Cheyenne for the convening of the legislature, he advised, "I have made up my mind that I will do everything in my power to give you the ballot."

The first legislature of Wyoming Territory assembled on October 1, 1869. The governor was a Republican but the entire legislative body was composed of Democrats. Colonel Bright was elected president of the Senate and he immediately felt out the opinions of the members of the two houses on a woman's suffrage bill. He advised that it would be an opportunity to show the Republicans how modern the Democrats were and that such a bill would result in publicity for Wyoming Territory. While only a few of the lawmakers voiced opposition to Bright's

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idea, not one took his proposal seriously. All thought that John Campbell, the Republican governor, would veto such a bill if passed by the two houses.

However, Colonel Bright drew up a woman's suffrage bill, "An Act to Grant Women of Wyoming Territory the Right of Suffrage and to Hold Office." He introduced the bill November 9, 1869. It read;

"Section 1. That every woman of the age of eighteen years, residing in the Territory, may, at every election be holden under the elective laws thereof, cast her vote. And her rights to the elective franchise and to hold office shall be the same under the elective laws of the Territory, as those of electors.

Section 2. This act shall take effect and be enforced from and after its passage."

When the vote on the bill was taken, everyone in the Territory of Wyoming, including the ladies, was astounded for there were six legislators in favor, four against and one absent!

When the bill passed to the house, Esther Morris and her followers were jubilant. They wrote letters and called upon the lawmakers and the governor. Two newspapers in Cheyenne came out in support of the bill.

Bill Nye of the Laramie Boomerang spoofed at the bill by printing an imaginary railroad man's statement in which the gentleman likened the suffrage bill to a wild train on a single track and warned that it might put the entire outfit in the hands of a receiver.

However, the bill went to the House and the opposition attempted to annihilate it with amendments. Ben Sheek, who headed the opposition, made a motion that the age be set up from eighteen to thirty, saying that no female would vote since none would admit to that age. This failed, and Sheek moved that the word "woman" be cancelled and the phrase, "all colored women and squaws" be substituted. Still another member moved that the vote on the bill be delayed until July 4, 1870 – a legal holiday and a year when the legislature would not likely be in session.

The arguments pro and con flew fast and furious but none of the amendments was accepted except a change in age requirements. Twenty-one was accepted instead of eighteen. Again the vote was six in favor, four against and one absent.

A number of Democrats in favor of the bill felt sure that Governor Campbell would veto it. But – as a youth Campbell had been a resident of Salem, Ohio, which had been among the first towns in the nation to hold a woman's suffrage convention. Campbell had heard Susan B. Anthony's fiery oratory at that convention and had been spellbound. So – although many opposed the bill, Governor Campbell signed it into law on December 10, 1869. And the ladies of Wyoming were the very first of their sex in the entire world with the right to vote.

The women were jubilant but they were also surprised. One prominent citizen of the Territory remarked, "If a troop of angels had come down with flaming swords for their vindication, they would not have been more astounded than they were when that bill became a law." If the lady who set the ball rolling, Esther Morris, was surprised, she did not betray it for, as has been said, she was in the habit of winning her battles.

Before they had time to go to the polls, the ladies of Wyoming found themselves handed the opportunity to use that section of the bill which stated that females could hold office. During the latter part of 1869 and the early days of 1870, great numbers of railroad workers became unemployed as a result of the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad. They collected in Laramie, and soon lawlessness was rampant in the town. The male juries brought in very few convictions, so when the grand jury was impanelled in March 1870, some brilliant soul suggested that since the suffrage act gave women the right to hold office, it would not be amiss to summon ladies to jury duty.

Louisa Ann Swain, the first woman in the world to vote in public election. She was seventy years old at the time.

The idea caught on and six men and six women were named to sit on the grand jury. The first woman to receive her summons was Eliza Stewart, a Laramie schoolmarm.

The judge, John H. Howe, told the ladies, "The eyes of the world are upon you as pioneers serving in a movement that is to test the power of being able to protect and defend yourselves from the evils of which women are victims." He further stated that the female jurors should not be "driven by sneers, jeers or insults of a laughing crowd from the temple of justice as your sisters have from some of the medical colleges of the land." He then declared that "the strong arm of the law would defend them."

Just as soon as the news that ladies were sitting on the grand jury in Wyoming Territory reached the east, photographers, reporters and artists hied themselves speedily west to register the event for their publications. The women refused to pose for photographs. The artists then began to sketch them with the result that the ladies veiled their faces. Then the artists drew caricatures and soon the eastern papers were showing drawings of women in the jury box with babies on their laps. One such cartoon bore this caption;

"Baby, baby don't get in a fury,
Your mamma's gone to sit on the jury."

Undaunted, the ladies proceeded with their duties. Jokes sprang up about locking the men and women in one room but the sheriff appointed a woman bailiff and locked the ladies in one room and the gents in another.

The grand jury was in session for three weeks. The women voted to indict all the business men in Laramie for breaking the law by keeping their establishments open on Sunday. Judge Howe, embarrassed, since he did not wish to send such prominent men to jail, parolled them after each gave his written promise not to repeat the offense.

Wyoming women voted for the first time on September 6, 1870. The first lady to mark the ballot was Louisa Ann Swain, a seventy-year-old resident of Laramie. She wore a clean apron and "toted" a pail to hold the yeast

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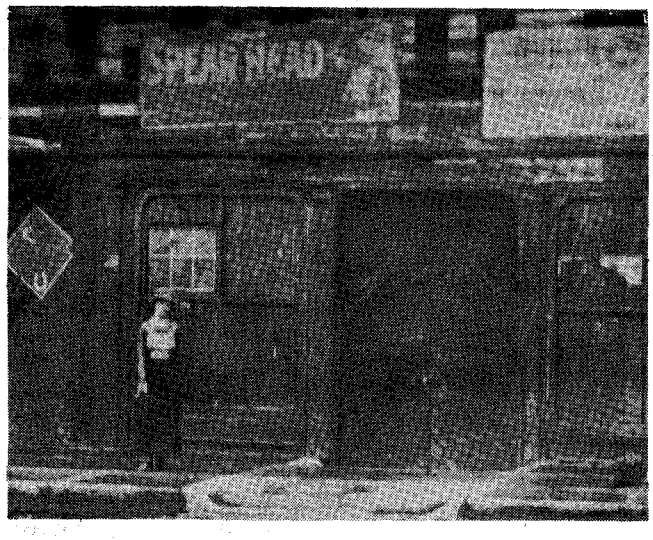
she intended to purchase en route home. She was the first woman in the world to vote in a public election.

In Cheyenne the first lady voter was Mrs. Howe, wife of the U.S. Marshal. She voted a straight Republican ticket.

All over Wyoming the elections went off peacefully. Bill Nye reported that Laramie's first election with females voting was "orderly, with no rum being sold and every man straining himself to be a gentleman because votes were at stake."

However, in 1871 the Woman's Suffrage Law ran into trouble. The Democrats lost a few seats in the legislature and they blamed their defeat on those they had granted the right to vote, the women!

Ben Sheek, C. K. Nuckolls and W. R. Steele, all Democrats, attacked the Woman's Suffrage Law and introduced a bill to repeal it. Nuckolls, in a speech, declared that women were made to obey and that, unless the suffrage law was abolished, there was need for a new marriage ceremony to fit it.



Building in Laramie, Wyoming where the first woman in America served on a jury.

Sketch from Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper showing a scene at the polls in Cheyenne after woman sufferage was achieved in Wyoming.

W. R. Steele backed his colleague, roaring that woman's suffrage would "sap the foundations of society." He begged that the vote be "tuck" from the ladies so that "the unborn babe and the girl of sixteen be saved from its evils."

Those favoring the law could not stem the opposition, so a repeal bill was drawn up and it passed both houses, but Governor Campbell saved the day by vetoing the measure.

The suffrage act enjoyed smooth sailing for eighteen years. Wyoming applied for admittance to the Union in 1889. The U.S. House of Representatives opposed admitting the Territory because of the Woman's Suffrage Law in its constitution. James Carey, who was representing Wyoming's plea for statehood, wired Cheyenne for advice. The Wyoming papers printed an account of the trouble in Washington and soon gossip was rampant that Wyoming would not be admitted unless the Woman's Suffrage Law was stricken from the Territorial constitution. The ladies wired Carey:

"DROP US IF YOU MUST. WE CAN TRUST THE MEN OF WYOMING TO ENFRANCHISE US AFTER OUR TERRITORY BECOMES A STATE."

In the meantime the Wyoming legislature had also wired Carey:

"WE MAY STAY OUT OF THE UNION A HUNDRED YEARS, BUT WE WILL COME IN WITH OUR WOMEN."

Wyoming was admitted to the Union "by the skin of its teeth."

After the Washington episode the Wyoming ladies cast their ballots in peace. Then the female of the species began to run for office just after the turn of the century. In 1910 Mary G. Bellamy became the first woman elected to a state legislature, said legislature being in Wyoming, of course. Several years later Jeannette Rankin became representative from Wyoming to the Congress of the United States, the first woman to serve on that body. On January 5, 1925 Nellie Taylor Ross was installed as governor of Wyoming, becoming the first woman to hold such office in the nation.

In the meantime other women had followed in the footsteps of Esther Morris, advocating suffrage for women, and had gained the right to vote in some states. Then, in 1920, the 19th Amendment to the Constitution of the United States was passed, granting females of and above the age of twenty-one the right to vote and to hold office and woman's suffrage became a national law.

In 1926, Texas, following Wyoming's lead installed its first woman governor and the nation's second in the person of Miriam A. Ferguson, affectionately known as "Ma." Soon after, some wag altered the old saying, "Out west where men are men" to "Out west where men are men and women are governors."

So the little ripple in the tea cup which Esther Morris set in motion in a miner's shack in South Pass, Wyoming in 1869, by the middle of the nineteen twenties had reached tidal proportions and had washed over the entire United States. Women had definitely gained their rights. And so ends the story of a tea party – a monumental one.

●RW

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The Tragic Life Of Pat Garrett

(continued from page 11)

priest, and that his young bride died suddenly of a broken heart, always remorseful that she had not been married according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church.

Soon after the Lincoln County War, Governor Lew Wallace posted a $500 reward for the capture of Billy the Kid. The poster read: $500 REWARD. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS WILL BE PAID FOR THE DELIVERY OF BONNEY, alias, 'THE KID' TO THE SHERIFF OF LINCOLN COUNTY. Signed: Lew Wallace, Governor of New Mexico.

But Lew Wallace went on to other fields, notably that of authorship of the famous novel BEN HUR, and forgot all about the reward, and Billy the Kid.

When Garrett applied for the reward money, a curious twist arose. He had not delivered Billy the Kid to the sheriff of Lincoln County. He was the sheriff of Lincoln County, and he had killed the Kid.

At first, the New Mexico legislators, many of them bitter about how the Kid was killed and who didn't like Garrett, clung to the strict wording on the reward poster and refused to authorize payment.

Garrett finally collected the reward but not until he had spent almost all of it buying whiskey for the New Mexico lawmakers.

At the Lincoln County Democratic Convention following the slaying of Billy the Kid, Pat Garrett did not get the nomination for sheriff and found himself out of a job. This was a terrific blow to his ego, a blow from which he never fully recovered.

Out as sheriff, Garrett went to the Fort Stanton, New Mexico area and started a little ranch on borrowed money. There he met the same problems that face all ranchers: droughts, blizzards, and thieves. He was no more than a passing success.

In 1885, big cattlemen along the Canadian River in the Texas Panhandle were losing heavily to rustlers. Jim East, sheriff at Tascosa and a friend of Garrett, induced the ranchers to offer Pat a job as leader of a group of Texas Rangers to be commissioned by the governor.

Pat Garrett, trying to recapture some of his past glory, accepted the job and, early in '85, arrived in western Texas to lead a showdown battle with the cattle thieves.

Historians in the Texas Panhandle all agree that Garrett's service as a Texas Ranger was the biggest flop on record. Outlaws along the Canadian made fun of him and called him a "has-been." Garrett returned to New Mexico where he reentered the cattle and sheep business, becoming associated with a wealthy Englishman in the Ruidoso country.

But friction occurred early between Garrett and his partner and, in a huff, Pat resigned. From there he went to Roswell and entered into an irrigation venture that proved a failure.

In 1889, a new county, Chavez, was organized in New Mexico, and Pat Garrett wanted to become its first sheriff more than anything else in the world. He needed the money for his table. Things were that critical. But John W. Poe, one of Garrett's deputies the night the Kid was slain and who was with him, backed another man, and once more Garrett was defeated.

Feeling that he was through in New Mexico, Pat moved his family to Uvalde, Texas and there became acquainted with an up-and-coming young politician and business man who was destined to become vice president of the United States, John Nance Garner. Garrett and Garner became intimate friends, and enjoyed a common hobby, race horses.

Perhaps Pat Garrett would have remained in Texas and lived out a normal life had it not been for one thing. On January 31, 1896, one Colonel Albert J. Fountain and his eight-year-old son Henry disappeared on the edge of the White Sands in southern New Mexico and were never heard from again.

Albert Jennings Fountain, one of the most dynamic men ever to live in the Southwest, was a rip-snorting prosecutor for the New Mexico Cattle Growers Association. Only recently he had sent a train coach full of small-time thieves to prison, and at the time he disappeared was right on the tail of the ring leaders.

The Fountain mystery, the most baffling in all the history of the West, was never solved even with the aid of Apache Indian scouts, a do-or-die effort by the Masonic Lodge, an all-out push by the Republican party, and a long, hard ordeal by the Pinkertons.

The Fountain case brought things to a boiling point in the tough Tularosa Basin of New Mexico. The Fountains and the anti-Fountains lined up against one another. Men carried guns who hadn't carried them in years. Men who might know something disappeared. It became dangerous to even think out loud about the Fountains and what had happened to them.

But, as tight as the situation was, there were many important people who felt that Pat Garrett could unravel the whole thing and bring the killers to task. A deal was made with Pat, and he moved his family back to the sun-baked region he loved, New Mexico.

Immediately he was appointed sheriff of Dona Ana County by the commissioners' court to fill an unexpired term, and in 1898 was duly elected by the people.

Pat Garrett knew that he had to go easy in the Fountain matter, that he would have to patiently await any thin thread of information that might blow his way. He hoped that some day, in a bar maybe, a drunken cowboy would talk, or a disgruntled woman would spill what she knew, or that an enemy of the killers might tell what he knew. It was touchy business, and many lives hung in the balance.

Garrett, six-feet-four, with his hat pulled low over his eyes meandered over the area. He shuffled into saloons, played poker in ranch bunkhouses, "ruffed" up a few culprits, and listened. But the Fountain business seemed far away.

Then one day the Tularosa Basin was rocked with a blast of news that shook men out of their boots and from under their Stetsons. Bench warrants were handed down to Pat Garrett for the arrest of three young cattlemen, Oliver M. Lee, Jim Gilliland, and Billy McNew, for the murder of A.J. Fountain and his son Henry. Now the blue chips were down, and the winner would sweep the table. Things moved fast.

To have a warrant for the arrest of Oliver Lee was one thing, but to arrest him and place him in jail was quite another. Lee was one of the best fighters ever to ride the New Mexico rangelands, a man who backed down from no one. He and Pat Garrett were well-known to each other, and they were not on the friendliest of terms.

Quite frankly, Oliver Lee felt that Pat Garrett would rather shoot him than arrest him, and he announced that he would never surrender to Pat Garrett.

Pat knew that it was now or never for him, that as a matter of pride, if nothing else, he must arrest Lee or die in the attempt. And he almost died in the attempt. Jim Gililland and Billy McNew made little difference. Lee was the man that Garrett wanted.

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On the night of July 12, 1898, Lee and Gililland rode hard from a ranch in the Organ Mountains to Lee's Wildey Wells ranch near Alamogordo, arriving there around midnight. They took their camp beds upon the roof of an adobe shack to avoid sleeping in the desert heat below.

A short time later they were awakened by bullets whizzing over their heads and plunking into their bed rolls. Pat Garrett and four deputies were shooting at them from the top of and around another building very close by.

For the next few moments all hell broke loose. Lee and Gililland scrambled for their rifles and fired bullet for bullet at their enemies around the other building. Soon, Pat Garrett called to Lee that one of his deputies was seriously injured, that he needed help immediately, and would Lee and Gililland cease firing.

Oliver Lee, a fair but stern man, agreed to do so, but only after he had expressed to Garrett in no uncertain terms his opinion of anyone who would open fire on sleeping men, not giving them even a sporting chance.

After a short powwow, Lee agreed to let the lawmen depart with the injured deputy and their guns. The deputy died a short time later.

The outcome of the wild gunfight at Wildey Wells was another damaging blow to Pat Garrett's ego. He never arrested either Oliver Lee or Jim Gililland. They gave themselves up to a sheriff in another county and were tried and acquitted for the murder of the Fountains, one of the most sensational murder cases ever tried in New Mexico. Garrett's testimony at the trial and that of his prime witnesses was weak.

He did not seek re-election as sheriff of Dona Ana County and started dealing in horses. Garrett was not successful in the horse business and soon found himself in dire need of money. Things were critical for the Pat Garretts when early in 1901 Pat was appointed collector of customs in El Paso by his friend Teddy Roosevelt. The appointment came after hundreds of letters and telegrams protesting Garrett's placement in the position, but all the world knows that Teddy Roosevelt loved the rugged, western men, and Pat received the appointment, the best job he'd ever had.

Pat, in El Paso, was not too selective regarding his cronies and spent much time around the poker tables and in saloons. Among his pals was Tom Powers, who ran the most famous gambling casino and bar in the city. Tom Powers had a flair for the dramatic and craved to be seen with the notables.

His big chance came when Teddy Roosevelt held a meeting of former Rough Riders in San Antonio. Garrett was invited to this meeting, and his friend, Tom Powers, went along to see what he could see.

A photograph was to be made in San Antonio of all the former fighters in Roosevelt's command, with, of course, Teddy in the very center.

Tom Powers asked Pat Garrett to slip him into the picture, although Powers was not a former Rough Rider. When men were arranged, at the direction of the photographer, Tom Powers was there as big as life.

At the time Teddy didn't pay too much attention, evidently being busy shaking hands and saying, "bully," but when the photograph was shown to him later, he wanted to know who the unknown man in the picture was. When he was told that it was Powers who owned a saloon in El Paso and a friend of Pat Garrett's, Teddy went into a tizzy, roared for his troops, and began throwing things. His dignity was crushed, and he refused to reappoint Garrett as collector of customs.

The old lawman's next move was to a little ranch

Unknown

Fort Sumner, New Mexico in the 1870's. Here Pat Garrett first became acquainted with Billy the Kid.

north of Las Cruces, in the foothills of the Organ Mountains and only a few miles from where Colonel Fountain and Henry disappeared.

Pat Garrett's last day on earth, February 29, 1908, was typical of thousands before it, dark, cold, and gloomy. His little spread had not made the family a living, and Pat was desperate for money.

"I knew Pat Garrett in 1907," an old New Mexico rancher recalled, "and I never saw a man more beaten than he was. Nothing had worked for him. He didn't have much land, and it was desert. Just before he was killed, he asked a friend to loan him a little money, and the check was found on him when they went for his body."

On that last morning, Pat started into Las Cruces in a buckboard with a fellow he'd been trying to lease his ranch to. A few hours later, the sheriff was notified that Pat Garrett's body was out by the road in a sand dune.

A young cowman confessed to the murder, was tried, and acquitted on grounds of self-defense. He and Pat had argued over a grass lease, he said, and Pat came after him with a shotgun.

But examination showed that Garrett had been killed by a bullet in the back. There were many strange angles to the whole thing. Pat still had a glove on his trigger hand when he died.

Whatever the truth is concerning the murder of Pat Garrett -- and the truth will never be revealed -- it was all over for the famed slayer of Billy the Kid.

He was buried in Las Cruces alongside a child or two and other relatives. His funeral was attended by people from all over the rangeland, and a few passages from bits of literature were read at the gravesite.

Pat Garrett lay undisturbed for fifty years within sound of the tumbling Rio Grande, but, in keeping with his tragic, hectic life, he was not allowed to rest in peace. In the late 1950's his body was removed to another cemetery.

Maybe Pat's life in the hereafter is a happier one than the one he led in the raw frontier he tried to conquer.

●RW

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The Men Of Lewis & Clark

(continued from page 12)

Pvt. Silas Goodrich	166.66 2/3
Pvt. Hugh Hall	166.66 2/3
Pvt. Thomas Howard	166.66 2/3
Pvt. Francis Labiche	144.66 2/3
Pvt. Baptiste Lepage	111.50
Pvt. Hugh McNeal	166.66 2/3
Pvt. John Potts	166.66 2/3
Pvt. John Shields	178.50
Pvt. George Shannon	178.50
Pvt. John Thompson	166.66 2/3
Pvt. William Werner	166.66 2/3
Pvt. Richard Windsor	166.66 2/3
Pvt. Peter Wiser	166.66 2/3
Pvt. Alexander Willard	166.66 2/3
Pvt. Joseph Whitehouse	166.66 2/3
Corporal Richard Warfington	99.96 2/3
John Newman	62.83 1/3
George Drewyer	833.33 1/3
Touissant Charbonneau	409.16 2/3

Captain Clark was awarded $1,228 and it is assumed that Lewis received the same.

Of the later years of the men, the most is known about Sgt. Patrick Gass, probably because his journal was published and because he outlived all the rest by a substantial margin. He was 99 when he died April 30, 1870.

Gass was born in 1771 in the vicinity of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. The family moved near Pittsburgh when Patrick was still a child. He grew up on the frontier and, while yet young, joined Lewis Wetzel's Indian fighters and cut his teeth in a number of sorties in Ohio. Later, he flatboated down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, returning by ship to Philadelphia, and from there by freight team back to Pittsburgh.

Gass took up the carpenter's trade but when war with France threatened in 1799, he joined the Army and was shipped to Kaskaskia, Illinois. There he met Captain Meriwether Lewis and was among the first volunteers when the Corps of Discovery was formed.

Back from the overland trek, Gass took his discharge and went to farming in Ohio. He re-enlisted in the Army when the War of 1812 broke out, losing an eye at the Battle of Lundy's Lane. Discharged a second time, Gass settled on a farm near Wellsburgh, West Virginia. In 1831, at 60 years of age, he married and, with remarkable speed, produced seven children.

He was a strong Union man and volunteered to fight the rebels when the Civil War broke out in 1860. But he was ninety then and though well preserved and whang-leather tough, the War Department figured he was a mite too old for rugged camp life. Instead, Gass delivered a fervent Fourth of July speech to the departing Union troops that set men to cheering and women to weeping. Afterwards, the story goes, Patrick refreshed himself at a brewery wagon.

Religion took hold of Paddy Gass soon afterward and he was solemnly immersed in the Ohio River at Wellsburgh in front of the whole town. From then on, to quote one biographer, the old sinner "faithfully upheld the banner of the Cross."

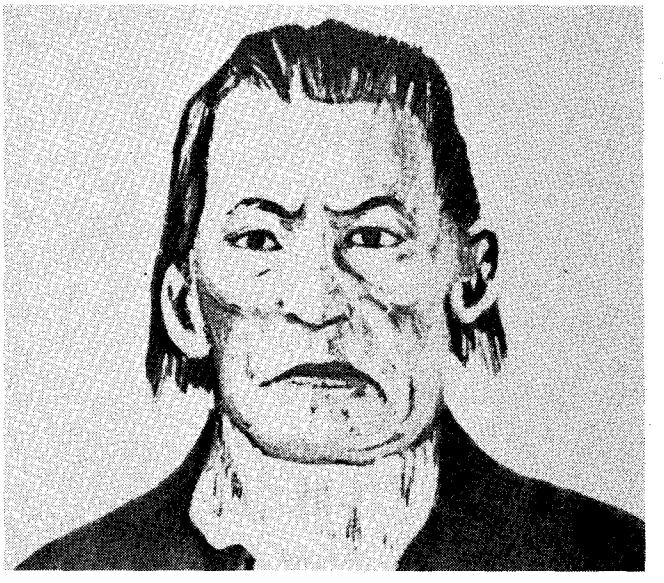
Gass was the first member of the expedition to have his journal published (it was edited by a schoolteacher) and he proudly kept a copy for his children to read.

Of all the men, George Shannon, eighteen when he ran away from school to enlist, was the best educated and reached the highest degree of success in later life. Perhaps because he was yet too young to have acquired much frontier wisdom, Shannon was frequently lost during the trip, but he always found his way back to the party. He was willing and handy and became a valuable member of the expedition.

In the fall of 1807, Shannon was with the military detachment ordered by Captain Clark to return She-he-ke, a Mandan chief, to his village from St. Louis. She-he-ke had joined the returning expedition at the suggestion of the two Captains to visit President Jefferson in Washington. Now he was ready to return home. Ensign Nathaniel Pryor, Shannon's old comrade-at-arms, was in charge of the troops.

(continued on page 74)

Obverse side of the medal presented by Lewis & Clark to Indian Chiefs he encountered along the expedition's route.



Patrick Gass, a sergeant with the Lewis & Clark Expedition. He lived to the ripe old age of 99.

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Paiute Battle At Pyramid Lake

(continued from page 15)

said, "White men cry a heap, got no gun, no horse, just run and cry." Major Ormsby, wounded in the mouth and arm, was killed. The trail of retreat was strewn with dead bodies, saddles, guns, knives, pistols, and blankets thrown away in the mad rush to escape. Of the 105 men, 76 were killed. (It is interesting to note that Chief Winnemucca rode off in the direction of the Humboldt Mountains, and took no part in the massacre.)

When the pitiful survivors reached Virginia City, the entire populace was badly frightened. They believed the Indians would follow through and raid the towns. In addition to the plight of the women and children, prospectors and ranchers scattered over the territory were an easy prey for marauding savages. It was rumored that 500 warriors were massed at Pyramid Lake, and if provoked further the Indians could muster 5000 more. Dispatches were sent to California for regular troops, and companies of men were formed in Sacramento, Nevada City, and Downieville. More men also volunteered again in several of the small Nevada communities, but many men, women, and children fled over the Sierras for the safety of California.

Women and children left behind were placed in a stone shelter in Virginia City called Fort Riley. At Silver City a stone fort was built on the rocks overlooking Devils Gate, and at Carson they were barricaded in the Penrod House, while at Genoa the only suitable structure was the stone cabin of Warren Wasson. Some of the men holed up in empty mine shafts in Virginia City.

On May 24 a second expedition commanded by John C. Hays left Virginia City for Pyramid Lake. This consisted of eight companies of infantry—207 regular soldiers and 549 volunteers armed with Minie muskets. Carried with the regulars were two 12-pound mountain howitzers. Arriving near the lake at noon on June 2, the whites found many Indians in the area, but this time the battle was short and decisive. The Indians lost 160 killed, and many wounded. Only two whites were killed, with two or three wounded. Horribly mutilated bodies of the dead from the previous battle were found and buried. The ground for a space of 200 yards about the place where they were found had been beaten solid, indicating some men had been taken alive, and the Indians had danced around them before torturing them.

After this battle there was no more trouble with the Indians. Chief Winnemucca later visited Fort Churchill, which had been built on the Carson River near Williams Station, where he talked with officials. He insisted that his people desired peace and that all previous trouble had been caused by Bannocks, Shoshones, Pitt River Indians and bad Paiutes.

The real reason for the burning of Williams Station was not discovered until several months later when it was disclosed that while the owner of the station was absent, those left in charge had taken a couple of young Paiute women and, after mistreating them, had locked them up in an outside cellar for a day or two. The husband of one of the women coming in search of his wife heard her calling him, and when he attempted to go to her assistance, the men beat him and drove him away. The outraged women were from a branch of the Paiute tribe living at Walker Lake, who had married into the Bannock tribe. The wronged Indian hurried there and asked for assistance, but was refused. He also went to Old Winnemucca, and was again refused. Finally he and a group of thirty Bannocks went to Williams Station, burned it, and committed the murders.

Pyramid Lake, Nevada where 76 of 105 men were massacred by the Paiute Indians.

Nevada Historical Society

A year after the final battle at Pyramid Lake there were more rumors of Indian trouble. During April 1861 about 1500 Paiutes gathered near the mouth of the Walker River to listen to Wa-he, cruel halfbrother of Winnemucca, who told them of a plan to murder the new Indian agent, Warren Wasson. With Wasson dead, it was planned to seize rifles and powder at the Indian agency, go to Fort Churchill and slaughter the forty officers and men stationed there. With sufficient powder and guns Wa-he reasoned there would be enough arms for the entire Paiute nation.

However, Wasson had always been kind to the Indians and they liked and respected him. A young Indian friend revealed the scheme to Wasson, who knew there was no time to send for help, or to alert Fort Churchill. Taking his life in his hands, he went down to Walker Lake and appeared before the large group of Indians. He pointed out to them the many ways of white man's magic, their strength, and power for vengeance. After much palaver and smoking of the pipe, he convinced them of Wa-he's treachery, and another conflict was averted.

During the administration of Governor Nye, who was also the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, arrangements were made in May 1862 with Wasson for a meeting with various Indian chiefs. The Governor, escorted by 100 cavalry of California volunteers under Capt. Price, arrived at the lower bend of the Truckee River on May 23 where they halted because Chief Winnemucca had positively refused to allow the whites to proceed further. Over 200 well-trained, mounted warriors and many other Indian braves on foot were stationed there to defend their position.

That evening, Wasson and Winnemucca with his large band of warriors, appeared and put on a barbaric display of might. For two days the Paiutes did a continuous war dance. Other demonstrations of skill, including dancing on live coals to show their disregard for pain, were also presented.

A couple of days later Numaga arrived and acted as a diplomat for the tribe. He and Governor Nye spent two days discussing many matters, but no specific treaty was promulgated at this conference, although presents were exchanged. As a sign of peace Numaga gave Wasson numerous gifts, including his war cap made of a complete otter skin trimmed with large eagle plumes, his pipe of peace, a tomahawk and a beautiful bow, arrows and quiver—all articles worn by him in his battles. This meeting did, however, mark the end of organized conflict between the Indians and the whites in Nevada.

●RW

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He Died To Save Skagway

(continued from page 17)

maining entrance keeper, a little Irishman who worked for us on the railway.

"When Soapy's boys saw Reid fall to the planking of the wharf, they gave a loud yell and drew their guns. They sprang forward for vengeance on the unarmed crowd. It looked as if what might have been a success was going to become an out-and-out shambles. A mass murder."

The Irishman, Jesse Murphy, was just the man for the situation. He was the right man in the right place. When the emergency arose, he ran up and seized Soapy's Winchester.

The leading "Tiger" of Soapy's gang saw Murphy's eye gazing at him, along the sights of the .30-.30. He checked his rush, and was passed by another of Soapy's gang. Murphy shifted his aim and covered the new leader.

By the time Murphy covered the third, the "Tigers" realized the first three or four of them were sure to be dead men in an instant. They were not in such a hurry. The rush was over and all fourteen broke and fled in panic.

Later on, Murphy reported to Graves, his boss on the White Pass Railway, "Begob, Sorr! I had nawthing but a pencil when I saw thim Tigers making jumps for me."

Suddenly the crowd on the wharf, who before stood paralyzed with terror, became a bloodthirsty pack. They were yelling and screaming as they started in pursuit of Soapy's gang, "Get your guns, citizens, get your guns!"

Armed guards were placed on the other wharves with orders to shoot on sight anyone who tried to escape in a boat. The construction crews on the White Pass Railway were told to hold the Pass and let no one through. A written order from the "Merchants Committee" was the only passport to get out of Skagway. An organized search of the town picked up more "Tigers" than the jail could hold.

Thirty-one were in jail; the balance were released with a warning to get out of town and stay out. Feeling ran high in Skagway, and the mob was milling about ready to practice lynch law justice. The Merchants Committee was hard pressed to protect their prisoners until the "Tigers" were tried by a legal court.

Some of the gang escaped to the hills and up the White Pass, but were captured. Nine shipped out on a Seattle-bound steamer. When they arrived in that town, they were picked up by the authorities for many earlier crimes.

Among those deported were the reporter for the **New York World** and the editor of the **Daily Alaskan.** Even the U.S. Deputy Marshall was thrown out of Skagway.

Eleven others were bound over to the grand jury in Sitka. Turner Jackson received a penitentiary sentence of ten years, while George Wilder drew seven years. Many of the others received shorter sentences for crimes.

What was it that led to this sudden attack on Soapy Smith and his gang? This sudden violence! Every gold rush has its violence and the stampede of '98 to the Klondike was no exception.

The most violent place in the world in the "days of '98" was Skagway, Alaska. This was the jumping-off point for the terrible climb over the White Pass Trail. Those "Tigers" who gave Skagway its bad reputation were all led by the notorious gangster of the northland, Jefferson Randolph Smith.

Soapy Smith is a part of the folklore of the '98 gold rush. His bad end, on the wrong end of a gun, on a Skagway dock is now a part of Alaska's history.

Smith saw the Klondike gold rush was a fine opportunity to utilize his talents for accumulating wealth. But, he always accumulated his gold without the aid of a pick and shovel.

Supposedly, Soapy was born in Georgia of respectable parents. This soft-voiced little man drifted to the mining camps of the West. Denver, Creede, and Leadville all knew him. The personable young man was an expert in the manipulation of the bead and shell games. Later, they knew him as a high pressure salesman of soap.

Smith followed the circuses and carnivals, and would stand on a box in full view of the crowd, wrapping $5.00 bills around cakes of cheap soap. He replaced the wrappers and started his "come-on."

His speech praised only the virtues of Castile Soap. The caper required a stooge in the audience to buy the first cake. And, of course, it was always one loaded with a $5.00 bill. When the customers failed to find $5.00 bills with their bars of soap, Smith merely moved on, and set up shop at another crowded spot.

From then on, the name "Soapy" was a title he proudly held throughout his tempertuous life.

Soapy worked his way up the west coast from Seattle, landing at Dyea, the foot of the Chilkoot Pass, in the Fall of 1897. He decided on Dyea and Skagway as the new home of his "gold-mining" operations.

Soapy was a born leader and a good mixer. He recruited a gang of gamblers, thugs, and pickpockets. Many were old friends from down in Colorado. They went to the northlands to prey on the gold seekers bound for the Klondike. The gang avoided trouble with the permanent citizens of Skagway.

Canyon Dyea Trail in 1898. It was along this and other trails that Soapy Smith's gang robbed the unsuspecting Cheechakos.

Canadian Government Travel Bureau

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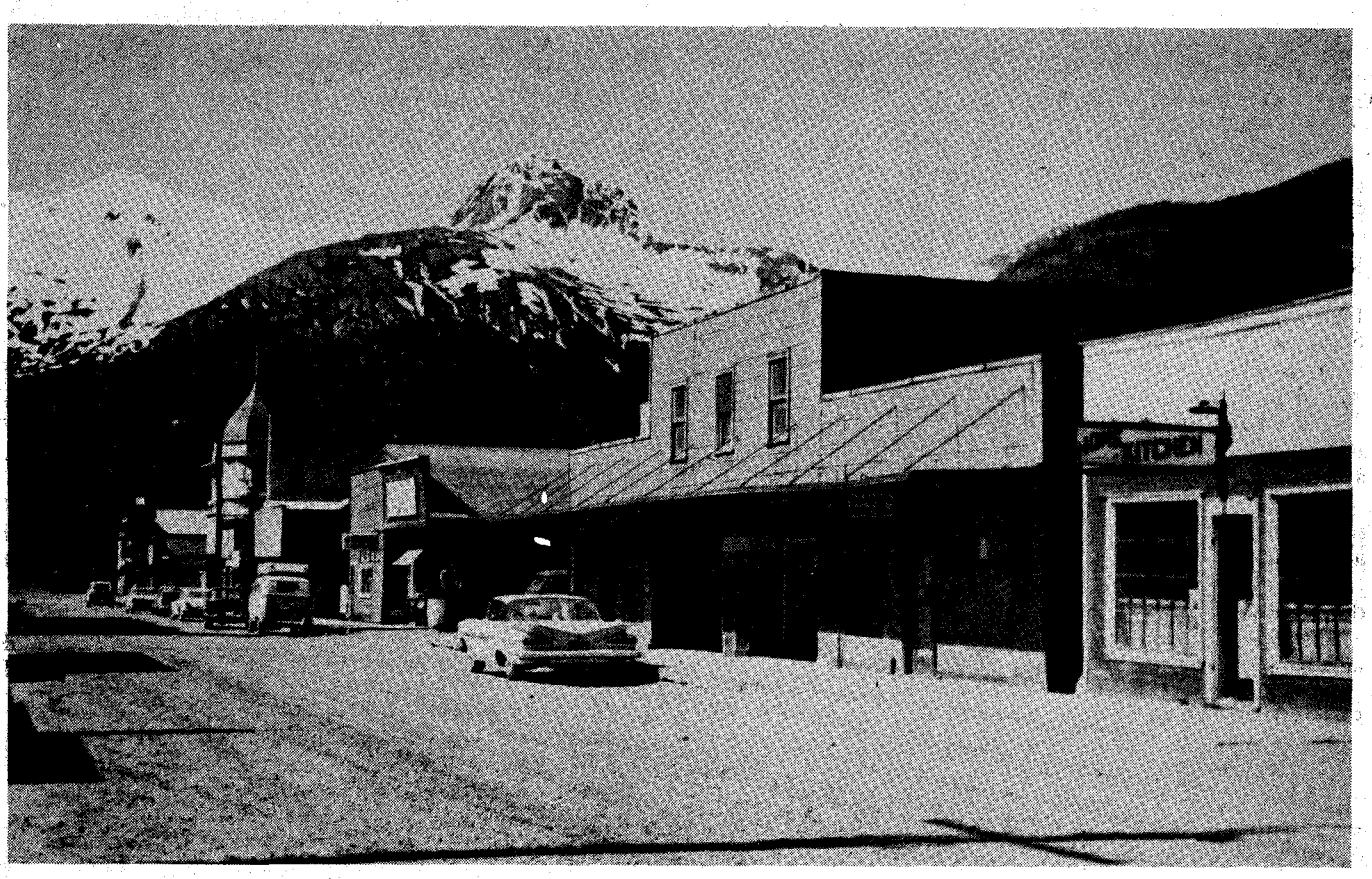
Photo by author



Broadway, Skagway, Alaska as it looks today. It presents a much changed appearance from the days when Soapy Smith ran his infamous saloon.

In fact, Smith curried friendship with all prominent people and was generous to a fault in any community project or public contribution. A needy woman or child could get a $20 bill from him at any time. During the Christmas season of '97, he gave away hundreds of dollars at his saloon and oyster parlor. His headquarters was called "Jeff's Place" or "Jeff Smith's Oyster Parlor."

It wasn't long before Soapy Smith was the uncrowned "King of Skagway." The methods he used in taking over the town were tried and tested in the school of experience. Soapy knew exactly what he was doing. He'd done it all before. Skagway was the crowning point of a long and rich career in crime.

As a "con man," Smith occupies an honored place, for his contributions to the art were great. The phrases, "Sure thing game" and its companion "Sure thing, men," entered the language of Americana as a result of Soapy's answer to the Ministerial Association of Denver, Colorado.

"I'm no ordinary gambler. The ordinary gambler hazards his own money in an attempt to win another's. When I stake money, it's a sure thing that I win," bragged Smith.

In Skagway, Smith commanded a gang of around three hundred. They were locally called "Soapy's Tigers," but spoken of affectionately by "King" Soapy as his "lambs."

They turned over all the money taken by crime to Soapy, who carefully divided it among the gang. He was always law and order's apparent supporter, but Soapy never overlooked a chance for any illicit gain.

He sent his confederates down the coast of Alaska to board the northbound steamers. They made lists of the passengers with plenty of money.

Soapy erected tar paper shacks near the Skagway docks which were covered with large signs on the front proclaiming "Information Bureau." These were manned by his Tigers. An unsuspecting stampeder would be questioned regarding the state of his finances. Then a kindly gentleman would steer him to Jeff's saloon, or a roughhouse might start in the shack.

In either case the Argonaut's wallet would disappear, and by some mysterious process find its way to Soapy Smith. Up and down the crowded trails, Soapy's men were busy with either the shell game or three card Monte.

The innocent Klondikers were soon separated from their money. If a man raised a fuss, he found himself looking into the muzzle of a Colt .45.

The key to Soapy's success was he never appeared to be a crook. His thin body, broad-brimmed hat, and dark conservative clothing gave him an appearance of a gentlemanly Southern planter. At every opportunity he appeared on the side of law and order. His career was filled with incidents which showed he was an example of law and respectability.

Skagway was a town of saloons, gambling dens, and sporting houses. Drinking was heavy. When a well-known and popular man died without sufficient assets for a funeral, Soapy came to the rescue.

Soapy took care of all the expenses, including a handsome tombstone. There was an argument about the wording, but it was finally settled by using the dead man's favorite words: "This is on me."

Then, in the early spring of '98, a minister arrived in Skagway. He was horrified at the immoral conditions of the town. The proposed remedy was to establish a church. He set out collecting funds. Someone with a rare sense of humor advised him to apply to Soapy Smith.

The minister mustered up his courage and bearded the "King of the Tigers" in his den. When Soapy was asked for a contribution, he quickly replied, "Suh Reverend, sure. Cashier, give the good Reverend $300."

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The minister was greatly encouraged and continued on his rounds collecting money. Late that night, Soapy's Tigers held up the minister. They not only recovered Smith's original $300, but also an additional $1200 as interest on the loan Soapy made.

In the Skagway newspaper, a similar incident was reported. Bishop Rowe was raising funds for a hospital. Soapy not only offered his assistance, but commanded a hundred of his gang to assist making the collection. These toughs called on Skagway business men and secured a large sum in contributions. It was all turned over to Soapy for a formal presentation to the bishop.

Innocence was always the victim of crime in this northern wicked town, for someone robbed poor Jefferson Randolph Smith of the gift. And, on the very day he was to present it to the good Bishop. Soapy openly told his tale of woe, and appeared embarrassed by the whole mess.

Bishop Rowe heard the tale and decided he must do something about it. He cornered Soapy and demanded an accounting.

"It's all gone, now," said Soapy in a sad voice. "I don't know how much there was."

The brave bishop firmly stated, "Let's say there was at least $500. I'll be satisfied with that amount."

Much to the surprise of the bishop, Soapy gave him $500 without a question.

An odd thing was happening, for Soapy Smith's character was undergoing a subtle change. Previously, he was playing Santa Claus for practical reasons. But, as time went on, he liked the role of Santa Claus. It appealed to his streak of vanity. Wealth and power were not really enough for Soapy. He wanted homage as well as a fortune, and now money ceased to have real meaning.

More than ever before, he liked to see his name in the papers and be known as a good fellow. He wanted to be seen patting children on the head and tipping lavishly. He craved the devotion of the community.

With the outbreak of the Spanish American War, Smith found the opportunity to show he was a true patriot. Three days after the declaration of war, he appointed himself a captain of the National Guard of Alaska.

And, in a burst of old-fashioned generosity, he opened a military office in a tent. There he began recruiting soldiers for service in the Philippines. On May 1, Smith arranged for a demonstration and parade. It was one of the greatest shows Skagway had ever seen.

Soapy marched at the head of a procession which stretched for two blocks, while two thousand people cheered along the sidelines. Hundreds of them wore badges of red, white, and blue reading: "Freedom for Cuba! Remember the Maine! This badge, compliments of Skagway Military Company. Jeff R. Smith, Captain."

A meeting followed and the crowd howled for Smith to make a speech. The self-appointed captain was ready. The crowd applauded wildly when Smith cried, "Mr. Chairman, this man we need to deal with, this man who has murdered the helpless and the weak, this man, we have him here! We will proceed to hang the butcher, Wyler."

An effigy of the Spanish General of Cuba was swung up into the breeze and a bonfire was kindled. From then on, no one doubted Soapy Smith was the true benefactor of Skagway. No one doubted Soapy was Skagway's guiding light and the symbol of the city's honor and pride.

But, Soapy had not reckoned with the White Pass Railway.

●RW

Soapy's popularity was to be short-lived. Part 2 will recount how Soapy and his gang, in their arrogance, pushed the patience of the citizens to its breaking point, with disastrous results.

Echoes Of The Last Indian Campaign

(continued from page 20)

But wait and see what I shall send you. I bet it will make you laugh. I hope this letter will find you well and also Mr. Barbour. Tell him that I will send him a scalp, which was taken from the head of a woman during some of our Indian Wars. It was taken from the wigwam of an Indian called Rattling Rifle by a Sergeant of our troop who is going to sell it to me. It may arrive next week.

I am of your opinion, concerning Jessie. She is heartless, but I loved her and, if necessary, would have given my life for her. Now, if I was to see her and her entire family at the stake about to be tortured by Indians, I would turn my horse's head and leave them to their fate without firing a shot.

I will send you a picture of myself and horse, in true western fighting style, soon. Give my best wishes to Mr. Barbour and tell him that Jessie does not reign in my mind now and that I love the dear old Stars and Stripes better than I hope Jessie will ever be loved.

If her mother was only a man, how I would like to have her out in the Black Hills for a few minutes. I think it would be sabres or pistols for two.

Well, dear friend, I must close. So, good bye and heaven bless you both in my prayers. I will be Troop Bugler soon.

Your true friend,
Will O'Neill

P.S. Let me know if you get the moccasins safe. I will enclose a soldier's button that was found, last summer, on the Custer Battle Field. It is not much, but you can show it to your friends and tell them that is is a relic from the scene of the Custer Massacre. It was found by a soldier of the 6th Cavalry."

The knife, mentioned in this letter, is a Wisconsin Green River Works product. It was one of the popular makes of the day, especially prized on the western frontier. It will be noticed that Will O'Neill, coming from the Maine Coast, made the common error of calling Indian "tepees" of the Plains tribes, "wigwams" an Algonquian term.

Will O'Neill spent the spring and summer months of 1895 in the saddle, helping to quell various points of unrest which flared up from time to time. But, August 4th found him in camp.

"The Field, (S.D.)

Mrs. Barbour, Dear Friend:

I have just come from the Red Cloud Indian Agency and I am now camped near Sturgis, S.D. Both the letters were forwarded to me, but I could not answer them 'till now.

I have had a hard time and received a slight flesh wound in the skirmish line on Snake River, which I suppose you have read about.

We go to Wyoming soon, to take the Field against the Bannock Indians, but not for 2 weeks yet - 'till the 9th Cavalry engages them, for we have a large tribe to watch here.

I will send, by express, a bundle of the smallest of the relics I have collected, the large ones being at Fort Meade. I will also send a rough picture of myself and horse on guard, taken by an amateur photographer in our Stockade Fort on Snake River just before I was wounded.

I hope you and Mr. Barbour are well and happy. How I wish I could see you both once more, but I will some day if I live. I thank you from the bottom of my heart

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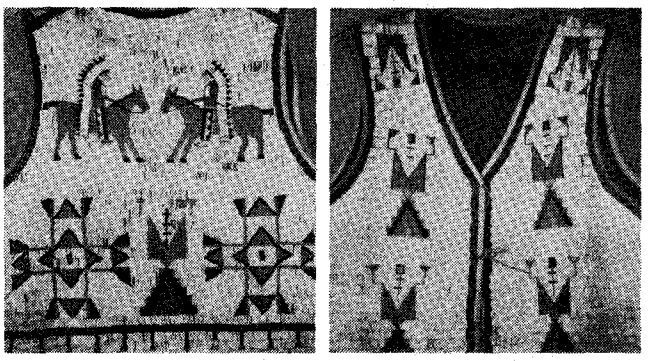


Beaded vest belonging to the Red Cloud family.
Front view **Back view**

for the interest you take in me. As for Jessie, I never think of her now. Long nights in the saddle and hard marches, which she has brought me to, has cured me of whatever love I bore for her.

I have not received any pay for over 6 months, on account of being constantly in the Field, or I would pay Mr. Barbour for the shoes. I shall not be paid 'till this campaign is over and God knows when that will be.

If Jessie should get a divorce, please let me know. If she calls, tell her that the Wild West is good enough for me and that, although I am 3000 miles away, nearly, I wish it was farther from her.

We lost 22 men on this campaign and the wound I received was glanced by my rifle barrel, else I should not now be writing this letter.

I have collected the finest lot of relics I could find and will send the smallest with this letter by express. Tell Mr. Barbour that I will be back in '97 to help him with his "wigwam," and I will bet my rifle and horse he will have the finest collection in New England.

Goodbye, dear friend. You will hear from me soon again. 'Till then, I remain -

Ever your friend,
Will O'Neill
H Troop 8th U. S. Cavalry
Sturgis, S. D.

P.S. Please ask Mr. Barbour if he can spare me five dollars 'till September. I cannot get tobacco or anything at present and there are a few little things I need for his campaign. I will thank him greatly, if he will, and return it pay day.

The relics consist of a pair of moccasins from Shure Knife, a Sioux Chief, and an Indian tobacco bag and 2 pipe bowls from Sitting Bull's Medicine Man, Lone Wolf.

Will O'Neill."

Will kept his word. When the author saw this collection, over seventy years after it was first assembled, it would have filled an ordinary room and was a most exceptional one.

The "Bannocks," here mentioned, were an Idaho tribe also known as "sheepeaters," and the only Lone Wolf this writer has been able to identify was not a Sioux, but a Chief of the Kiowas.

This campaign was drawing to a close at the next writing on Sept. 23rd 1895:

"Fort Meade, S.D.

Mrs. Barbour, Dear Friend;

I have, at last, found time to answer your letter and give an account on where I have been and what I have been doing. I received the money, which I shall return next month. I am very much obliged to you for sending it to me.

We broke camp and marched to the scene of the Bannock trouble, but found it all over. We then marched to a small town called Sun Dance and went into camp, but were ordered out the same night to Pine Ridge Agency - to round up a small party of young bucks who were having Ghost Dances. We got them back on the reservation without trouble and went into camp there. We lost one man there, from a rattlesnake bite.

We went from there to Hot Springs, S.D. and camped 5 days. We had a hard chase there after some cattle thieves, but only got one of them. The Indians are quiet and I hope they will remain so, for I have rode 1300 miles in the saddle since last winter and I am tired of it.

We are now at Fort Meade and we hope to stay here all winter. I hope Mr. Barbour is well and happy and I hope the same for yourself. I hurt my hand the other day on drill and I cannot hold my writing pen steady, so please excuse the bad writing.

I shall ship a beautiful pair of horns of the black-tail deer family this week, so watch for them. Also, a number of other relics, which will tickle Mr. Barbour all over.

The winter is here now and it is snowing today. The only thing which bothers me is the lack of blankets. The Government only allows us one blanket apiece and it is dreadfully cold here. I cannot purchase anything like a quilt out here and blankets cost more than they are worth. If you go uptown any time, I wish you would find out the price of a couple of quilts or blankets and let me know in your next letter. I will send you the money next month and you can purchase and send them to me. Anything will do to keep the cold away.

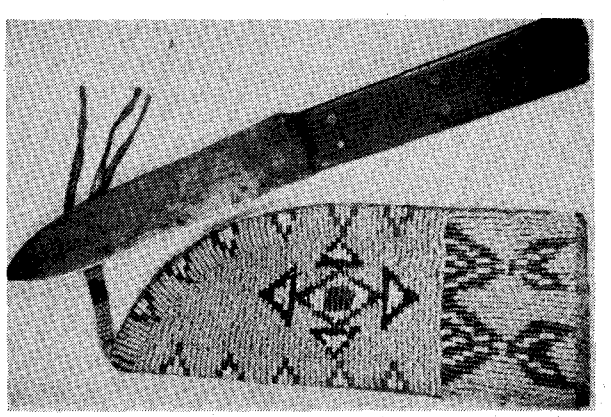
We have 70 Indian prisoners here now and guard duty is pretty hard. Did you get the picture? If so, what do you think of it? Pretty rough, isn't it?

Please write to me when you get this letter, for I am anxious to hear from you. Have you ever heard of Jessie? I will ship the horns the first of the week.

I must close now, for my hand hurts terribly and I doubt if you can read my writing. Good-bye and give my best regards to Mr. Barbour.

Ever your friend,
William E. O'Neill
Troop H, 8th U.S. Cav."

It is supposed that Will O'Neill went on to terminate his service in 1897, as his letters indicate, but his personal narrative ends here with this summary of the 1895 campaign. The 8th Cavalry, however, went forward thru successive campaigns to distinguish itself in modern war. Its fighting tradition, born in these very Indian Wars, is still evident in the steaming jungles of Southeast Asia today.



Scalping knife and sheath of Chief Crazy Horse.

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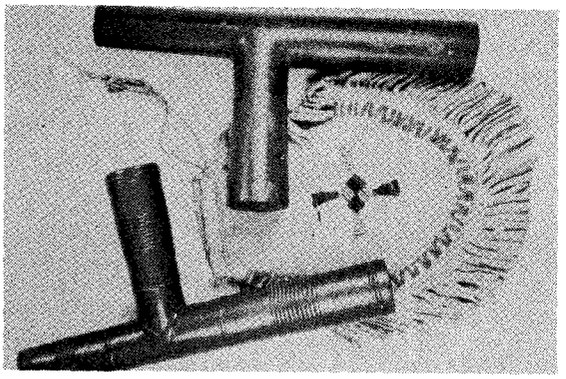

Pipe bowls and tobacco bag of Lone Wolf.

The Indian story is quite different. A beautiful beaded vest in Mr. Barbour's collection, obtained at Chadron, Nebraska, had been the property of Red Cloud, or Tashunka Kokipapi. Its designs depict the great days of Indian ascendency on the Plains.

This grand old Ogalalla, like his younger counterpart, Crazy Horse and the Hunkpapa Sitting Bull, was always the nemesis of the White Man. Like them, his younger days were distinguished by prowess on the hunt and valor in war.

It was natural, then, when word of the Indian "Messiah" was received, that these were the leaders of the "Religion" of the Ghost Dance among the Sioux. The alleged "Messiah" was a Paiute of Walkers' Lake, Nevada, called Jack Wilson or Wovoka. His "Religion," in its original form, was not inflammatory at all. It, in fact, paralleled the concepts of Christianity, but its interpretation by the Sioux leaders was quite different and led, eventually, to war.

The slaughter wreaked by both sides was, and remains, one of the darkest of many dark pages in the conquest of the Plains. It was also the occasion of many an heroic action. Most of all, it set the mold of public thinking regarding the American Indian in strange and contradictory ways. We are just beginning to realize some of the real truths.

It is too late to salvage that which their great leaders fought so hard to preserve - the old carefree life of their fathers. Of these, only Red Cloud, blind and disillusioned, lived to see the end of violence, but not of want. On October 4th, 1932, Wovoka, the Indian "Messiah," died - alone and forgotten by those whose last hope he had once been.

They left few records, and the last great days must now be viewed through rare, first-hand accounts, such as these letters of William O'Neill and the articles he collected. Only thus can we even begin to imagine what one of the most colorful and exciting periods of the great westward migration was really like - when the forces of European America under "Old Glory" and native American "Centaurs of the Plains" met in final contest - the last act in the epic drama of the West. It can never happen again.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES

1. Original letters of William E. O'Neill, H. Troop, 8th U.S. Cavalry, 1895

2. Life of Sitting Bull and the History of the Indian War of 1890-91, by W. Fletcher Johnson, Edgewood Pub. Co. 1891

3. Death on Horseback, Seventy Years of War for the American West, by Paul I. Wellman, J.P. Lippincott, Pub. 1934-35 & 47.

Keno Harry

(continued from page 23)

given it when taking the job of maintaining a semblance of law in Canyon Diablo.

Because Keno Harry's Poker Flat saw the most money, naturally many gregarious men were always scheming to try taking it over. Duckin harbored deep suspicion of all men and for certain he had been around many tough places in his time. By experienced intuition he discovered a pair best described as sidewinders who whispered together too much in wayside corners. The marshal never let his disillusioned eyes wander far from them. One night he followed them unobtrusively into Keno Harry's.

Well, that he did, for it was not only the hour of their strike, but they caught Keno in a bad spot. It looked like their great opportunity to pull an ambush with least risk to themselves.

Drawing weapons behind cover of standing men, they pushed through to one side of where Keno sat in a heavy stakes game. He concentrated too much on it, oblivious to possible danger from the packed spectators. But before the bushwhackers could lead-burn him into eternity, the marshal blasted them into boothill from behind. They fell with guns unfired. From then on Keno and the marshal were buddies of a sort, if two preying cats could possibly be.

The marshal took his heavy meals at Hop Lee's. In a very dirty place the Chinese put out the best plate of food in town. One afternoon he hot-footed out of there as visibly excited as he ever revealed himself to be. Enroute to Keno Harry's he found the handsome gambler leaning against the front wall of the Colorado Bar talking to several men. Motioning significantly, he got him to one side.

"Smith made some remarks and I've finally got him tabbed," Duckin whispered from one corner of his mouth. "He says he aims to break your business and then salivate you plumb good and proper."

"Now, that's odd. Because he hasn't put a dint in my take and has yet to win any appreciable sums. In fact, he's steadily contributing to my future welfare." "Here's the tab on him. He claims you killed his brother, which is why he's out for revenge."

"So that's it?" Keno's bland face suddenly hardened. "He's a brother of the tinhorn who got Casey. It's why he seemed oddly familiar to me all along!"

"Want me to side you?" the marshal asked as Keno started away fast.

"I can handle this myself. Thanks."

Keno went at once to his saloon. Glancing around and not finding Smith present, he asked a bartender if he had been in.

The aproned man swallowed once and jerked his head meaningly at the back rooms. So that kind of business was also included in Smith's plan. Keno fitted his lips together tight as he went on, opened the short hall door soundlessly and closed it. The voices were obvious through the thin partition of the bedroom. Keno listened hardly thirty seconds before passing on outside.

Hugging the rear left wall he waited patiently. In about five minutes Smith emerged, carrying Dolores' heavy carpet bag. She followed, stepping daintily well beyond on the bare ground while he closed the warped door. Spotting Keno as her head turned towards Smith, Dolores screamed in sudden terror.

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Dropping the bag, Smith wheeled the wrong way, gun coming from beneath his coat. Keno shot him almost without effort but the gambler got off one bullet, somewhat in reflex action.

"You rotten bastard!" Dolores yelled very unladylike and brought out a barrel-over-barrel derringer from her small handbag.

Tilting his gun muzzle slightly, Keno plugged her between her sharply pointed breasts. She fell across Smith's prone body as the back door broke wide open. Men spilled out of the saloon, gawking to a halt as Duckin stepped soundlessly around the corner behind Keno.

"Pure accident she stopped Smith's bullet," the marshal drawled lazily. "But I guess that surely saved Keno's life. Funny sometimes how these things end."

Since he insinuated being a witness, no one ever questioned how Dolores Montrey actually died. The late Mr. Smith went into the usual bare hole in the ground. Keno ordered a casket shipped from Winslow and put Dolores away in it, covered with sweet smelling flowers gathered off the adjacent prairie.

Definitely there had existed something between them in the past, but what never came out. Thereafter Keno withdrew into himself. His spirit seemed to recede day by day and his deportment worsened. Something evil plagued the man, revealed by an inclination to fight without provocation. Before he usually smiled genially and avoided trouble when possible.

Then one bright Sunday morning Duckin strolled along the street. He wore his favorite gambler's striped pants, long-tailed black coat and stiff white shirt. Enroute to Hop Lee's to fill his belly, he neared the California Exchange in time to discover a man backing out of the entrance. In floppy brown hat, dirty denims and run-over-heeled-boots, he carried a sack of the saloon's money in his right hand and a gun in the other. Jumping off the six-foot-wide board walk under a shade roof, he paused to throw a warning shot inside.

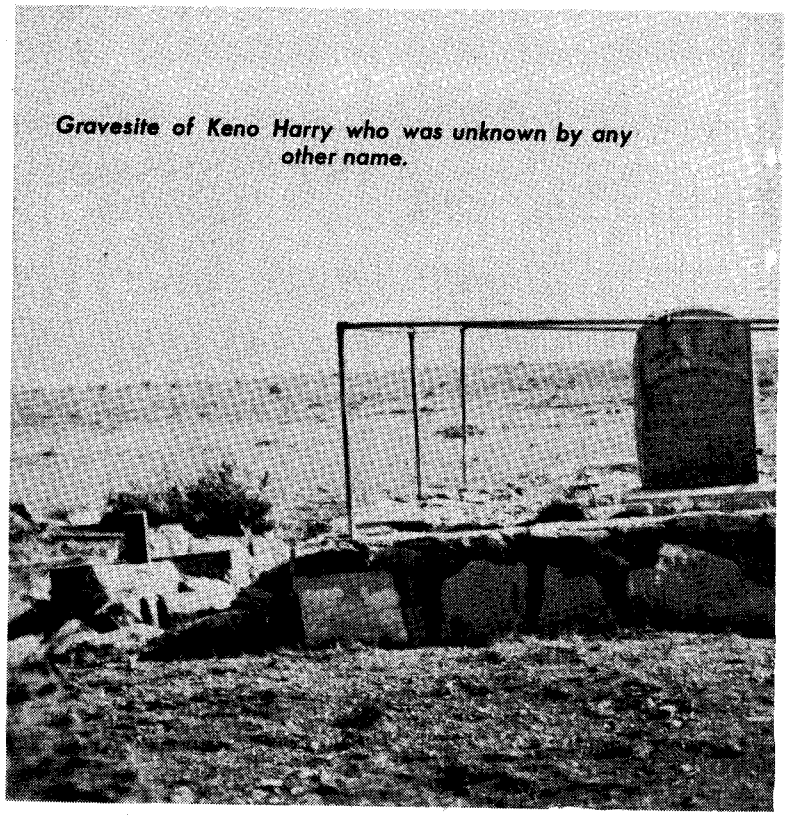
Duckin thought the scene amusing as he ordered the bandit to throw up his hands. Instead, the robber fired while turning. Making a one lucky chance shot in a thousand, he dispatched the famous gunfighting marshal forthwith. The first blast aroused attention next door in Keno Harry's. Keno himself ran outside in time to see Marshal Duckin's knees fold forever. The bandit got no time to admire his handiwork before Keno fired a bullet between his shoulder blades. He then attended to putting the marshal away, the second corpse to be buried in a casket at Canyon Diablo among the many already occupying boothill.

That fall railroad construction crews returned to work and started building the canyon trestle. In November Henry Reed got off the passenger train at Canyon Diablo. Not only did he go by his right name, but he also knew Keno - - not that he then or ever divulged the gambler's true name.

Entering the saloon, Reed stared from his drink across the room in surprise when his eyes fell on Keno. Walking over, he held out a hand. Keno smiled for the first time in days as they shook. Getting a bottle and glass, he took Reed to a far corner. Drinking and talking in very low voices, the two spent almost an hour together.

A stage took passengers from the railhead to Flagstaff. Shortly before its departure Keno went to his quarters for a sack of money, which he gave Reed. The two walked to the railroad station for Reed's grip, and where the stage loaded passengers. During the wait they continued talking as very long and close friends. Bystanders overheard part of their conversation.

"Flagstaff should be a good spot for a weekly newspaper," Reed opened. "I'll send east for machinery and



Gravesite of Keno Harry who was unknown by any other name.

supplies. I doubt anything in that line can be purchased there."

"Hardly," Keno replied. "Look for a place I can rent or build onto. Within a few weeks this town will be gone."

"I'll try to find you a location. If the paper does well, I can soon repay you."

"Consider it an investment. I'm a gambler and I like the saloon business."

Reed went on to Flagstaff but did not establish his newspaper until the following year, 1883. He called the first paper in that town *The Flag*, but never published much in it about dying Canyon Diablo and nothing whatever about Keno, who had been dead several months by then. Reed must have known his family somewhere in the east. Two years later, when he sold the newspaper to C.H. Fay, he asked half the purchase price be made payable by Wells Fargo express draft to a woman in some distant state.

Resumption of railroad construction meant the last lurid period for Canyon Diablo. But killings were few because more marshals were hired and railroad bulls were stationed there by the new owners of the Atlantic and Pacific.

During the last few weeks of his life Keno was described by men who knew him as seemingly hell-bent towards collision with his own final end. For no known reason, one day he suddenly began shooting at two men standing at the plank bar. He killed one and wounded the other seriously. Sent by train to the railroad hospital at Winslow, the latter complained to officers bitterly. Swearing there had been no argument beforehand, he claimed Keno must be a mad man for suddenly turning on them with flaming gun.

The next sheriff-elect, Juan Lorenzo Hubbell, who would assume office in Apache County which then included Winslow, arrived in Canyon Diablo. The murderous little town wasn't in his county, yet the portly, self-important politician blusteringly accosted Keno.

"When I take office, my first act will be to arrest you for murder," he declared ringingly. "I will put an end to your kind!"

"Why don't you try it now, you Mexican son-of-a-----!"

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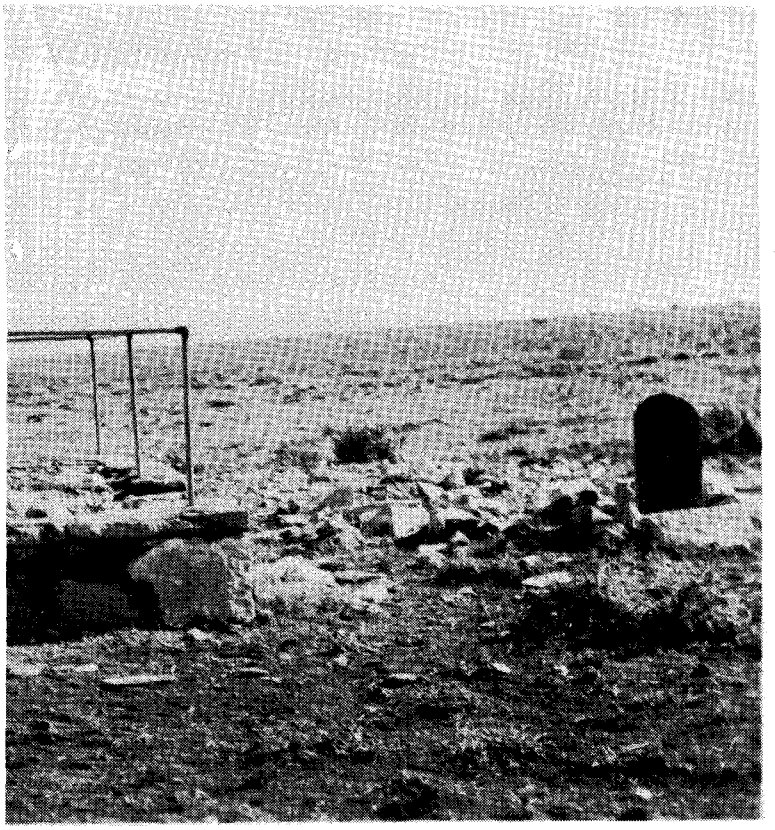

Keno retorted while booting him through the front door.

Ever since shooting Dolores Keno had been drinking unusually heavily and growing more quarrelsome. Despite this and his willingness, even eagerness, to engage in gunfighting, men liked Keno. Stockmen in the area and freighters who knew him never spoke an unkind word about him in later years. Instead they pointed to his many good deeds. One often mentioned concerned the case of a "lunger" who hardly descended the train before collapsing. Refusing aid to return home to die, the totally down-and-out man was then sent south by Keno to Tucson where in time he recovered.

Two girls, fleeing the bordellos, declared they would never return to a "life of shame" and were given railroad tickets to their home towns by Keno.

Ed Randolph, who prospected the area long before the railroad reached Arizona, used to say, "He seemed determined to commit suicide by getting himself killed. Just didn't want to live -- the best way I can explain his actions for jumping into any fight happening near him. But there never breathed a better man."

The point they all made, citing his instances of charity, highlights the fact Keno appears to have been the only denizen of the town who had any milk of human kindness in his soul. He is the only man referred to as ever giving aid to the unfortunate and destitute. It is, perhaps, why many people remembered him despite the brief period of his existence in the hell hole that marked the end of the railroad.

They always mentioned this before telling how he died a hero. The passing of Keno Harry cannot be found in history books narrating the building of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, nor in a territorial newspaper of northern Arizona, for none then existed.

The drama began when the canyon bridge neared completion. Two young men working on it decided they had been done wrong. Quitting work one morning, they went to the construction company office tent. There they informed the supervising engineer of having mined part of the bridge supports with black powder. It would go off in an hour. They demanded $5,000 for revealing where, so the catastrophe could be prevented.

The supervisor and some of his assistants were kept under gun guard while allowing a message to be dispatched to the foremen on the job. Probably they did so, knowing no evidence of their threatened project could be found. The bosses arrived to report no evidence had been located. But they had wasted time and the explosion might go off any moment now. While workers had been called off, destruction of the bridge would be costly. The supervisor had a big decision to make. Deciding the two were lying about the bridge being mined, he told them so. With a shotgun and rifle the blackmailers blasted their way out of the tent. Two men were killed and an unknown number wounded.

Fleeing north afoot, the pair was closely pursued. Reaching two wagons of immigrants on the Santa Fe-California trail, they hid in one. When pursuit closed in, the travellers failed to lie convincingly. The fugitive then corraled the train, using the several women and children between them and the angry railroaders as hostages. Neither group could do much without killing the noncombatants. The situation dragged along until late afternoon.

Messengers arrived and departed Canyon Diablo constantly. When Keno heard about the stalemate and the danger to the women and children, he stormed out of his saloon. Borrowing a horse, he arrived on the scene while the marshals and railroad bulls held off the angry railroaders. Indeed, the culprits were on the point of being allowed to depart scot free.

"What the hell's this?" Keno demanded, "Allowing them to expose women and children to danger!"

"If we open fire, some of them will be killed," a marshal warned.

After studying the situation Keno said, "One man can get to them. I will crawl close from the east end of the wagons. When I jump up to charge, you men fire over the tops of the wagons. The hostages will drop to the ground in panic. Then I'll have that pair exposed between the wagons stopped side by side."

While arguments were raised over the plan, Keno paid no attention. Rounding to the east, he dropped into the grass. Then suddenly he appeared, leaping up, yelling within fifty feet of the wagons. Immediately guns roared on the prairie, lead passing over the sheeted tops.

Just as Keno believed, the women and children fell screaming to the ground. The two wanted men were revealed, standing just where he reasoned they would be. Keno charged, his gun spouting bullets. Rifle and shotgun flamed at him, yet he never paused once.

The one with the shotgun fell dead first. His partner, using the rifle, hesitated and that ended him. He flattened out on the ground. Almost torn to pieces by buckshot and chunks of lead, Keno gained within ten feet of the line of sobbing women and screaming children.

He halted, and twisting slowly on his left leg he fell to the ground, dead.

The construction work halted briefly and the whole place turned out to bury Keno Harry. For fifty years afterwards a plain pine board with a rounded top marked his final resting place before it rotted away.

●RW

SOURCES:
Author's collected statements of,
Ed Randolph, prospector.
William (Bill) Campbell, sheepman.
John Lind, Flagstaff merchant.
Daniel S. Hogan, prospector.
Alfred (Al) Dickinson, Mine owner.
W.W. Sweitzer, (Still living).
Jack Lockwood, sheepman.
William A. Roden, cowman;
and others.

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Jesse James In Mexico

(continued from page 25)

officer demanded that Jesse and Frank surrender their weapons.

Their answer was swift and sure. Shots rang out in rapid succession and four men lay dead on the floor. The guard became demoralized and fled. The soldiers guarding the house fired in wild confusion, but their bullets had little effect. The darkness was dense and favored the fugitives. Frank and Jesse reached their horses and raced away, to find rest and safety at their Rest Ranch. Oddly enough, many of the people of Monclova denounced the officials for their invasion of the fandango, and actually sympathized with the Missouri bandits.

The ranch was well stocked with cattle, and defending the herd against thieves sometimes led to gunplay. A locally noted bandit in Nueva Leon, Juan Fernando Palaciois, decided upon a raid of the James herd, as well as the herds of several other ranchers in the area. Palaciois and his men swept down the Pecos valley, driving the cattle before them, and marched the herds to the banks of the Rio Grande.

As soon as Jesse and Frank learned of the rustling, they followed the outlaws. It was learned that the rustlers had driven the stolen cattle across the river into the United States, and were camped in the mountains near El Paso. Believing themselves safe from attack, the outlaws had not posted a guard. It was easy for Frank and Jesse to advance on the camp, fire round after round of ammunition into the men, and make themselves sound like an attacking force of many men. Panic and fear seized the rustlers and they fled, leaving ten of their men dead on the ground.

Palaciois and his chief henchman, Jesus Almonte, had not been at camp when the attack occurred, and were told that fifty *Gringo Diablos* had attacked his men and run off with the cattle.

When Palaciois learned that only two men had effected the demoralization of his men, he became furious and decided to follow Jesse and Frank and get back the cattle. He even risked going into Texas, and was close at their heals when the boys turned and sent several of the Mexicans toppling from their saddles by using their long range rifles.

It would be a losing battle, the two American outlaws well knew, for the night was the time the Mexicans liked to fight, and anything could happen. Jesse and Frank were in a serious mood when they looked westward and saw some moving objects on the rise.

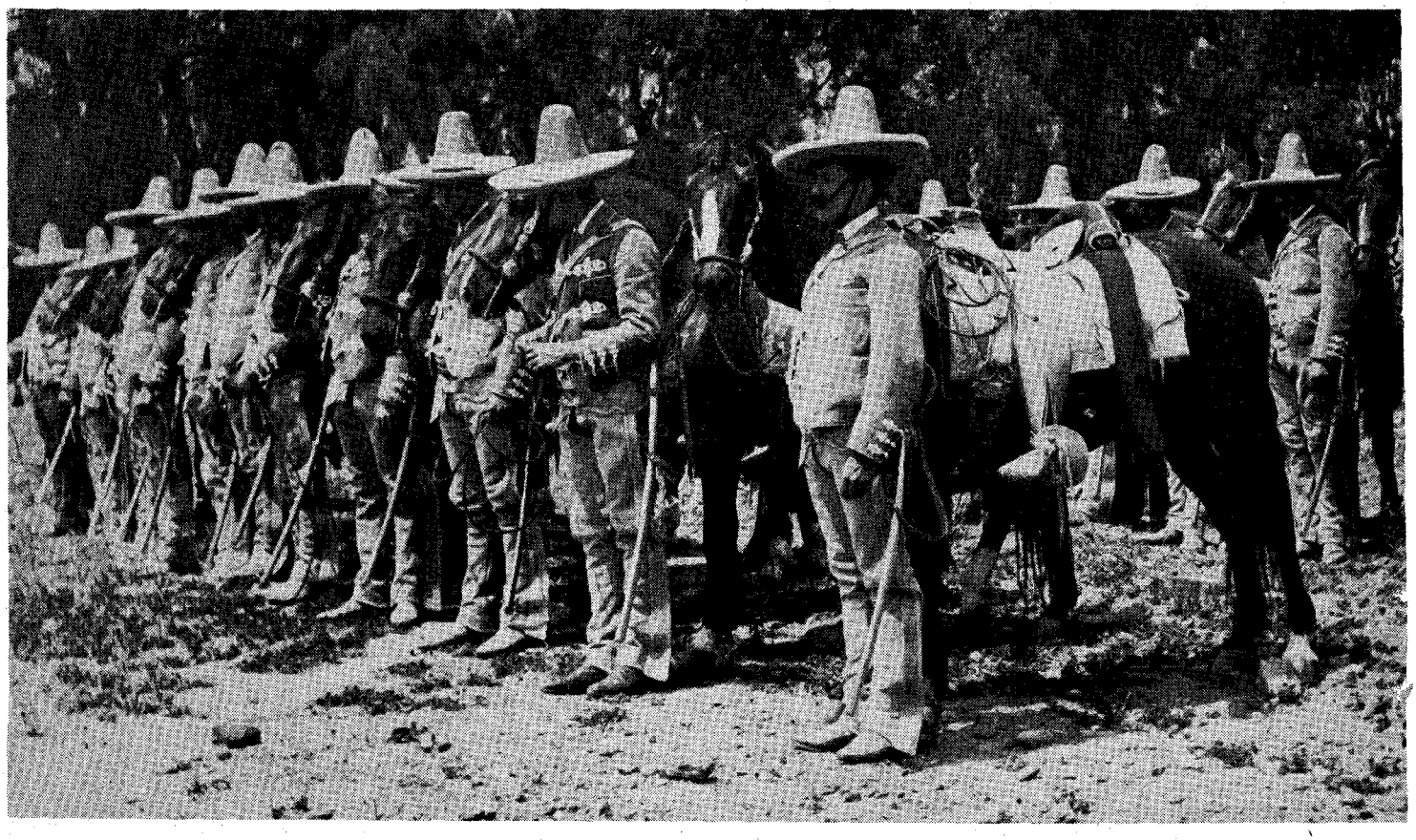
"What is it, Jess? Comanches, Mexicans or soldiers?"

The moving line of mounted men proved to be United States cavalrymen under the command of Colonel Mackenzie.

"Soldiers, Frank! Feds at that!" shouted Jesse. "By golly, there were times during the war that I would not have liked meeting such a crowd of them."

It was a strange turn of events for the two Federal-hating James boys, posing as law-abiding Texas ranchers, to be not only rescued by Union troops but also praised as community heroes.

By now, the James boys were recognized in the Pecos valley only as enterprising traders and cattle raisers in the eyes of their neighbors, and not one of them would have dreamed that such innocent-looking young men



A group of Mexican Rurales whom the Jameses avoided while in Mexico. Rurales were former bandits put into uniform by Mexican President Diaz. In this way he put them on the payroll and was able to exert some control over their actions.

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Civil War photo of General Ronald Mackenzie. After the war he was commissioned a colonel and was the law on the raw frontier of the Southwest. It was Mackenzie and his men who unknowingly rescued Jesse and Frank James from the Mexicans.

View of Monclova, Mexico during the 1880's. Jesse and Frank James were in the vicinity of Monclova during their stay in Mexico.

could have acquired the world-wide reputation that was theirs. They had acquired considerable property in the valley, and their frequent and prolonged absence from "home" created no suspicion whatever. It was a primitive and restless life, and many of the people in the area made long trips now and then. Among other things, Jesse's and Frank's fine spirited horses were the talk of the community.

On one occasion, on their return to the valley, Jesse and Frank learned that a Mexican bandit named Bustenado had crossed the Rio Grande and made a night raid among the ranchers. The shocking thing of the matter was that the bandits had carried off a girl named Alice Gordon, daughter of Sean Gordon. The raid had not taken place too long before, and Jesse and Frank were quick to take up the trail.

On the morning of the third day Frank and Jesse came upon the rustlers. They must act quickly; they had caught up with the Mexicans as they were eating breakfast and laughing merrily over their exploits. A little distance from the fire sat Alice Gordon, attended by her Negro servant Joe, whom the outlaws had allowed to come along. The company of Mexicans numbered at least thirty men. The James boys had only mustered six men to follow them. The odds were greatly against them.

Jesse took command and applied Quantrill guerrilla tactics in his next move. He ordered his men to fire a weapon from each hand and ride pell-mell through the camp. A wild rebel yell from Jesse and Frank, and the eight riders dashed into the midst of the astonished Mexicans. Half the Mexicans were killed in the first onslaught; the rest, horrified and disbelieving, fled to regain their horses and race for their lives. Not more than six of the rustlers escaped; even Bustenado was brought down with a bullet between his shoulders as he raced from camp.

The cattle were returned to their owners and Alice Gordon was reunited with her grateful parents. Even to this day some of the older residents of the Pecos valley area tell of the daring exploits of Jesse and Frank James, and care not that the pair were the noted Missouri outlaws. **●RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

The validity of the statements concerning the escapades of the James boys in Mexico is attested to by a personal recorded conversation between Cole Younger and Frank James at Lee's Summit, Missouri.

Papers of Wm. Stigers, St. Joseph, Mo., personal friend of the Jameses and the Youngers.
St. Louis Newspapers and directory files.
Author's personal interviews with Wm. Stigers.

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Buffalo Bill Ends An Indian War

(continued from page 29)

officers of the British garrison at Ft. Mackinac, Michigan, headquarters of the Great Lakes fur trade.

At a prearranged signal the tribesmen suddenly attacked the whites, and seventy officers and men were massacred and the fort captured.

After the War of 1812, Ft. Mackinac was surrendered to the United States, and John Jacob Astor established his immense American Fur Company there, and dominated the fur trade of the whole Northwest until 1853.

Though he operated by special grant and a congressional system of licensed traders, he didn't overlook the fact that the fierce Chippewas policed the northern Wisconsin forests to the south shore of Lake Superior, and in 1815 a peace treaty was made with them by the United States Government. This they never violated.

But the Chippewas had not made any peace treaties with the Sioux, and the old feud raged on.

Some years later, the Sioux were beaten in a battle of considerable proportions on Sioux River, but in 1842 came that fateful day when the ancient enemies met in force on the Brule River in what is now northern Wisconsin. Here, in what is known as the Battle of the Brule, the great chief Buffalo of the Chippewas won himself immortality by cleverly and completely crushing the Sioux. He sent two strong flanking parties to the right and left of the enemy during the battle, and when these charged on the rear of the Sioux, the plains fighters, who had never been able to cope with the Chippewas in their native forests, were almost wiped out.

The remnant fled across the Mississippi headwaters, across what is now Minnesota, and past the Red River of the North, to a refuge in the Turtle Mountains—never again to challenge the Chippewas to battle.

An Indian never forgets an enemy—or a friend—and the passing of over fifty years did not dim the hatred in the hearts of the old warriors of both the Chippewas and Sioux who had fought each other as young men, and many of the younger generation had lost relatives and heard stories by the old men which planted a hate in their own minds for an enemy they had never seen.

Col. Cody knew these Indians and wondered if he would get the Sioux chiefs who accompanied his mammoth wild west show to parley with the Chippewas. When his show played at Ashland, Wisconsin, in 1896, the subject was broached to Lieut. William A. Mercer, Indian Agent at Ashland. He succeeded in gathering delegations from Chippewa reservations at Bad River, Red Cliff, Fond du Lac, Lac Court Orielles, and Lac du Flambeau, headed by Chief Cloud, to assemble for a peace parley with the Sioux members of the Buffalo Bill show.

Photo by author

A Chippewa village in Wisconsin - lodges are of woven reeds on a light wood frame and roofed with birch bark.

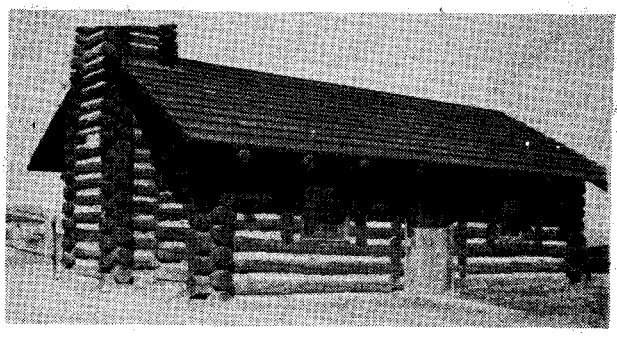

Photo by author

Replica of fur trading post built by Jacques Vieau in 1795 near Green Bay, Wisconsin. The replica was erected in 1925 and has since been destroyed by fire.

Col. Cody chose Chiefs Rocky Bear, Poor Elk, Flat Iron, Lone Bear's Foot, Black Fox, and Kills-In-The-Winter, and only the latter refused to participate. Kills-In-The-Winter claimed the Chippewas had killed his father, Col. Cody explained later.

The historic peace conference was held in the open air on September 11, 1896 and was attended by hundreds of Indians and the general public. Chief Cloud, bearing a white flag, opened the ceremony with a declaration of goodwill toward his ancestral foes; and Chief Rocky Bear, speaking for the Sioux, replied that, as they had been introduced in their own way by smoking the pipe in private that day, and the Great Father wanted them to be peaceful, it should be that way forever.

Speaking through interpreters who translated their remarks into Chippewa, and also English, and vice versa, Chiefs Rocky Bear and Flat Iron questioned Chief Cloud of the Chippewas on his relations with the government—especially if they were receiving annuities.

Chief Cloud answered that the government had given them much good land and they lived entirely from it, without help.

After the pipe was again passed and smoked in solemn silence, the Chiefs shook hands, a photograph was taken, and the curtain was drawn on the ancient feud between two of the strongest Indian tribes in the world. The sturdy fighters of the forest would never again turn back the invaders from the plains and prevent them from reaching the shores of the "Father of Waters."

Col. Cody was pleased with the success of the peace conference, and is quoted in Guy M. Burnham's history, "The Lake Superior Country in History and in Story," as saying: "I am proud to have been instrumental in bringing together some of the representative men of the largest Indian tribes in the world. The Sioux and Chippewas were lifelong enemies. They have met today after centuries of warfare, the first meeting of the Brule and Ogallalla Sioux with their ancient enemies since they met in hostile array. I am proud that this has taken place at Ashland, on the historic and ancient battleground of these two tribes, here on the shores of Lake Superior."

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES

The Lake Superior Country in History & Story by Guy M. Burnham
Wisconsin - The Americanization of a French Settlement by Reuben Gold Thwaites (Houghton-Mifflin 1908)
North Star Country by Meridal LeSueur, (Duell, Sloan & Pierce, N.Y. 1945)

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Grab Your Guns, Boys

(continued from page 31)

in a small opening. Around it lay saddle piles, blankets and meager camp gear. Thin strips of venison dried on wires strung between limb-cleared trees. There were no smoking fires under the meat being jerked; no noise either of talking men or hobbled horses. Hogan thought the Indians must be away hunting more meat. For a few moments the four men surveyed the spot from brush cover.

Hogan gestured and led on into the small opening. The late afternoon sun already fingered shadows over the canyon. For another moment Hogan stood gazing around. Thinking he heard some noise in the brush shelter, he bent over from the hips to peer through the branches.

Inside a wizened, small, old man rubbed buckskin dry in a tanning process over a chunk of wood fastened in the ground. The shelter, as customary with Navajo hogans, had an opening to the east. Now raising his eyes higher, Hogan picked out the faint shape of an Indian beyond in the brush. Then he found a second to the north. Like the other he stood motionless, a rifle held at ready as if expecting a signal.

The white men had been discovered before reaching the canyon rim. B'Ugoettin, his son and four others had hurried to the vicinity of the camp to await the close approach of their arch enemy. Their horses grazed some distance away near the junction of the canyons. It is doubtful that they had any other idea in mind except to kill Roden with the unexpected opportunity to do so.

Hogan now made the second fatal mistake, which he always admitted. Finding armed Navajos waiting in the brush, he wrongly decided many more closed a deadly trap around them. Not likely that he would panic, having been under fire many times in Cuba, he did become worried at least.

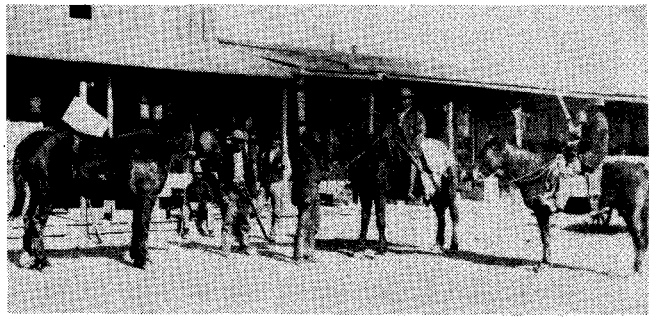
He then called tersely to his companions the fatal error, "Grab your guns, boys!" It was about all he thought of in time to give warning.

Sound of his voice became instant signal for the Indians to open fire on three sides. The white men were not completely surrounded, or they would have all been killed in a few seconds.

In the act of straightening up Hogan received a bullet across the back, slashing a deep wound just below shoulder blades. Montgomery, never given time to fire once, dropped dead, shot through the heart. Roden got away two or three bullets, staggered backward a few steps, lost his sixgun and fell to the ground. While guns thundered on, he managed to crawl behind brush cover despite being shot through the groin.

Only Hogan and Durham kept throwing lead at Indians they couldn't see in the brush. When rifles began whamming from the brush shelter, they directed fire into it. Having to reload, they crouched low behind trees, bullets whistling all around them. On resuming the fight, Hogan received two additional wounds, in the left arm and side of the chest. Durham escaped the hail of bullets with only a few holes in his clothing.

Then, as suddenly as the fight began, it ended. Probably the exchange lasted thirty seconds. The white men were down to only a few cartridges. While they waited, wondering what the Navajos were up to, Durham crawled to where Roden lay. He dragged him back to Hogan who was trying to stop his own bleeding.



Jeannette Volz collection

The Fred Volz trading post on the railroad near where Durham got the wounded Roden to a train and a doctor.

Along with their stunning casualties the white men were unaware of being lucky. Failure of the Indians to conclude the gun battle rested in the fact that they were also out of ammunition. Too much had been expended meat-hunting. They were forced to retire to their ponies. Nieither realized the other side was also through.

As the minutes wasted away, Hogan and Durham grew most uneasy. The Indians might be closing in on them again. Believing that their stock had run off, they went out of the canyon mouth. Durham half carried Roden up the slope. Hogan had all he could do to negotiate it under his own power.

Hurrying as best they could under the circumstances, but actually only slowly, they entered Canyon Padre. Night fell on them there, yet offered no hindrance to an exit from the fallen away sides of the canyon before it pitched into Diablo.

They headed southward for the transcontinental railroad. Roden had to halt often and sit on a rock to rest. Loss of blood, which fortunately finally ceased, sapped his strength. Durham remained to help him all the way. Even though having trouble of his own, Hogan could walk fairly well. He became lost from the others in the black night but followed his nose to the nearest railroad station, Winona. There his wounds were given first-aid treatment and he telegraphed news of the fight to the county sheriff at Flagstaff.

Durham and Roden were not only lost but wandered around aimslessly all night long. Finally, near daylight, they saw the water-pumping station at Angell on the railroad several miles east of Winona. They managed to make their way there as Sunday bloomed bright and clear.

An early morning west-bound freight train was flagged down. The two boarded it and picked up Hogan at Winona.

The Navajos, having drawn themselves out of the fight, waited a couple of uneasy hours for a move by the white men. A scout stealing back to the scene found only Montgomery's body and gave the all clear signal.

B'Ugoettin Begay brought down the white men's horses complete with scabbarded rifles. Getting in their ponies, they packed up camp preparing to leave. The old man who had taken no hand in the fight lay dead in the brush shelter. The only combatant with even a slight wound was B'Ugoettin. He had a notched ear.

Since the old man's body was already nearly cold, the Navajos dragged it out to a fallen log. He wore only a G-string and red-topped moccasins, his long graying hair fastened in a knot tied with woolen string. The corpse in position against the log, cedar bark, grass and dead limbs were piled over it.

En route to the river crossing at Wolf Post the Navajos met other Indians. They were turned back bearing the alarm that white men from Flagstaff had opened war on them. At the trading post B'Ugoettin gave Richardson

(continued on page 66)

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11-5

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$1,583.33 in cash went to club member Josephine Wible, Lincoln, Neb. This happy contest winner exclaimed . . . "Thanks again for your promptness. A long-wished-for-trip is now possible."

"I felt that I had a winner," wrote Robert Dallons, Aurora, Colo. He's a contestant who was awarded a $2,500.00 cash prize for his skill in our Puzzle Lovers Club competitions.

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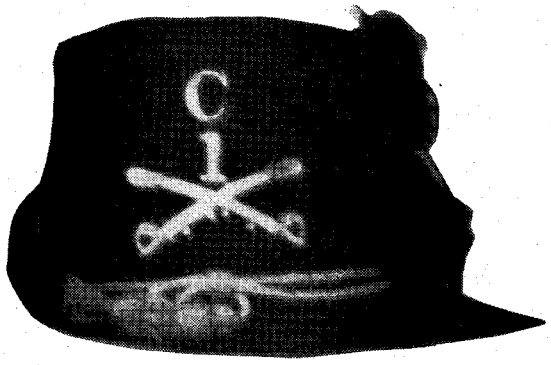
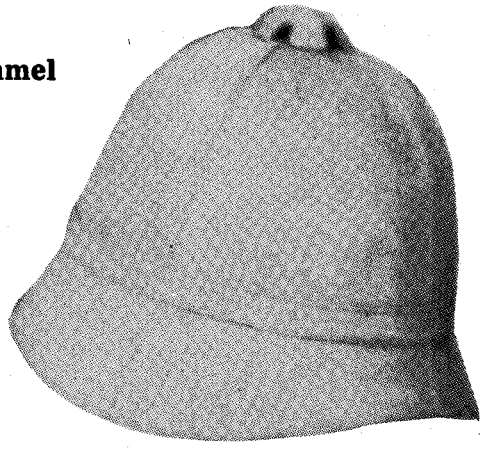
Headgear of THE

This is by no means meant to be a complete listing of headgear used by the mounted troups of the U.S. The years that the Dragoons, Mounted rifles and cavalry were in operation range between 1833 and 1942. Between 1855 and 1860 there were both Dragoons and cavalry, so some of the helmets were used by both; in this case the branch insignia, which was the crossed sabres, was worn in two ways: the Dragoons wore the sabre with the edges up, and the cavalry with the edges down. When all mounted troops became cavalry in 1860, they all wore the sabre with the edges up and this was the cavalry insignia until 1942 when the horse left the Army scene.

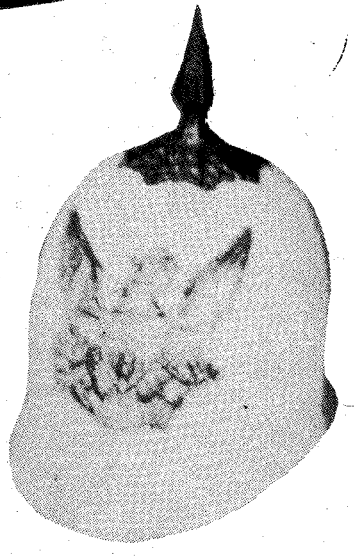
by George Rummel



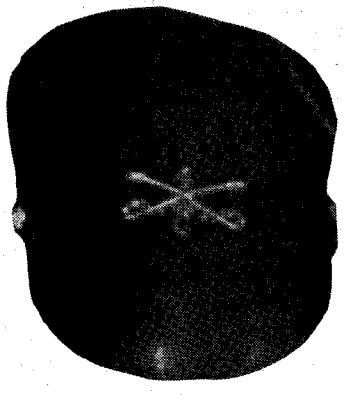
Jeff Davis Hat (1855-1872). Sometimes called the Hardee, after General William J. Hardee. The first full-brimmed hat used by the Army. A sunburst/eagle held up the brim on the right side, the front had the cavalry insignia, the left side had a black ostrich plume held by a hat cord with tassels.



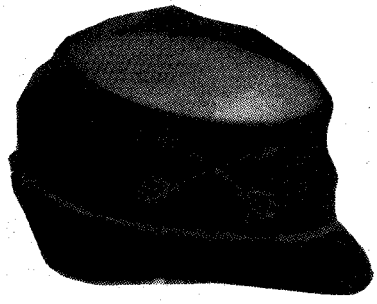
Helmet (1881-1902). Summer fatigue in khaki for use in hot climates, copied after the British pith helmets.



Helmet (1881-1902). This helmet is white; and it has a brass spike. These were worn by unmounted enlisted men. They also came in black.



Dress Hat (Spanish American War). This one I haven't been able to pinpoint as to exact dates, but it is of the Spanish American War period. Soft felt, solid blue with just the crossed sabres.



Kepi (1872-1889) Also called a fatigue cap. Similar to the one used in the Civil War, but not as floppy. This one is a variation used by a militia outfit, as can be seenby the yellow crown and braid. It was also worn with crossed sabres.

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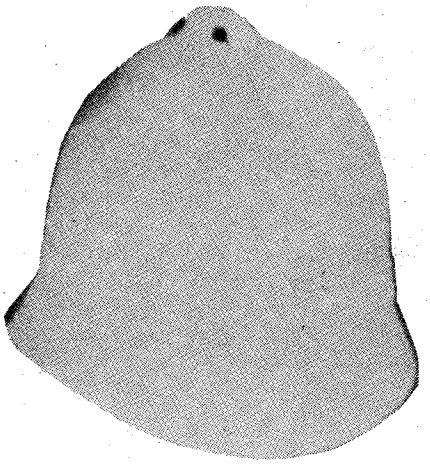
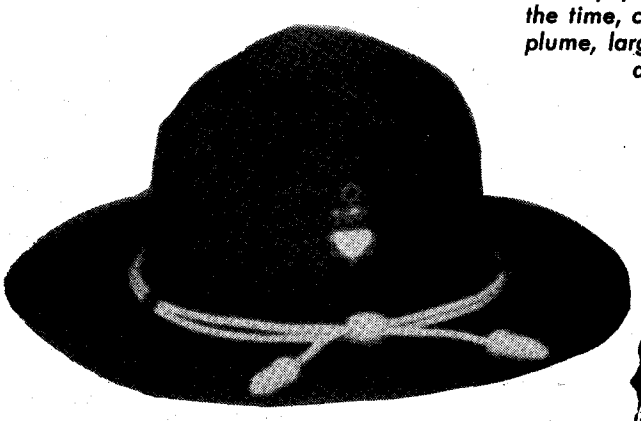
HORSE SOLDIER

Dress Cap (1905-W.W.I). This is a cap similar to the W.W. II Garrison hat but in blue, with a band of yellow and blue and the crossed sabres in front.

Helmet (1881-1902). This is a copy of the popular Prussian helmets of the time, complete with horse-hair plume, large eagle in front, braid and chin strap.



Helmet (1881-1902). Summer fatigue in white.



Campaign Hat (1930's and 40's). This is the last of the cavalry hats, and except for a very slight difference, is the same as the one used in W.W.I. The braid is yellow and the insignia is regimental instead of branch.

Felt Hat (1885-1902). This is the typical Spanish American War hat worn by Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and the brim was worn in different ways. It also had a hat cord and the crossed sabres.

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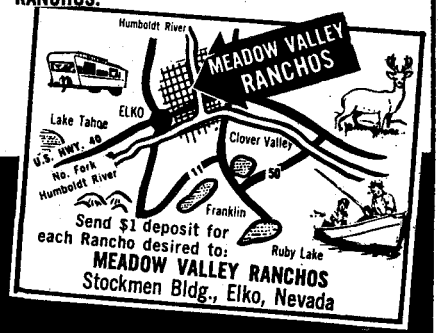

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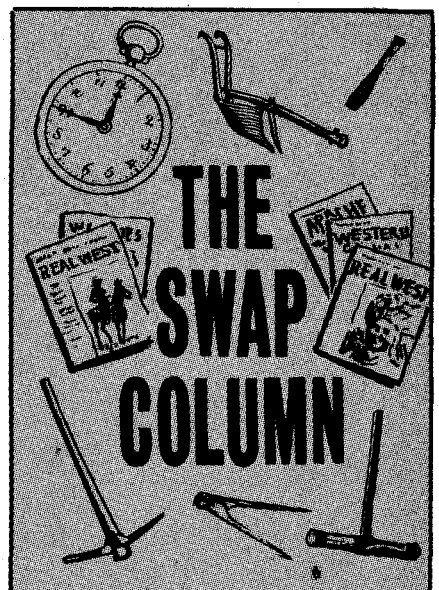

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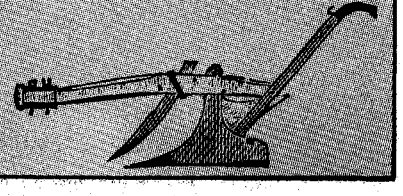

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BUNKHOUSE BOOKSHELF

THE CREEK FRONTIER, 1540-1783
by David H. Corkran
University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla.
343 pages, $5.95 Illustrated

Although much has been written of the Spanish, French and British explorations in America in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, little previously has been known of the Indian tribes which such explorers as De Soto and De Luna encountered. The Creek Indians, who occupied Alabama, Georgia and much of northern Florida from the earliest days of Spanish exploration to shortly after the American Civil War, were a power to be reckoned with by Spain, France and Britain in their efforts to gain control of that area.

Always hostile to Spain, the Creeks were natural allies with the British, but they lost no opportunity to use the presence of other Europeans to further their own interests. They were just as good as the British at making and breaking treaties, and often for reasons no more noble. Only when they finally gave up their neutralist position to ally themselves with the British against the American patriots did the Creeks find themselves completely at the mercy of their victorious enemies. Stressing the Creek political institutionalism and diplomacy, this work makes available the most complete story of the emperorship of Coweta, the rapacious "Queen" Mary Musgrove and the rise to leadership of Alexander McGillivrary. Indian personalities of old fame rise on the scene to share the spotlight with the wigged governors against whom they struggled to maintain autonomy for their people. This is the first appearance of a complete history of an Indian tribe in the colonial period. This is the 86th volume in THE CIVILIZATION OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN SERIES.

HEALTH-SEEKERS IN THE SOUTHWEST 1817-1900
by Billy M. Jones
University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla.
254 pages, $5.95 Illustrated

Modern as the health resorts in the Southwest may be, the idea behind them is not. In the nineteenth century, the climatic appeals of the Southwest were so strong that nearly one out of four of all permanent settlers in the area were health-seekers. In one West Texas town, legend insists that 95 per cent of the early families came because at least one member of each family had tuberculosis. Before the real causes of disease such as tuberculosis had been discovered, great faith was placed in nature as a healing agent for all respiratory afflictions. Thousands of disease-ridden Americans believed they had been infected by breathing bad air in humid environments and sought a cure in the pure dry air of the southwestern plains and mountains.

That this large segment of the population must have been greatly influential in the formation of early Western society seems obvious. Yet, when new medical knowledge, high costs of travel, and the hostility of established residents toward further influx of the transient ill reduced the movement of invalids to a small trickle, the role that health had played in the settlement of the area was to go unheeded for years.

Now, adding a significant new dimension to the study of the development of the American West, Mr. Jones utilizes materials long ignored by historians to re-establish the forgotten legend of "The health frontier" as a movement of major importance.

TWO LEGGINGS
The Making of a Crow Warrier,
by Peter Nabokov
Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 201 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10003
$6.95 Illustrated

The first-person account of a Crow Indian born in 1848, which has lain in the vaults of the Museum of the American Indian, viewed only by scholars, is now retold by a young research associate of the museum. Two Leggings' story was transcribed by William Wildschut, a field representative for the Museum of the American Indian, after meeting the old man at a Crow Indian celebration in 1919. Through an interpreter the two began to talk, and their conversations lasted for four years, until Two Leggings' death in 1923. William Wildschut's recording of Two Leggings' growth to manhood -- his personal adventures and sacred disclosures -- reveals facts about the final years of the Plains Indians culture, viewed through the eyes of an "ordinary man." Two Leggings gave Wildschut eyewitness accounts of the tortuous Sun Dance and incidents of Bear Society members vomiting up entire horse tails as proof of religious power. He recalled his own brief term as a U.S. Cavalry scout. He reported four-day self-mutilating fasts, and quirt and flintlock forays with Sioux and Blackfeet. He passed on tribal legends and minute-by-minute details of Crow religious ceremonies.

JUNE 25, 1876 CUSTER'S LAST STAND
by Ken Lizorty
Kenneth J. Lizorty, Publisher, 6117 Fee Fee Road, Hazlewood, Missouri 63042
28 pages $1.00

This is a black and white cartoon history of Custer's Last Stand. Well documented, it is an excellent addition to a Custer buff's library. It is endorsed by the "LITTLE BIG HORN ASSOCIATES" and Real West.

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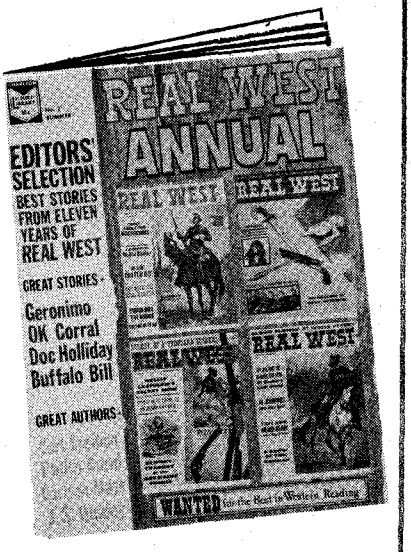

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Grab Your Guns, Boys

(continued from page 60)

details of the fight. McAdams had left that same day to return to his other trading post far northwest at Willow Springs.

Richardson alone at the post was the only white man inside Navajo territory. B'Ugoettin assured him he would not be harmed. He proposed to leave two men lurking on nearby high points to give warning of approaching soldiers. They were convinced troops would be rushed against them.

Navajos along the river proceeded to load wagons with all their possessions and flee north for protection. All night long they crossed them at the post with flocks of sheep. By dawn not a single family remained south of the river.

In Flagstaff the three survivors reported they were jumped by no less than fifty Navajos, of whom they killed four. B'Ugoettin as a district leader had long caused white stockmen trouble, resisting their range, grabbing and feared as no other Indian in northern Arizona.

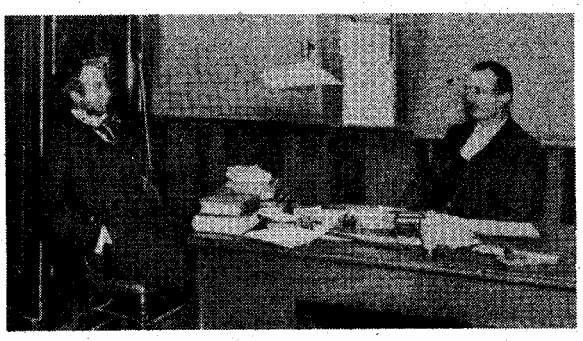
Hogan declared recklessly, "I shot the old bastard right between the eyes!" He really believed he did, until he saw him weeks later.

North-central Arizona exploded in a panic of excitement and fear. Flagstaff had a population of only 1,580 at that time. Citizens believed it impossible to defend themselves against attack by several hundred Navajos. Worsening their scare, wild reports arrived from as far northwest as Tuba City on the reservation, and east from Keam's Canyon Hopi agency. These baseless rumors claimed hundreds of heavily armed Navajos dusted all trails south of the river to reinforce B'Ugoettin in a war to drive the white men from their grazing ranges.

Panic reached a crisis when Governor N.O. Murphy alerted the civilian militia at Flagstaff and Prescott that U.S troops were requested to prevent murder and pillage along the Indian border. Instead of troops being dispatched from forts in New Mexico they were simply held ready. The Indian Commissioner was ordered to have his agents on the reservation to ascertain if an outbreak impended.

Meanwhile Sheriff Jim Johnson left Flagstaff Sunday afternoon with a fifty-man posse, guided by weary Durham. They found no saddled horses, and brought back Montgomery's body.

They reported the cowboy's corpse mutilated by a shot through the head after death. The venison being jerked at the time of the attack and the Indian's personal possessions were still in the camp, so they claimed. The Navajos always denied this, stating they cleaned it out after the white men ran.



Laura Hogan Dunham collection

Coconino County sheriff's office, 1899. Sheriff Jim Johnson, left, sent his deputy, Dan Hogan, right, to serve John Doe warrants on Indians that precipitated the gun battle in Elliot Canyon.

Asked by the federal government to personally investigate the circumstances, Governor Murphy went to Flagstaff. After talking to the participants he did nothing further. Indian agents in their respective districts got in immediate touch with Navajo leaders. Within a few days they reported to Washington evidence clearly showed the white men were in the wrong. They had attacked a peaceful camp of meat hunters.

Sheriff Johnson and Frank Hochdoffer returned to the battle scene but learned nothing more. Nor did they find trace of a single Indian anywhere in the country. Investigators, after talking to Indian traders along the railroad, issued a peculiar statement. They said no further trouble could be expected because the Navajos were satisfied their ancient code "a life for a life" covered the incident. The one man they lost had been avenged by taking the life of Montgomery.

The dust seemed to be settling. But Flagstaff kept demanding action and punishment for the Navajos engaged in the fight. The Indian agent, concerned, somewhat reluctantly sent word to B'Ugoettin for those engaged in the scrap to report at Flagstaff for a hearing. Unless they did so, police would be sent for them. The agent also gave assurance the U.S. marshal would be there to protect their rights, and a special attorney ready to defend them if required.

Those who scoffed that a retaliatory raid on Flagstaff was possible never learned until several years afterwards how wrong they were. Not only did B'Ugoettin plan to, but the Wolf Post trader actually persuaded him out of the idea. He had seen not one Indian for three weeks when abruptly one sundown not less than 300 crossed the river.

They came out of the Painted Desert heavily armed and bringing the four white men's horses. The saddles were reversed on them and stirrups tied up. This sign meant a raid against the tribe or people of the owners of the horses. The few clan leaders alone entered the store to smoke and talk.

They were, B'Ugoettin told Richardson, heading for Flagstaff to burn the small mountain town before dawn. If white men tried to stop them, which would surely happen, then they would die. The Navajos believed U.S. troops were then en route to wage war against them. The poignant memory of Bosque Redondo prison life, 1864-1868, remained too vividly in their minds. They intended to die rather than to ever go back.

"The white man started this war," the leaders said. "We cannot whip them for they are too many. But we will cause them much suffering."

When Richardson made no comment whatever, B'Ugoettin asked him bluntly what he thought about the matter.

Richardson shook his head sadly. "You are riding into worse trouble than before," he warned. "You will bring bloodshed to the country and the soldiers will surely come."

"What else can we do? We refuse to be imprisoned for defending ourselves. They attacked us first and killed. Who pays for that man?"

"You are told to go in only for a hearing, to duscuss the disagreement?"

"Yes. Likely it is all a lie to jail us."

"If that was true, the marshals would have come for you long since. Also the soldiers from Shush b'toh (Fort Wingate, New Mexico) would certainly have come against you days ago."

(continued on page 72)

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life
By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

MUSIC AND THE INDIAN

Indian music was essentially for singing, and the music and songs of the various Indian tribes differed as much as did their life and customs. The one characteristic peculiar to Indian songs that is almost universal is a rhythmic pulsation of the voice on sustained notes, somewhat analogous to the effect produced on the violin when the same note is slightly sounded several times during one stroke of the bow.

Music is a trinity composed of three elements, rhythm, melody and harmony. The first element is rhythm. This is in the earliest consciousness of man. It is found in the throb of the pulse, the beat of horse-hoofs and in the breaking of the waves. All life is rhythmic, because life is vibration, motion. Music in its earliest form consisted chiefly of rhythm. Melody is next; it is a succession of sounds of different pitch, such as the laughter of a brook, the wail of the wind, the mating songs of the birds-in fact, all melodies of nature. Harmony is the combination of different sounds, the blending, blurring overtones of nature, the melting of many sounds into one. This is the last element of music to evolve and, with harmony, music becomes an art of greatest dignity. The music of primitive people contains the first two elements especially rhythm. However harmony is lacking. The life of the Indian was so linked with nature that it is likely the sounds of the nature-world did supply to the singers a certain unconscious sense of harmonic background.

In structure the Indian song consists of a short, melodic phrase built on related tones or chord lines repeated with more or fewer variations, grouped into clauses and corrolated into periods. The compass of Indian songs is one to three octaves. Some songs have no words, but the absence of words does not impair the definite meaning; vocables are used, and when once set to a melody they are never changed. At times both words and vocables are used in a song.

Indian music is coextensive with tribal life. Every public ceremony as well as each important act in the career of an individual had its accompaniment of song and music. All ceremonies had their own peculiar rhythms as did the songs pertaining to the individual acts: feasting, prayers, the setting of traps, hunting, courtship, playing of games and the death song.

Women usually composed and sang the lullabies, also the spinning and grinding songs. Among the Pueblos the men joined in singing the grinding songs, beating time on the floor or ground while the women worked at the *metates*. Women also composed songs of encouragement to the warrior as he went forth from camp. These were to give him strength and power to endure the hardships of battle. Songs often came to the singer in a dream. These songs had medicine power and were the property of the individual or societies. Others wishing to sing them had to purchase the rights from the owners. Many of these songs had no words but were sung with vocables, meaningless syllables like *hi, ho, ah, he* or *ay*.

Ceremonial songs, which were the formal appeals to the super-natural, had to be sung with accuracy. Otherwise the path would not be "straight" and the appeals could not reach their proper destination; thus evil consequences could follow. When an error was made in singing, the singers would stop at once and either the whole song or the complete ceremony had to begin again. In some tribes a rite of contrition was performed after which the ceremony could proceed. Official prompters kept strict watch during a ceremony in order to prevent such accidents. Most Indians composed their own death songs. The funeral songs used in a burial ceremonial were not sad songs.

The Indian tribes of the North Pacific coast often held musical contests in which the singer or band of one tribe would compete with those of another tribe or band as to which could remember the greatest number of songs, or who could accurately repeat a new song after hearing it for the first time. Accuracy in singing was considered a desirable accomplishment among all the tribes. Some of the Eskimo Indian tribes settled grudges by singing. The parties would meet by appointment and sing sarcastic songs at each other. The one who created the most laughter was regarded as the victor.

The Indians of the Lakes and Plains, who were exposed to the severity of weather and sang in the open air against the wind, had voices more striking for their stirring ring than for actual beauty. The voices of the men extended in range from a sort of falsetto tenor to a bass so deep as scarcely to sound the pitch of any given note. The songs frequently began with a high quavering tone, then gradually descended, and ended with a low phrase that broke off or died away on an open vowel syllable.

The songs of the Plains women were less violent in their accent and more legato than those of the men. Their mellow nasal quality suggested the rustic note of the oboe. Plural singing generally in unison was a common practice among the Indians of the Plains. The women of the Sioux would form a circle sitting on the ground and sing in their high reedy falsetto voices an octave above the men. Their songs fitted their surroundings of the open prairie.

The songs of the Pueblo differed from that of the Plains tribes. They were a strong, clear outpouring of the lungs or, in the case of the ceremonial chant, deep and solemn. The women of the Rio Grande and Zuni Pueblo had high flute-like voices. Hopi women had a veiled tone, giving the impression of the empty desert. The Navajo and Apache sacred songs were chanted with a low nasal swing. Their dance songs were sung with lusty vigor.

Among the Cherokee and other Southern tribes "round" singing was common. Men and women having clear resonant voices and good musical intonation com-

(continued on page 68)

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN
(continued from page 67)

posed the choirs and led the singing in ceremonies. They were paid for their services. Frequently two or three hundred persons joined in a choral and the carrying of the melody in octaves by soprano, tenor, and bass voices, producing a harmonic effect.

Songs became the property of clans, societies and individuals. Special officers insured the exact transmission and rendition of the songs which members alone had the right to sing, and a penalty was exacted from the member who made a mistake in singing.

There was usually one of four endings to a song, and one could usually tell the intent of the song by its ending. The song might stop short while others might let the tone die away. Usually the trail-off songs were war songs or similar songs.

Most of the songs were accompanied by dancing, the dancer following the rhythm of the drum. The class of the song being sung could not be determined by the drumbeat for often the song was in 3/8 time and the drumbeat in 5/8 time, or the song might be in 3/4 time and the drumbeat in 2/4 time. Again, the song might be sung to a rapid tremolo beating of the drum. The drumbeat governed the body movements while the song voiced the emotion of the appeal.

The native belief which regards breath as the symbol of life is in part extended to their songs; the invisible voice is supposed to be able to reach the invisible power that permeates nature and animates all natural forms. The Indian sings with all his force, he is intent on expressing the fervor of his emotion and has no conception of an objective presentation of music. The straining of the voice injures its tone quality, stress sharpens a note, sentiment flattens it and *portamento* blurs the outline of the melody which is often further confused by voice pulsations, making a rhythm within a rhythm. Added complications result when, as was explained previously, the drumbeat to a measure differs from that of the song. Thus, one may hear three rhythms, two of them contesting, sometimes with syncopation, yet resulting in a well-built whole.

The nearest approach to a fixed scale in the Indian music was his flute. The Indian had no, or few, stringed instruments. In fact, they had few instruments to accompany them in song. The drum, rattle and whistle were used in dances and ceremonies. The flute was used for courting and sometimes to give war signals.

The drum or tom-tom varied in size. There was a single or double-headed

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drum, the large dance-drum which was played by several men at once and the water-drum which was mainly used by the woodland tribes. The Seneca and Onondaga had ceremonial songs that were pleasing to the ear, having a melody and happy cadence that was "catching" to the ear. This was especially true of the dancing songs that were sung to the sound of rattles and the tapping of the water-drum. Most drums were cylinder in shape, except in Northwest California and along the North Coast where square drums were used. Clay pots or baskets were sometimes used for the drum frames, but most often wood frames were used.

Rattles were universal, and were of various types. Gourds, turtle-shells, elm bark, horn and rawhide were used as the containers for pebbles.

Whistles of bone, wood or pottery, some producing two or more tones, were used in ceremonies. They symbolized the cry of the bird or animals, or the voices of spirits. Those made of the wing bone of the eagle, crane, swan or goose had a prominent place in ceremonies and were used by the medicine man as well as the warrior. Eagle-bone whistles were used in the Sun Dance and were blown by the dancers as they faced the sun. Whistles made from the crane-bone were blown by men riding into battle because the whooping crane was a bird of great courage, difficult to kill and, if wounded, would attack anyone coming near.

The flageolet was played by young men during courtship or used by the Pueblos to accompany songs during certain ceremonies.

It has always been difficult for the listener of another race to catch an Indian song as the melody is often hidden by overpowering noise. However, when this difficulty has been overcome, the untrammeled expressions of emotions present a rich field in which to observe the growth of musical form and the beginning of musical thinking. ●RW

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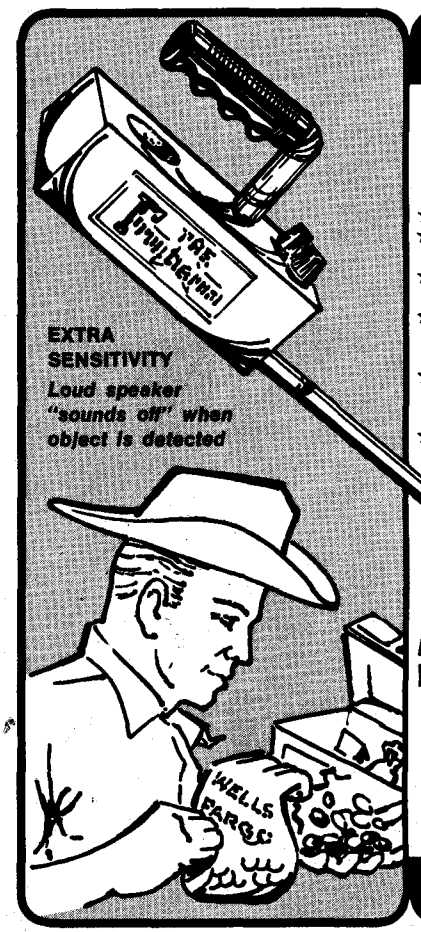

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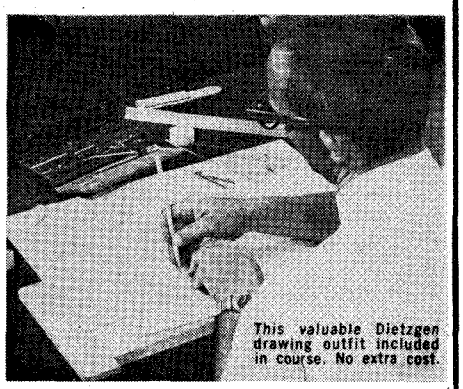

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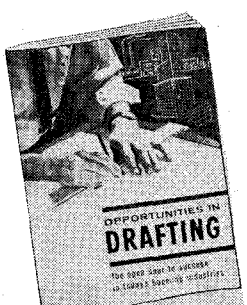

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Mail Roundup

(continued from page 9)

of history. First, he had the extraordinary good fortune to appear and develop as a cavalry leader at a time when the Confederacy was in sad straits for both men and horses, when the Confederate mounted arm was in a definite decline. This good luck also applies to several other Union cavalry leaders, notably Phil Sheridan. Next, Custer survived in the bitter inter-Army rivalries of the 1870's because he had excellent political connections (a sin he kept attributing to his enemies, but he was as good as they at political in-fighting). He even managed to overcome a row with the president and the presiding good, grey genius of the Grand Army, U.S. Grant, and make a comeback that resulted in his being granted a command in the Terry campaign against the Sioux.

The Army and the nation would have been better served if Custer's political enemies had gotten his scalp instead of its surviving to be harvested by the Sioux. It is a commentary on our peculiar values that an immature, probably mediocre cavalry leader has gone down in history as some kind of immortal--depending on how you view him. There were far better men achieving much more in the post-Civil War Army, such as Ranald McKenzie, George Crook and many others known mainly only to historians.

It is too bad, most of all, that J.E.B. Stuart and his colleagues ran shy of horses and men in the waning campaigns of the Civil War. Otherwise Custer would have been cut down in his military infancy, which he probably deserved and which certainly would have kept a great many citizens from being bamboozled into holding him a hero.

Bill R. Davidson
69 White Spar, Rt. 2
Prescott, Ariz. 86301

FRONTIER ARMY

Dear Sirs:

I have been a subscriber to your magazine, and I always enjoy reading your stories. I do feel, though, that the picture on page 19 of your September issue was in extremely bad taste. I know horses, mules and oxen were killed and eaten. Many of the poor animals had pieces of flesh cut off of them, and they continued to work.

As I see it, the draft animals played a big part in the winning of the West. Maybe I am just a "kook," but I do love animals, and our animals are treated as one of the family.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Clara A. Green
2921 Filbert Street
Oakland Calif. 94608

(Ed. The picture referred to was not meant to discredit draft animals, but to show the extreme conditions under which soldiers of the early West were sometimes forced to obtain sustenance.)

WILD BILL HICKOK

Dear Sirs:

I am enclosing a photo of two people, and hope you might help me identify the taller of the two men.

I am researching the life of Dr. Wm. (Buffalo Bill) De Veny. This old gentleman who appears and looks like Bill Cody - and acted as his double, in the old days - had among his possessions this photo. I am unable to learn the identity of the other person in the photo. I am reasonably certain it might be Wild Bill Hickok without his face hair—one of the few photos ever taken of Hickok without his face hair. De Veny was 5'9½ in bare feet, so the stranger is over 6'.

One person identified him as Sam Scoville, an employee of Cody on his ranch. This I do not believe factual- nor do the officials at the Cody Museum.

Very truly yours,

Hans Pearce
417 S. W. Taylor St. Portland, Ore

MYSTERY MAN (on right) posed with Dr. DeVeny on one of his engagements as "Buffalo Bill." Identity of second man is ought by Dr. Hans Lee Pearce, who is recording Dr. DeVeny's life.

FRANK JAMES

Dear Sir:

I read with interest Mr. Carl Breihan's criticism of my Frank James story. I realize that I am perhaps taking on the acknowledged expert on "Jamesiana;" however, I feel that some rebuttal is in order. In the first place, to state that a researched article "reeks with an odor," and then to qualify the statement by saying it is only "friendly criticism" seems somewhat at variance.

Boone May, one of the Black Hills stagecoach men, said he saw Jesse James in Wyoming. So did N. K. Boswell, sheriff at Laramie City, whose

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word, at least with me, carries much more weight than does that of Frank James or any of his so-called intimates. Mr. Boswell, you see, had nothing to hide.

It is true that the Adair, Iowa train robbery in which no consideration was given to the lives of crew or passengers by the robbers, was never *proved* to be the work of little Frank James and his gang; however, I think even Mr. Breihan will bow to consensus and admit that in all probability, it was the James-Younger gang which perpetrated that grisly crime.

Perhaps Mr. Breihan failed to note the copy of the murder indictment which accompanied the story. In spite of his impressive research into the life of Big Nose George Parrott, the fact remains that Parrott himself identified Frank James in his interview with M. F. Leech, Union Pacific Railroad detective. The prosecuting attorney was sufficiently impressed by Parrott's story that he likewise identified McKinney as Frank James.

Tall or short, Frank James was an outlaw, prepared to kill to preserve his own life. The similarity between the Wyoming train robbery attempt and that of Adair, Iowa a few years before indicates but of course, does not *prove* that the same cutthroats were involved. But the preponderance of evidence is that Frank James *was* McKinney, in spite of the fact that James *claimed* to have been living peacefully on a quiet farm in Tennessee at the time. Outlaws like the Jameses moved like wraiths; it was their stock in trade to be thought somewhere else when a crime occurred, and often they would go to great pains to establish an alibi.

So as far as the story is concerned, I believe Mr. Breihan is putting more stock in fancy than did the author of the controversial "Frank James in Wyoming," since the only error the author can find is that he described James as a tall man, and Mr. Breihan is convinced that he was not tall.

Big Nose George said McKinney was Frank James. Boone May and N. K. Boswell both said they knew of the presence in Wyoming of Jesse James. Since Frank was sworn to "watch over Jesse," it is safe to assume that if Jesse was in Wyoming, so was Frank. It was rumored that the "Sim Wan" mentioned in the story was really Jesse James, but because my research did not bear that out, I did not mention it in the story.

Mr. Breihan is one of the finest writers on the scene. I believe I have everyone of his books. He is authentic in everything he has written. In fact, I have been planning to send him photos I have of signatures which purport to be those of Grat, Emmett and Bob Dalton, which I found in an old hotel register a few years ago.

I, too, write in a friendly spirit, but felt Mr. Breihan's letter required an answer, since, if court records can be relied upon at all, Frank James *was* in Wyoming!

Respectfully yours,

John Carson
1901 West B Street
North Platte, Nebr 69101

BOUQUETS

Dear Editor:

The first time I came across your excellent magazine was in March of 1960 while browsing through the magazine rack at the local drugstore. Being deeply interested in western history and folklore, I immediately bought this obviously fine magazine. I have read many so-called true western magazines, and none can hold a candle to Real West for extremely interesting articles and excellent pictures.

I own many fine hard-bound western books, but I find Real West a wonderful source of information when having a discussion about some point of western history. It never fails to amaze me how many people believe the television versions of such famous characters as Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, Billy the Kid and many others. There are many people I know that actually believe there was such a person as Matt Dillon of Dodge City.

I always enjoy the look of disbelief in the eyes of my friends and co-workers when I show them actual photographs of Earp, Masterson and Bonney, etc. They are constantly asking to borrow my old issues of Real West. Then I have a hard time getting them back.

Please keep up the fine work. I, for one, intend to remain a devoted reader.

Sincerely yours,

Ray Valliere
ww Colonial Lane
East Hartford, Conn. 06118

ARIZONA JACK

Dear Sir:

Number 54 of Real West was sent to me by a good friend in the states, and I wish to express to you my appreciation for the wonderful magazine. I am glad my old American friend, Norman B. Wiltsey, wrote "White Hell in the Rockies." It's a grand story about Fremont.

Please convey my good wishes to my former pards and buddies in the West and Southwest to whom I am still known as Arizona Jack. I am sorry to say that

(continued on page 78)

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Grab Your Guns, Boys

(continued from page 66)

"The soldiers are not on their way here?"

"No."

After a long studious pause B'Ugoettin asked, "What do you advise, my younger brother? What do you think will happen?"

"Nothing. Go on in for the talk. Return the horses, saddles and rifles."

He said also that he did not believe anyone would be held for trial. Secretly he hoped his judgment was right, for otherwise the bad advice would get him into serious trouble as a trader. He really believed they would not be held after stating their side of the case.

"But," he cautioned, "don't ride into Flagstaff with all these men. Local people will panic and start shooting if you do. Just the few of you appear for the talk."

The Navajos rode their way. Richardson felt afraid to speculate on what they might actually do. But his few words had decided the fate of Flagstaff. The Navajo leaders did not want another war, preferring to live in peace if possible. At the same time they were not going to surrender to gain it.

Two dawns later the jubilant cavalcade awoke Richardson to celebrate briefly before dispersing to their homes over the river. The affair went off exactly as he had believed it must. It seemed that when the Navajos began speaking of ponies stolen and killed on the range, and of the people who died from using poisoned baking powder, the white men very rapidly drew the hearing to a close.

However, as well as they knew and liked Richardson, they didn't accept his advice without question. The armed men hid out in the dense pine forest above Flagstaff on the mountain side overlooking the city nestling below. Their orders were brief. If those who went in did not return when the sun rested two fingers above the horizon, they were to strike and release them from jail.

The next spring, while taking his freight wagons to Flagstaff, Richardson halted near Elliot Canyon. Walking down into it, he pulled the covering off the old man's body. To his surprise it had not deteriorated at all. Instead it had dried out and looked like nothing more than an exceptionally well preserved mummy.

Nearly two years after the old man's death a famous archaeologist spent the summer at Wolf Post. He drove a buckboard to old ruin sites, digging into them as well as graves dating 1200 to 1300 A.D. His perpetual complaint being that he hoped most to find a mummy, Richardson told him where one could be had. Maybe not one, centuries old, but definitely a mummy.

So today in the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, no less, there is exhibited a mummy attracting wide attention. It is no ancient aborigine, but the nameless old man who died in a gun battle which concerned him not at all.

●RW

SOURCES:

The Coconino Sun, a weekly published at Flagstaff—issues for November and December 1899.

Coconino County records for December 1899.

Filed statements of participants taken nearly forty years ago:

White men: Daniel S. Hogan, Walter Durham, William "Billy" Roden

Navajo Indians: B'Ugoettin Begay, Redshirt, Red Rock Boy, Gray Fox.

The Hectic Life Of Thomas Meagher

(continued from page 41)

Road, stretching from Fort Laramie to Virginia City, had thrown citizens into a panic. Fort C. F. Smith on the Bighorn River and Fort Phil Kearny just below the Montana line were both under constant threat of Indian attack, especially the latter post. There, December 21, 1866, the Sioux had massacred foolhardy Captain Fetterman's entire command of eighty-two men. Now, all traffic along the Road was at a standstill.

When, on February 26, Meagher convened the "extraordinary session," as it was called, the Indian danger spurred the members into pushing it through. March 7 saw them rush to rejoin their families. All but Wilbur Fisk Sanders, a disgruntled Republican candidate who'd fled back East to gripe to Congress. So black a picture did he paint about politics in Montana that angry voters, recalling his interference ten years later, again defeated him for delegate.

However, Sanders' busybody tactics did hurt Montana Democrats, for in March the Congress passed bills nullifying the work of all three assemblies called by Meagher. But when word of this reached him, he had other problems.

March 25, John Bozeman, the trail-blazer, notified him that the Indian threat had Gallatin Valley settlers ready to evacuate. Another wire to Gen. Grant brought the reply that Meagher should try helping himself. Soon after this, Bozeman was himself slain by Indians near present Livingston, Montana.

Meagher had had it with Washington. While folks debated whether Sioux or Blackfeet or even outlaws had killed Bozeman, he declared an emergency in Montana, and called for volunteers to form a militia brigade. When only 476 men answered to muster in May, he didn't sweat it. He gave out commissions right and left, resulting in a case of "more chiefs than Injuns." But again he was "Meagher of the Sword," eager to tangle with any Indian uprising.

It all came to nothing. Oh, there were plenty of wild Injuns around. The aforementioned army posts still fought them. So did hardy souls daring to venture up the Bozeman Road—and usually losing their hair. But Meagher and his militia did not fire a shot. However, he did finally wangle out of General Sherman a promise to send him 2500 guns along with ammunition. And late in June he left Virginia City with six of his officers for Fort Benton, to meet the riverboat carrying his ordnance.

They arrived there July 1; and at this point the story becomes rather confused. According to some the six-day ride over dusty wilderness roads in the searing heat exhausted Meagher to the point of illness. At the store of his friend, I. G. Baker, he downed "several liberal shots" of blackberry wine to "settle his stomach."

There he met Irish-born John Dolan, the pilot of the riverboat **G. A. Thompson**, then tied up at the Fort Benton wharf. As Dolan later told it, Meagher said, "They're out to get me here, Johnny boy." He didn't identify "they." But Dolan then invited him to sleep in his cabin on the **Thompson** that night. There Meagher later borrowed his pistol.

But Mr. Baker said Meagher was his dinner guest, and afterward wrote a letter to his wife. Meagher then went aboard the **Thompson** to arrange for passage downstream to meet the boat bearing his guns. And he was far from drunk.

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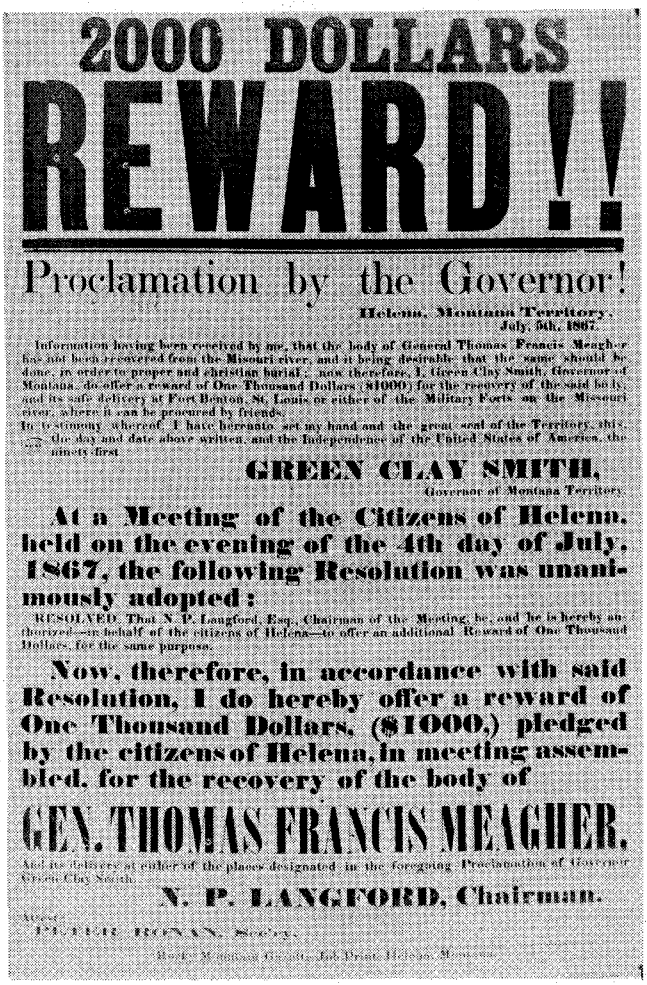

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Proclamation by the Governor!

Helena, Montana Territory,
July, 5th, 1867.

Information having been received by me, that the body of General Thomas Francis Meagher has not been recovered from the Missouri river, and it being desirable that the same should be done, in order to proper and christian burial; now therefore, I, Green Clay Smith, Governor of Montana, do offer a reward of One Thousand Dollars ($1000) for the recovery of the said body, and its safe delivery at Fort Benton, St. Louis or either of the Military Forts on the Missouri river, where it can be procured by friends.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the great seal of the Territory, this the day and date above written, and the Independence of the United States of America, the ninety-first.

GREEN CLAY SMITH,
Governor of Montana Territory.

At a Meeting of the Citizens of Helena, held on the evening of the 4th day of July, 1867, the following Resolution was unanimously adopted:

RESOLVED, That N. P. Langford, Esq., Chairman of the Meeting, be and he is hereby authorized—on behalf of the citizens of Helena—to offer an additional Reward of One Thousand Dollars, for the same purpose.

Now, therefore, in accordance with said Resolution, I do hereby offer a reward of One Thousand Dollars, ($1000,) pledged by the citizens of Helena, in meeting assembled, for the recovery of the body of

GEN. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,

And its delivery at either of the places designated in the foregoing Proclamation of Governor Green Clay Smith.

N. P. LANGFORD, Chairman.

Attest:
[illegible] BROWN, Secretary.

Reward Notice for the recovery of the body of Thomas Francis Meagher, presumed drowned at Ft. Benton in 1867. Note: His body was never recovered.

In any case, once aboard the **Thompson,** Meagher did not leave afterward.

Baker said he met friends there with whom he drank all evening. Later on, fighting drunk, he accused some of them of plotting to kill him.

Considering who they were, this doesn't add up. The bride of James F. Wright stated that her husband – a nephew of Major John Bruce of the **Democrat** – Pilot Dolan, Captain Woods of the **Thompson,** and Meagher made up the drinking party. Some forty-five years later, she still remembered they put Meagher to bed in Captain Woods' cabin. At that time he was ready to pass out.

Other passengers said they also heard Meagher swear drunkenly during the evening. Still others swore they heard no commotion of any kind.

But many closer to Meagher scoffed at the idea of saying he was drunk. Said John Maloney: "He never undressed when drunk, but slept in his clothes." Which apparently he did not do that fateful summer night.

Around ten o'clock a deckhand spotted a dim white figure near the boat's stern. Moving closer he recognized Meagher, clad only in his underwear. Stumbling to the outboard rail, he abruptly vanished over the side. As the swift current of the muddy Missouri claimed him, he made no outcry.

"Man overboard!" shouted the deckhand. It was taken up by others, and a boat was quickly launched. But a search of the gloom-shrouded waters was fruitless. During the search a check of Meagher's cabin proved the deckhand right, for no one else was missing. As Maloney – who wasn't there – told it: "All of his outer clothing was found neatly folded in a locker."

Undeniably, the controversial Irishman had indeed vanished from mortal ken. But how – and why? Immediately conflicting versions arose. Had he, as some said, fallen overboard while drunk? Was it suicide? Or, as one rumor went, had he been pushed overboard either dead or alive?

Mr. Baker – also not there – said: "His despairing cries for help which could not be answered came from the river" – refuting accusations of suicide.

A Mrs. A. B. Nichols wrote the **Missoulian** years later that "as General Meagher reached the **Thompson's** stern, he cried out, 'They're after me!"

Other passengers also reported hearing cries from the river; yet still others agreed with the deckhand – as sole witness – that Meagher made no sound.

Whatever happened, to this day no coroner's jury has ever declared him legally dead. No one saw him die. No one ever found his body. He simply disappeared. After searchers finally gave up, his heartbroken wife refused to do likewise. For months she haunted the Missouri River's banks, forlorn, yet determined to find the body of the man she had so long adored. Finally, chilled by early fall snowstorms, she reluctantly gave up her vigil and went back to New York. There, for forty years, she lived alone in sorrow.

AFTERMATH

Although many criticized Meagher for requesting Federal troops, and at last organizing militia, Governor Smith felt the emergency serious enough to warrant issuing them General Orders, and keeping them on duty until October.

On July 4, 1905, an equestrian statue of General Thomas F. Meagher was unveiled on the state capital grounds in Helena, Montana. It was a proud day for the Irish. Famed C. J. Mulligan sculpted the heroic bronze. A colleen named Annie O'Meara unveiled it. John F. Finerty, Irish G.A.R. veteran and noted Indian wars journalist, moved 5000 spectators with his fiery dedication address. And Governor J. K. Toole reminded the cheering throng that Meagher County, Montana was the first one added to the original nine. Whatever his faults, the temperamental Irishman had won an honored niche in our history.

Nor did it end there – the controversy which his disappearance only stoked with more fuel. In May 1913, an elderly well-known Montanan, feeling he was about to die, **confessed that he murdered Meagher, on orders from some vigilantes!** No need for details – the front page of the **Missoula Sentinel** for May 29 tells the entire incredible story. Suffice it to say that the May 30 **Sentinel** ran a full repudiation of the old man's false claim. And today Thomas Francis Meagher's tragic fate remains shrouded in mystery. **●RW**

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The Men Of Lewis & Clark

(continued from page 47)

Troublesome Arikaras, whose uneasy truce with the Mandans had collapsed, jumped the party a few days up the Missouri. In the fight, Shannon was so badly wounded that he spent eighteen months in an Army hospital, where his leg finally was amputated.

When he recovered, George Shannon entered Transylvania University at Lexington, Kentucky, to study law. After Lewis' death, when Clark was left with the responsiblility of publishing the official Journals, Shannon was invited to assist Nicholas Biddle in preparation. They worked together in Philadelphia and, when the job was done, Shannon resumed his law studies. By 1813 he was married to Ruth Snowden Price of Lexington. He served as judge of the state Circuit Court there for twelve years until moving to St. Charles, Missouri.

He was elected judge for that district, became U.S. District Attorney, and fell dead in a courtroom at Palmyra, Missouri, in 1836.

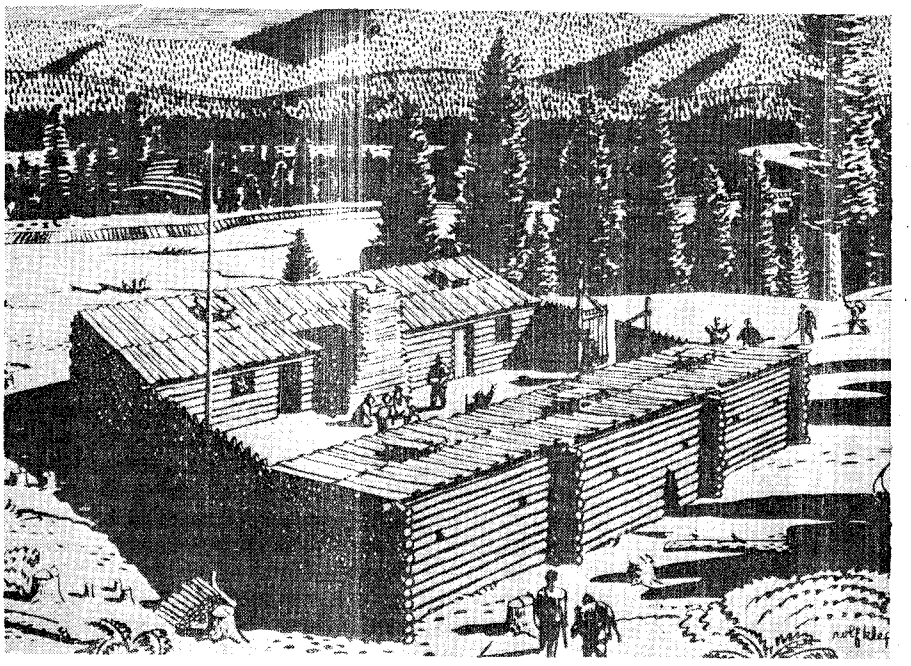
No man of the expedition was as foot-loose and adventuresome as John Colter. He would not return to civilization with the rest of the party. He had no desire to go back to ordinary things.

So, when the returning expedition reached the mouth of the Yellowstone in August 1806, Colter asked for his discharge. He wanted to go back into the wilderness, this time with two Americans named Dixon and Handcock, the first to follow the trail blazed by Lewis and Clark. Colter was given his discharge and a small outfit. Then he, with his two companions, headed back toward the Shining Mountains.

They trapped that winter on the Yellowstone, and in the spring Colter headed homeward alone, down the river in a dugout. At the mouth of the Platte, Colter met Manuel Lisa's party, bound for the beaver country Lewis and Clark had reported. With Lisa were John Potts, Peter Wiser, and George Drewyer, Colter's comrades on the first great trailbreaking. Colter was eager to join up.

Lisa halted to build a trading post at the junction of the Big Horn and the Yellowstone. Colter, because of his experience, Lisa sent into Blackfoot country to persuade the tribes to come in and trade.

Colter went alone, on a journey that took him into American legend. He traveled up the Big Horn and across the Stinking-Water to discover the petroleum springs that from then on were to be known as "Colter's Hell." He crossed the Continental Divide again and stumbled onto the phenomenon now known as Yellowstone Park.



Reconstruction of Lewis & Clark's winter quarters at Astoria, Oregon, now a National Park.

Later, no one would believe his stories of what he saw there.

He met up with a band of Crows and traveled with them, and so was compelled to kill a few Blackfeet when the two enemies crossed paths.

Colter came back to Manuel Lisa's fort on the Big Horn and stayed on through another trapping season. Thus it was that in 1809, this time with his partner Potts, Colter was on the Three Forks. Long-memoried Blackfeet jumped them, killing Potts and capturing Colter. He was stripped and told to run for it. This he did, for six agonizing miles across cactus prairie that tore his feet to shreds. He outran all his Blackfoot pursuers but one, and that one he killed before he reached the protecting river. Snags and driftwood hid him from his searching Indians until nightfall when he soundlessly swam and floated a safe distance downstream.

Colter struck out naked and unarmed across the plain. For seven days he walked, staggered, and finally crawled until he reached Lisa's fort. He recovered but not to stay much longer on the frontier. In May 1810, he was back in St. Louis to recount his adventures and claim the pay and land grant, due him for services with the Corps of Discovery.

Colter married a Missouri girl named Sally, which led to the settled life of a farmer. In 1813, this toughest of of the trailbreakers died of jaundice in his bed.

George Drewyer, the French-Indian halfbreed and the best hunter and woodsman of the expedition, did not want to go back to the settlements, either. He was more than willing to take Manuel Lisa's offer to guide that shrewd trader's first party into the Yellowstone country. He served Lisa for two years, then switched over to work for the Missouri Fur Company.

While with Lisa, he was ordered to bring back a deserter dead or alive. Drewyer caught up with the man but wounded him so badly he died. Returned to stand trial before Meriwether Lewis, then Governor of Louisiana and headquartered in St. Louis, Drewyer was acquitted on the grounds that he was obeying orders.

In the spring of 1810 he was hunting meat for a party of trappers on the Three Forks when Blackfeet jumped him. Drewyer's scalp was lifted, but not before he turned in a fight that also has become legend.

About other members of the Corps of Discovery little is known of their later years.

Nathaniel Pryor, one of the sergeants, stayed in the Army. He was promoted to Captain in the War of 1812, retired from the service to become an Indian trader and later an Indian sub-agent under Clark, who by that time had been appointed Governor of Missouri. Pryor married an Osage woman and in 1831 died among her people.

William Bratton also served in the War of 1812, fighting under General William Henry Harrison at the Battle of Tippecanoe. After the war he farmed at Waynetown, Indiana, became a Justice of the Peace and died in 1841. Bratton's descendants still own the land he settled.

Alexander Willard lived almost as long as Patrick Gass. Willard remained a soldier for several years after the expedition returned, campaigning in 1811 agains Chief Tecumseh and in the Black Hawk War of 1832. Then, twenty years later when he was past seventy, he crossed the country once again, this time in an ox cart. Willard settled near Sacramento, California where he died in 1865, aged 88.

Of the Fields brothers, Joseph and Reuben, little can be learned. Reuben took his discharge and returned to Kentucky. One of them bought the land claim of Rober Frazier for $250 shortly after the return to St. Louis. This well may have been Reuben. Other than that, both simply drop from sight. Together they were commended

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by Captain Lewis as having "acquitted themselves with much honor."

Frazier got tangled up with the law and asked Clark for help, first when he attacked a sheriff seeking to arrest him for bad debts, and again when he beat up an Indian in St. Louis. He was in that city in 1815 when he announced his intention to publish his expedition journal, but the scheme fell through and his diary has never been found. He drops from history after that, but may be the same Robert Windsor Frazier living in Vermont in 1834. One source identified him as being sent to Louisiana at the direction of President Jefferson to spy out supporters of Aaron Burr, suspected of plotting to treasonously seize American territory in the lower Mississippi.

George Gibson took his discharge at St. Louis, stayed there to marry and to die in 1809. His widow did not sorrow long. She shortly became Mrs. Cartmill; then, in succession, Mrs. Dunleavy and Mrs. Hayden.

All record has disappeared on the later lives of Privates Silas Goodrich, Hugh Hall, Thomas Howard, Peter Cruzatte, John Thompson, Joseph Whitehouse and Peter Wiser.

Little more is known of Richard Windsor beyond the fact that he was in the Army in 1819. William Werner became one of Clark's sub-agents; beyond that, nothing.

Of Francis Labiche, Hugh McNeal, Baptiste Lepage and John Shields, all trace is lost.

John Collins wanted more of the frontier life, and when General William Ashley's Rocky Mountain Fur Company recruited hands in 1823 to open up the mountain beaver trade, he was prompted to join up. He got no farther than the country of the Arikara Indians, however, where he lost his life in a bloody battle.

Sergeant Ordway bought up the land claims of his partners LePage, Warner and Goodrich, thus adding 960 acres of his own 320, and went to farming in southeastern Missouri. His journal was placed in the hands of Nicholas Biddle and thus was preserved.

So, to all except a handful, the historic journey was only a duty for which they volunteered. If it meant more, they kept their impressions to themselves or related them to families and a few friends. But to every American since, their exploit has been as significant as Columbus' westward voyage. For by their deeds America emerged in one gigantic stride from colonialism into nationalism, and the gates to national greatness were opened. ●RW

#105

SOURCES:

The Journals of Lewis & Clark – Bernard DeVoto. Biddles' History of the Expedition, edited by Elliott Coues. The Course of Empire – Bernard DeVoto. Lewis and Clark, Partners In Discovery – John Bakeless. Portland, Its History and Builders – Joseph Gaston. Oregon Historical Society Quarterly.

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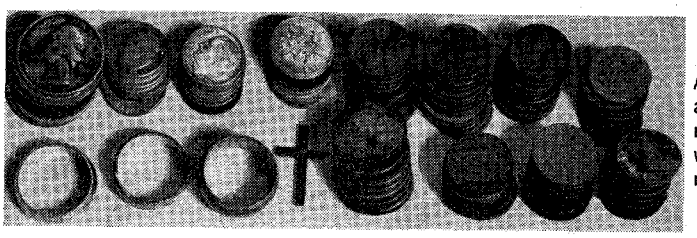

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Ask Your Questions

(continued from page 8)

ought to call this "Cripple Creek." One accident followed another and the name stuck.

Q. Who was Frank Baker? I have heard his name connected with Buffalo Bill. Donald Geppner, Evansville, Indiana.

A. You must mean Johnny Baker. Johnny was nine years old when Buffalo Bill first saw him in Platte, Nebraska. Kit, the son of Buffalo Bill, had died. In his grief Buffalo Bill took Johnny under his wing and taught him how to be a showman. Johnny Baker was known as the "Cowboy Kid" in the Wild West Show and was a great actor. Buffalo Bill adopted him as a son, and when Buffalo Bill died, Johnny Baker tried unsuccessfully to gather up the pieces and reorganize the Wild West Show. ●RW

University of Oklahoma Library, N.H. Rose Collection

Publicity photo of Johnny Baker when he was billed as the Champion Boy Shot of the World with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

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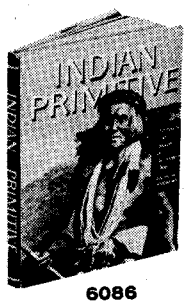

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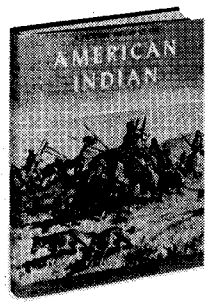

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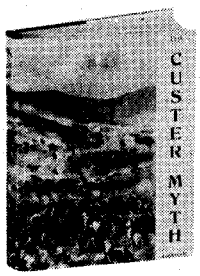

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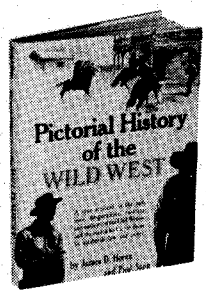

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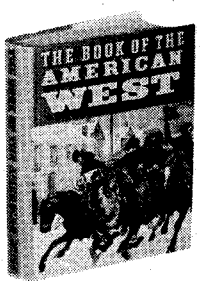

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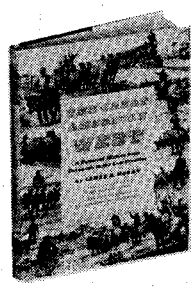
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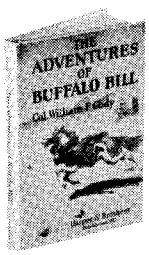

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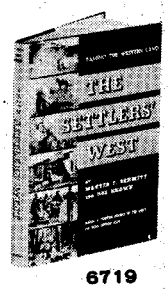

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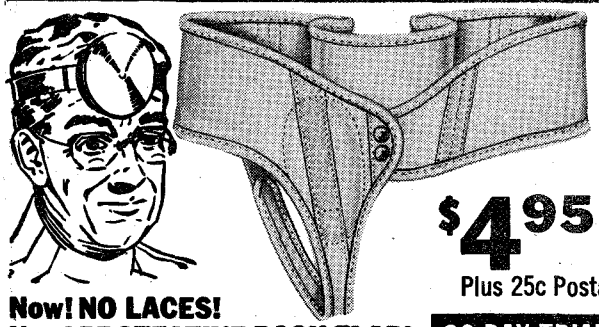

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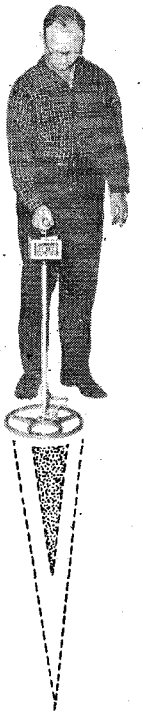

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(continued from page 71)

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Your picture of 17th Street in Denver, published in the September 1967 issue of Real West, is not 17th but 16th Street. I have identified several landmarks to verify the street as 16th. As your magazine is read all over the world, I know you want to correct the error.

Sincerely,

L.B. Conrey
National City, Calif. 92050

(Ed. Thank you for your correction. The Library of Congress from which the picture was obtained had the photo marked "17th Street, Denver, Colo," My thanks to the many Denverites who also called attention to this error.)

MY LIFE AS A NAVAJO SQUAW

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading the story of "My Life as a Navajo Squaw," and although I have never had the opportunity to write to you before, I must do so now to tell you how I truly *enjoyed* this one particular story.

We hear so much about the Americans of the old West, but so very little about the Indians. Although I enjoy all stories about Indians, this one has been the most interesting thus far.

It seems a great shame that a woman such as Asdzani Noodai Naalte had to end up in such a tragic way after such a colorful, exciting life. It tends to make one feel somewhat humble towards such a person. I wish to express my thanks to Maurice Kildare for giving us her wonderful life story.

I wish to take the time to express to you how much we all greatly enjoy your publications. Real West is an outstanding magazine, something worth paying for, something to cherish for its contents, and with something worth reading about in each issue.

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WYATT EARP

Dear Sirs:

In searching the newsstand for western magazines, I came across your "Real West Annual No. 2." I read George Mays' story of the O.K. Corral with about the same disgust as before. It seems that Mr. Mays' attention to what he calls the Earp Gang contains very little research or actual fact. First of all, Wyatt was not born in Pella, Iowa, but in Monmouth, Illinois. Records *do* still exist. Wyatt's grandfather was an attorney in Monmouth for some time.

Now Mr. Mays says that Wyatt was never recognized by Ned Buntline, whatever that is supposed to prove. And yet, for many years, Wyatt carried a Colt Buntline special given him by the writer at the same time one was given to Bat Masterson. In later years Masterson is quoted as saying that Earp was as brave a man as he ever knew.

Mr. Mays says the Earp gang was first organized in Dodge, then moved across the plains to Tombstone, Wyatt keeping his gang around him at all times for protection. He did not bother to mention that, upon leaving Dodge, part of the family did go West but Wyatt went to Deadwood, D. T. for a short time. No mention of how the gang was to protect Wyatt under these conditions.

He also found it unnecessary to mention that Wyatt's horse was stolen soon after his arrival in Tombstone. The horse was found and recovered from the Clanton corral. The sheriff did nothing in this case, usually grounds for a hanging in those days. Neither did he bother to mention that "Old Man Clanton" was shot out of the saddle while rustling cattle out of Mexico.

I could go on, but his story seems to prove to me that the old pulp style of the western writer does still exist. Fiction is easier to come by than facts.

Don Drake
Hamilton, Illinois

Ever since Stuart N. Lake's book, "Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshall," was published in the 1920's, students of western history have tended to take sides. Wyatt was either a great law man or a frontier bum. Both sides have been vigorous in their contentions. Mr. Mays was born and raised in Kansas, and until his recent death was recognized as an authority on Kansas frontier history. Wyatt Earp was presented with a Ned Buntline special pistol but was never made a hero in one of Buntline's dime novel epics.

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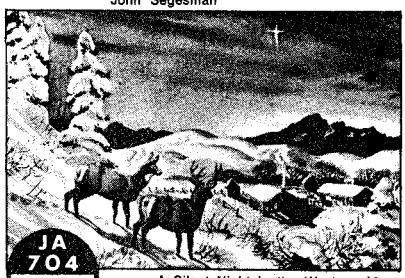
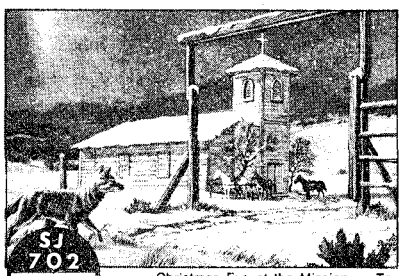
A Shepherd's Vigil — May the Blessings of Christmas be with you this Season and the coming Year — Artist: John Segesman

SG 701

Winter in an Indian Village — Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — Artist: Gary Schildt


JA 704

A Silent Night in the West — May the Joy and Peace of Christmas always be with you — Artist: Dr. Andrew Jordan


SJ 702

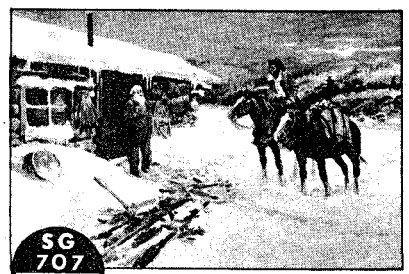
Christmas Eve at the Mission — To Wish you a Blessed Christmas and a New Year of Happiness — Artist: John Segesman

SG 705

Bringing in the Tree—Season's Greetings — Artist: Gary Schildt

SG 703

The Friendly Hearth of Christmas — Warmest Christmas Greetings — Artist: Gary Schildt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Lost Mines Await Discovery

continued from page 27

County	Name Of Lost Mine	Clues
	Read Lead Lost Mine	N end (Harquah a Mts.)
	ARKANSAS	
Pike:	Lost Diamond Mine	E of Murfreesbo
Wash ington:	William Flynn's Lost Diggings	E of Fayettsville
	CANADA	
British Columbia:	Lost Creek Gold Mine	35 miles NE Vancouver, near Pitt Lake
	CALIFORNIA	
Calaveras:	Lost Golden Caverns	In lower French Gulch, near Columbia
	Yankee Hill Lost Mine	Buried in tubs, near Columbia
Del Norte:	Lost Cabin Mine	S Crescent City, close to mouth Klamath river
Imperial:	Lost Black Butte Mine	E of Ogilby, on Black Butte (Cargo Mts.)
	Hank Brandt's Lost Mine	18 miles NW El Centro (Super stition Mts.)
	Lost Bullring Mine	In Mule Springs Canyon (Black Hills)
Inyo:	Alec Ramy's Lost Mine	Near Dry Mt., S portion base (Last Chance Mts.)
	Lost Alvord Mine	In Butte Valley (Panamint Mts.)
	Lost Burro Mine	In Lost Burro Gap (Death Valley)
	Lost Gunsight Mine	In Butte Valley, at lower entrance (Panamint Mts.)
	Lost Old Clothes Mine	N tip (Avawatz Mts.)
Kern:	Lost Frazier Mountain Mine	In tunnel above Chucapate Park
	Lost Goler Diggings	32 miles N Mojave, in Goler Canyon
Lassen:	Lost Captain Dick Mine	NW Eagleville, between Pine Valley and Owl Creek (Warner Mts.)
Mariposa:	Lost Cave of Escondido Mine	In cave, near Bagby, on Merced river
	Frenchman's Flat Gold Mine	Near French Mills below ghost town on small creek
	Sierra Rica Lost Mine	3-5 miles from Midpines
San Bernardino	Chuckawalla Wilson's Lost Mine	Near Mitchell's State Park (Providence Mts.)
	Lost Arch Diggings	25 Miles N Rice, N end (Tur tle Mts.)
	Lost Lee Mine	N of Old Woman's Well (San Bernardino Mts.)
	Lost Sheephole Mountain	Near Amboy, NW end (Sheep Hole Mts.)
	Van Duzen Canyon Mine	In Holcomb Valley, between Gold Mt. and Bertha Peak
Shasta:	Humbug Creek Lost Mine	Near Redding, W side Humbug Mt.
	Lost Waterfall Mine	Near Inwood, on Bear Creek in Bear Canyon
Siskiyou:	Lost Frenchman Mine	Near Happy Camp, on Indian river
Toulumne	Lost Big Oak Flat Mine	Near Big Oak Flat, on N side Yosemite Park Road
Yuba:	Lost Frenchman Mine	On Grizzly Hill, in French man's Canyon, near Nevada City
	COLORADO	
Park:	Reynolds Bandit Treasure	In Handcart Gulch, Hall Valley
	GEORGIA	
Gwinnett	Old Billy Chambles Lost Mine	Approximately 3 miles N Swanee Creek, on Beaver Ruin Creek.
	MAINE	
Hancock:	Lost Lead Mountain Mine	Between Lead Mt. Ponds and Lead Mt.
	NEVADA	
White Pine:	Lost Pogue Mine	N of Pogue Station (Pankake Mts.)
	NEW HAMPSHIRE	
Carroll:	Lost White Face Gold Mine	5-8 miles N of Whiteface Mt. (Ossipee Mts.)
	NEW MEXICO	
Hidalgo:	Lost Skeleton Canyon Mine	Near Rodeo, in Skeleton Canyon
Sierra:	Journada de la Muerto Mine	On E slope Mt. Soledad (San Andreas Mts.)
	OREGON	
Malheur:	Lost Malheur Mine	On Malheur Indian Reservation, 13 miles from agency.
	TEXAS	
Brewster:	Lost Nigger Bill Mine	At mouth Reagan Canyon, Big Bend National Park
Menard:	Lost Jim Bowie Mine	Near Menard, on San Saba river
	Lost San Saba Gold Mine	Near Menard, above old military fort remains, on San Saba river

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Six months ago, for perhaps the first time in history, the United States Government issued patent protection to an invention that has been classified ILLEGAL! Sound strange? Not really here's why:

I'm sure you're familiar with the famous gasoline-economy tests run by all the major oil companies. Well, do you know *that the remarkable new invention described on this page* is actually banned from these tests because it is TOO EFFECTIVE! Do you know that because this invention saves so much gasoline . . . that because it gives so much economy, it is actually ILLEGAL for a test-driver to fit one on his car! And do you know that because it boosts gasoline mileage up to 11 more miles per gallon . . . it has actually been OUTLAWED in every recognized cross-country economy run . . . simply because the officials who conduct these tests were forced to rule that it gives all cars that have it AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE!

In other words, if you are a person planning on entering one of these cross-country economy runs . . . then this message is not for you. YOU JUST WON'T BE ALLOWED TO USE THIS NEW INVENTION—SORRY, BUT IT'S SIMPLY ILLEGAL. BUT — if you are a person who is not interested in setting any records . . . who is only interested in getting more miles per gallon than you ever dreamed possible — and doing it the very same way that many of America's leading corporations are doing at this very moment — then what you are about to read is perhaps the most thrilling and exciting news in automotive history.

TEST DRIVERS REPORT UP TO 11 MORE MILES PER GALLON —

The name of this great new invention is the G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER . . . and there is no ketter way to describe to you the increased performance and economy it will give you . . . than to tell you of the "bombshell effect" it had on research scientists and test-drivers, who simply refused to believe their own gasoline gauges when they first tried it out. Look:

CUTS GASOLINE COSTS TO AS LITTLE AS 1¢ A MILE

1. When the G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER was first tested by the same research laboratories used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler . . . results were so overwhelming, (a staggering increase of up to 68 per cent) . . . it actually lowered gasoline costs to as little as **ONE CENT A MILE.**

2. When tests were made by the world's leading auto rental system with this incredible money saving invention . . . and then test-run on the road and on such world famous proving grounds as the Indianapolis Speedway . . . *the test-drivers of these* vehicles were absolutely amazed to see big **8 cylinder sedans get better gas-mileage than small European economy cars!**

3. When large fleet owners and some of the nation's largest taxi fleets tested this great new invention to determine just how much gas it would save them . . . the results were so dramatic that within 30 days they reported savings of not hundreds . . . but thousands of gallons of gas the very first month alone!

UP TO 500 MILES OF DRIVING FROM A SINGLE TANK OF GAS

Yes, from test after test . . . road tests, laboratory tests, tests by some of the world's most famous drivers . . . come reports of cars that drive for hundreds and hundreds of miles ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS! Reports of test cars from Ford, General Motors, Chrysler that get more miles per gallon today than when they were brand new! Reports of big, luxury sedans that weigh 2½ times more than small European cars . . . yet get better mileage, better performance and huge dollar savings thanks to this new miracle invention.

BEST PROOF OF ALL!

World's Leading Rent-A-Car Company Road-Tests Amazing New Invention For 3 Solid Months . . . Then Orders Fleet Of Cars IMMEDIATELY EQUIPPED! they report "Savings of up to 54 gallons a month per car"

Yes, from one of the nation's largest automobile fleet owners comes the most dramatic proof of all . . . A company that spends more money on gasoline in one weekend than the average person spends in a lifetime . . . they tested this incredible new invention and here is what they found. BOOSTED GASOLINE MILEAGE A WHOPPING 32% ON ALL CARS TESTED. Wouldn't you like to save up to $200 a year on your car? For full details read the rest of this page.

IF IT WORKS SUCH MILEAGE-MIRACLES, HOW COME THE CAR MANUFACTURERS HAVEN'T INSTALLED THIS TYPE UNIT IN THEIR CARS? — THE ANSWER IS THAT TWO ALREADY HAVE!

By now you are probably wondering just what is the G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER . . . and how does it work? Well, to make a long story short . . . if you were to look under the hood of one of those $20,000 European luxury cars like the Maseratti or the Aston-Marton, you would see sitting in those engines . . . a special gasoline unit . . . especially designed to extract more blazing power, more energy from each gallon of gasoline. This remarkable booster-unit is what gives these cars such magnificent performance . . . such TOTAL POWER . . . such increased engine efficiency.

And this is precisely what the G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER is designed to do — enable your engine to extract more piston-driving power, more raw, blazing energy and more gasoline economy . . . ONLY, instead of costing $100 to $150 (*like the European booster-units*) . . . the G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER costs but a mere fraction.

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Because, from this day on you too can now save up to 500 gallons of gas each and every year. NOW you too can drive for weeks and weeks on end without ever stopping at a service station. Now you too can drive across 6 states of the union on just a single tank of gas, blaze a trail from New York to Chicago on just 2 or 3 tankfuls. In other words, perform mileage *miracles that only yesterday you thought* were impossible.

So if you too want to achieve the same wondrous results as America's largest automotive fleet owners, by Indianapolis test-drivers, and by research scientists at the very same testing laboratories used by Ford, Chrysler and General Motors, then take advantage of this special Free-Trial introductory offer. Remember, all you risk is the few minutes it takes to fill out the special reservation coupon below, and you have a lifetime of driving convenience and economy to gain.

THIS OFFER EXPIRES IN 15 DAYS — YOU MUST ACT NOW!

Now the price of the G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER on this special introductory offer is not the 15 or 20 dollars you might expect . . . but only $5.95. Why, you'll save up to 10 times that amount in gasoline savings in no time at all . . . not to *mention the hundreds of gallons of gaso*line and hundreds of dollars in money you save year after year.

However, due to the enormous demands of trucking companies, car-rental companies, taxicab fleets and other large users, only a limited number of G. T. ENERGY CHAMBERS can possibly be allocated each month for consumer orders. Therefore, all orders must be filled on a first-come, first-served basis. So to take advantage of this limited introductory offer . . . mail the no-risk coupon today!

HERE IT IS — IN ACTION — The miracle G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER, caught by the eye of ultra high-speed cameras at one of the world's most famous proving grounds. Yes, here on the big viewing console you see dramatic picture-proof of tests conducted by leading automotive authorities at the Indianapolis Speedway . . . tests that PROVE you can now actually take ordinary gasoline . . . feed it into your engine in a new and different way . . . trigger it into piston-driving energy . . . and unleash a blazing source of power for your car. For full documented proof of just how this amazing new discovery can save you up to $200 in gasoline bills in the next 12 months . . . read the rest of this page. (Tests performed by official Indianapolis test driver.)

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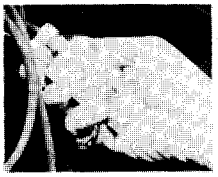

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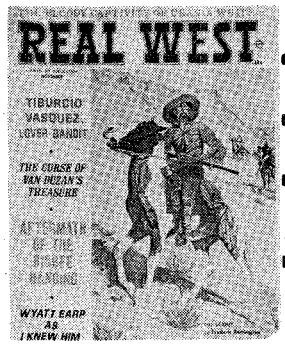
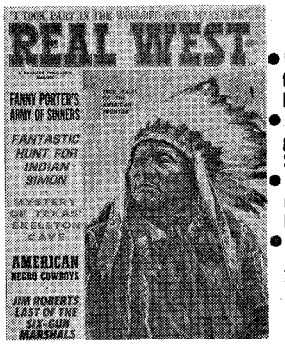
SEPTEMBER, 1965

- Unsolved murder. "Mystery of Oregon Prairie Massacre"
- "Saga of Chief Washakie", greatest of the Shoshones
- Touching story of Adeline Dalton, an outlaw mother
- "Custer's Greatest Blunder": He paid for his mistakes



NOVEMBER, 1965

- Urania White: Captive of the fierce Sioux chief
- Story of Tiburcio Basquez. Bandit, Killer-Lover!
- Wyatt Earp, as I Know Him", by historian Harvy St. John
- Ghost Treasure! Eerie curse of Van Duzan's hidden gold

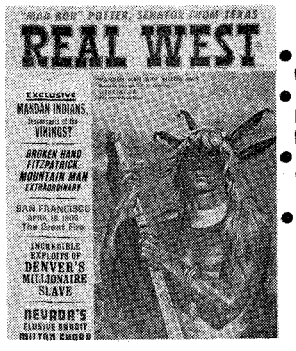


JANUARY, 1966

- First-Hand Account of the "Wounded Knee" Massacre
- Brawing, frontier gals "Fanny Porter's Sinners"
- Exclusive historical report "American Negro Cowboys"
- 13 Year chase "Fantastic Hunt for Indian Simon"

MARCH, 1966

- Story of Missouri's Mad Cannibal
- Saint or Sinner! Mystery of John Horrigan
- The Truth About Emmett Dalton
- Story of Buffalo Bill's Tragic Lasy Days



MAY, 1966

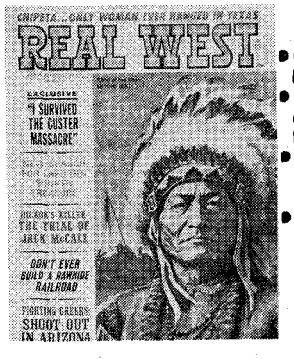
- The Mandan Indians-Viking Descendants!
- Broken Hand Fitzpatrick-Fantastic Mountain Man
- Incredible Exploits of Denver's Millionaire Slave
- Strange Sporting Activities of the Indians

JULY, 1966

- "Quantril is Not Dead" by John Sharp
- Charles Ashby's Journey Through Klondike Hell
- The Charmed Life of Ranger McDonald
- Fabulous Lady Moon-Baroness of Colorado

SEPTEMBER, 1966

- Legend of Rip Ford-Lone Star Giant
- Exclusive: Did Pat Garrett kill Billy the Kid?
- Arizona Hell-Hole: Yumma Prison
- True RW Adventure: Major Logan's Bleeding Heart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- Frank Finkel: Survivor of The Custer Massacre
- New Search for La Fitte's Sunken Treasure
- Hickok's Killer: Trial of Jack McCall

MARCH, 1967

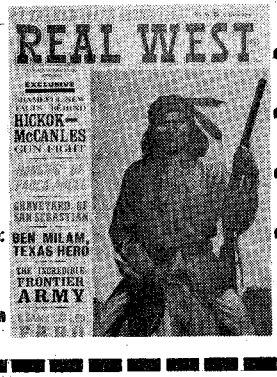
- Doc Carver vs, Buffalo Bill-Bitter Battle of Wild West Shows
- Tortures and Ordeals of the American Indian
- Saga of the Western Stagecoach
- Frank James in Wyoming - He called Himself Mc Kinney

MAY, 1967

- Last Voyage of Brother Jonathan - The Disaster of the Old Sidewheeler
- The Iron Man of the Hoh: John Huelsdonk, Mountain Man
- The Old West's Strangest Mystery
- James White, First Through the Grand Canyon

JULY, 1967

- Chief Joseph, Great Leader of the Nez Perce
- The Rise and Fall of Pauline Cushman-Spy – Actress – Army Scout
- Bill Ryan, Worst of the James' Gang
- Wanted Dead or Alive: Sasquatch - The No. American Version of the Abominable Snowman



SEPTEMBER, 1967

- Charles F. Colcord-Cowboy Who Made Good
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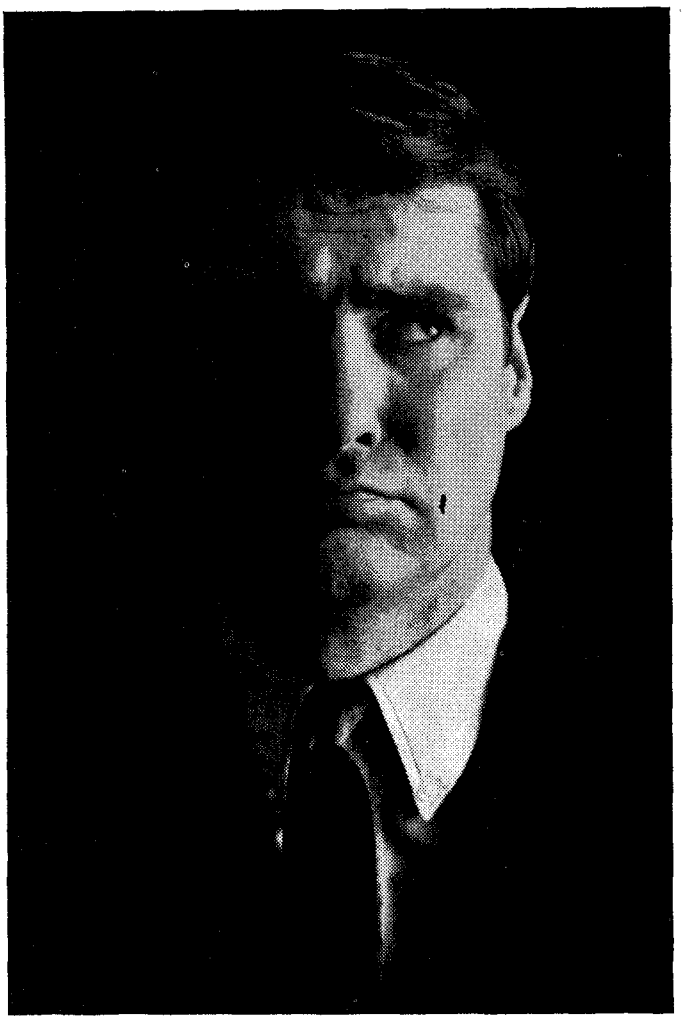

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- ☐ House Planning, Interior Design
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration, Air Conditioning

ART and DESIGN
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Interior Decorating
- ☐ Sign Painting & Design
- ☐ Sketching & Painting

AUTOMOTIVE
- ☐ Auto Mechanic-Technician
- ☐ Body Rebldg. & Refinishing
- ☐ Electrical Technician
- ☐ *Engine Tune-Up*
- ☐ Transmission Specialist

BUSINESS
- ☐ Accounting (Canadian)
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Canadian Business Courses
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Gen'l Accounting
- ☐ Industrial Psychology
- ☐ Managing a Small Store
- ☐ Practical Accounting
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Real Estate Sales
- ☐ Retail Business Mgmt.
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Sales Management
- ☐ Traffic Management

CHEMICAL
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chem. Engineering
- ☐ *Chem. Lab. Technician*
- ☐ Gen'l Chemistry
- ☐ Plastics Technician

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Eng. Tech.
- ☐ Highway Eng. Tech.
- ☐ Structural Eng. Tech.
- ☐ Surveying & Mapping

COMPUTERS
- ☐ COBOL Programming
- ☐ Fortran Programming for Engineers
- ☐ Programming for Digital Computers
- ☐ Programming the 1401
- ☐ Programming the IBM SYSTEM/360 Computer

DRAFTING
- ☐ Architectural
- ☐ Drafting Technology
- ☐ Electrical and Electronic
- ☐ *Mechanical*
- ☐ Structural

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Appliance Servicing
- ☐ Elec. Eng. Technician
- ☐ Ind. Elect. Technician
- ☐ Motor Repairman
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman
- ☐ Reading Electrical Blueprints

ELECTRONICS
- ☐ Electronic Computers
- ☐ Electronics Fundamentals
- ☐ Electronics Technician
- ☐ General Electronics
- ☐ *Industrial Electronics*
- ☐ Practical Telephony

ENGINEERING (Professional Review)
- ☐ Chemical ☐ Civil
- ☐ Electrical ☐ Mechanical
- ☐ *Industrial*

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Business
- ☐ High School (Canadian)
- ☐ High School General
- ☐ High School Secretarial
- ☐ College Preparatory

LANGUAGES (By Berlitz)
- ☐ French ☐ German
- ☐ Italian ☐ Spanish

MECHANICAL and SHOP
- ☐ Gas and Electric Welding
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ *Quality Control*
- ☐ Reading Shop Prints
- ☐ Tool Design
- ☐ Tool Maker

POWER ENGINEERING
- ☐ Power Plant Eng'n'r'ng
- ☐ *Steam Engineering*

SECRETARIAL
- ☐ Engineering Secretary
- ☐ Legal Secretary
- ☐ Medical Secretary
- ☐ *Professional Secretary*
- ☐ Stenographic ☐ Typist

SUPERVISION
- ☐ Foremanship-Sup'ry'n
- ☐ Personnel-Lab. Rel'ns

TV-RADIO
- ☐ Radio & TV Servicing
- ☐ Radiotelephone License

MISCELLANEOUS
- ☐ Textile
- ☐ *Other (Please specify)*

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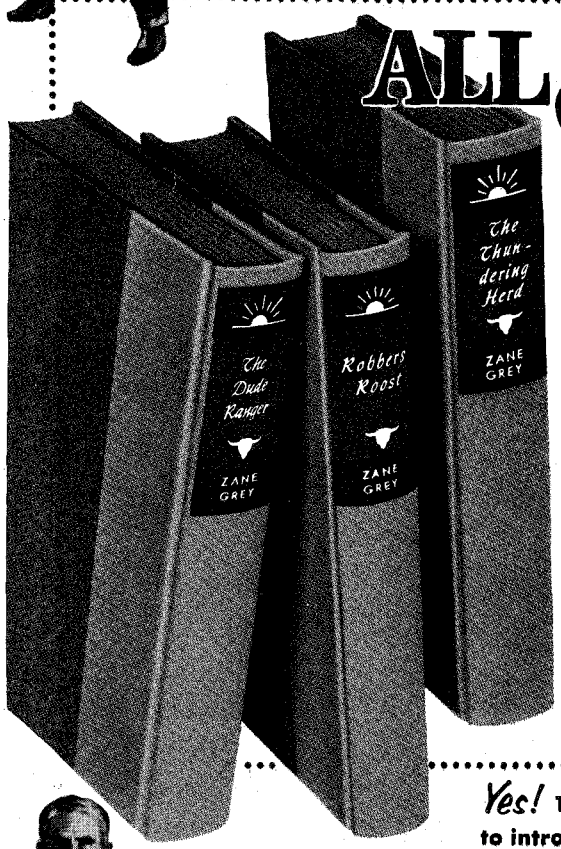

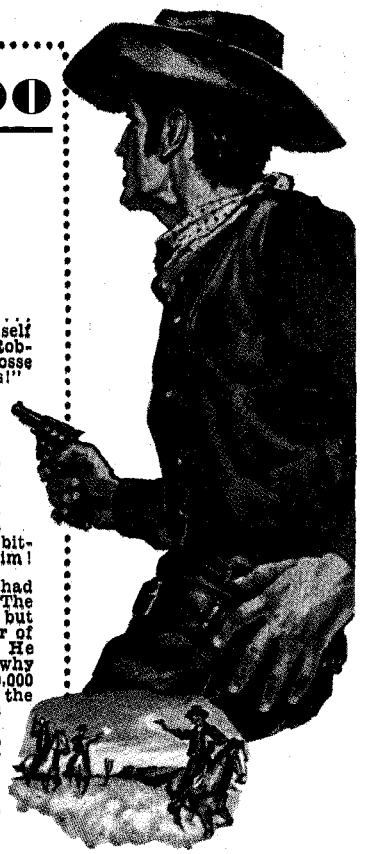

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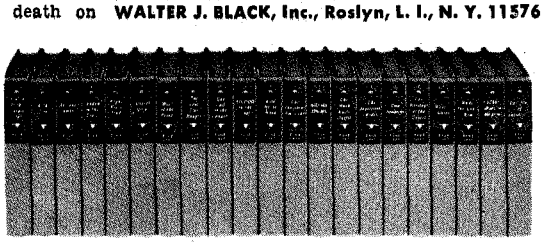

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